

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

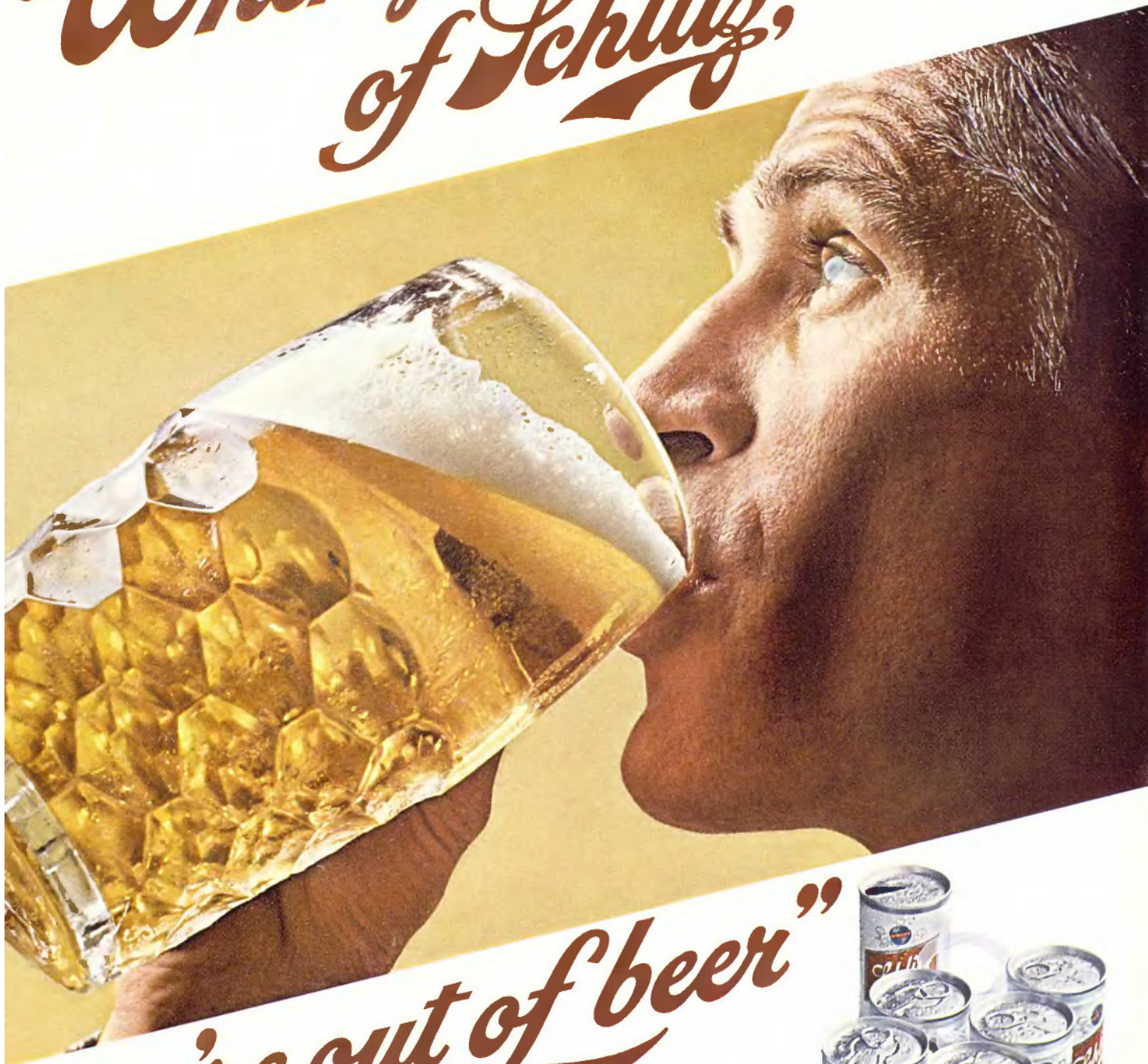
APRIL 1968 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



SPRING & SUMMER
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS
SENATOR CHARLES PERCY
TAX AND THE SINGLE MAN
12-PAGE PICTORIAL ON SEX
IN U.S. FILMS OF THE SIXTIES

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PLAYBILL

SIX CENTURIES ago, Geoffrey Chaucer began *The Canterbury Tales* with a lyric celebration of April's "sweet showers," and poets ever since have waxed lyrical over this vernal harbinger. But we doubt that such paeans have ever been penned about the spring flood of tax money that pours into the Federal Government's coffers during this soggy season. Among those least likely to praise April 15th—poetically or otherwise—are America's many million bachelors, who enjoy the dubious distinction of being the most maltreated bloc of taxpayers in the country. Philip Stern's *Tax and the Single Man* examines the confiscatory price they pay for their unmarried status and proposes Federal legislation to rectify these inequities. No stranger to the ways of Washington, Stern has served as a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State, a campaign aide to Adlai Stevenson and publisher-editor of Arlington's *Northern Virginia Sun*. Now enjoying a successful writing career, he has already shown his familiarity with the catacombs of the IRS in *The Great Treasury Raid*, his best-selling book on tax loopholes.

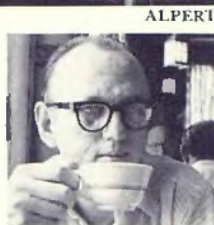
Occupying this month's lead-fiction position is John Knowles' *The Reading of the Will*, a sensitive portrait of a young man who travels far—both physically and emotionally—to deliver a message from his dead father. Author of *A Separate Peace*, a finely wrought novel that's become required reading among college students, Knowles recently took a sabbatical in Hawaii, where he worked on a new novel called *The Paragon*. "Like, I suppose, all novelists who are really committed to the writing of a novel, I have no plans but to finish it," he told us. Since then, though, he has returned to his post as lecturer in creative arts at Princeton and is presently assembling a collection of his stories and essays—which will include *The Reading of the Will*.

PLAYBOY regular Ray Russell provides fiction with an antic twist in *Turn Left at Mata Hari*, the story of a zany day in the life of Clayton Horne, screenwriter-at-large and free-lance *bon vivant*. This Horne-rimmed view of Cinema City's stranger-than-fact foibles and folkways, which is Russell's (and PLAYBOY's) fifth Horney opus, finds Horne struggling simultaneously with a hopeless screenplay about Tamburlaine and with an oddball innamorata who thinks shaving cream is the only proper attire. In an even farther outing, William F. Nolan takes us to *Papa's Planet*, a miniworld dedicated to the proposition that there's no way like Hemingway's. Nolan, who's making his fourth appearance in these pages, has just sold his first novel—*Logan's Run* (co-authored by George Johnson)—to MGM for a six-figure sum. His *Death Is for Losers*, a detective novel, is scheduled for publication this month, and three more are slated to appear this year.

Two polar-opposite frigid zones in the



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RUSSELL



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KHOLOS

world of science are explored herein by Theodore J. Gordon in *Bucking the Scientific Establishment* and by Len Kholos in *Frozen Stiffs*. Gordon, director of the Advanced Space Stations and Planetary Systems division of Douglas Aircraft, describes and deplores the official cold shoulders, condemnation and ridicule that all too often greet radically new scientific theories. "Since publication of my book *Ideas in Conflict*, which dealt with much the same subject, many scientists have written to me about personal experiences along these lines," he reports. Kholos, self-described as a man with an "overpowering social conscience," advances the scientific front in his own witty way by doing satiric battle with that iciest of technological innovations, cryogenics—the freezing of bodies. Vice-president of Automated Information Controls, a northern Pennsylvania computer service, he has misgivings about the possibility of the present's icy grip on the future: "What a dirty trick it would be if, a hundred years hence, physicians defrosted our rancorous generation in the midst of those unsuspecting children."

Also in this bountiful April issue: Dan Greenburg's *A Snob's Guide to Culture*, a bit of April foolery that is his latest do-it-yourself PLAYBOY guide to instant superciliousness (his other Baedekers: *Snob's Guide to Status Cars* and *A Snob's Guide to Status Magazines*). Author of *How to Be a Jewish Mother* (which first appeared in PLAYBOY, September 1964), a book that almost rivaled chicken soup in popularity, Greenburg says he is currently revising the screenplay of his first novel, *Kiss My Firm but Pliant Lips*. Phil Interlandi embarks herein on a cartoon trip back to the Pleistocene for a look at *Stone Age Sex*. And for celestially inspired advice on the most effective way to find—and win favor with—a starry-eyed ladylove, we offer *The Playboy Horoscope* by Sol Weinstein, whose improbable adventures of Israel Bond, Secret Agent Oy Oy Seven, premiered in these pages. On hand, too, are peripatetic Charles Percy, who, in 15 months as Illinois' junior Senator, has become an articulate and influential force both in Congress and within the Republican Party—here, he confronts the issues of Vietnam, urban ghettos and the right of dissent in a penetrating *Playboy Interview*—and film scholars Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, who continue their *History of Sex in Cinema* with an examination of the unblushingly unbuttoned effect of society's increasing sexual permissiveness on Hollywood films of the Sixties. J. Paul Getty discusses *How to Pick the Right Man* and, for the man who wants to please clothes-conscious misses like Playmate-Bunny-acress-cover girl Dolly Read, PLAYBOY Fashion Director Robert L. Green presents our annual forecast of spring and summer wearables. All of which should leave even indoor chaps singing in the rain.

PLAYBOY



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Fashion Forecast P. 87



Cinema Sex P. 138



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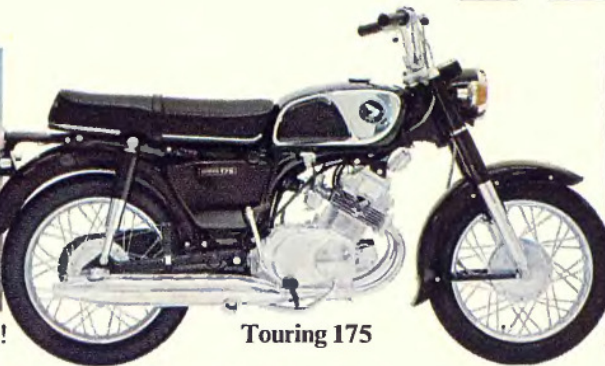
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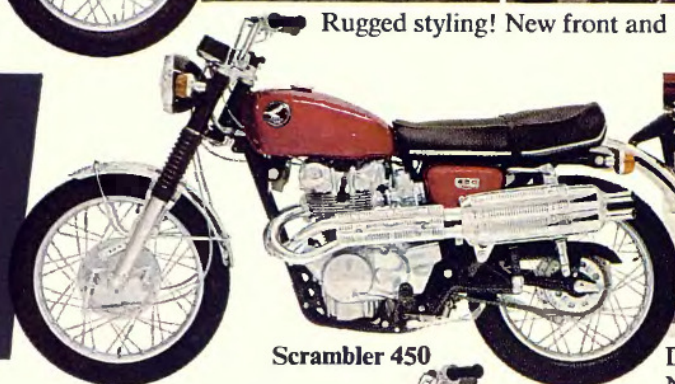


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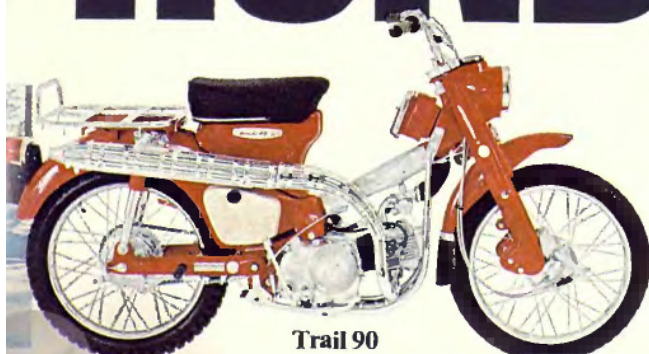
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NORMAN INVASION

I think the January interview with Norman Mailer assigned new literary significance to the interview as an art form. It really *does* give the artist an opportunity for a "psychic house cleaning"—by somehow disposing of the mechanical constrictions inherent within the interview structure. It's as if Mailer prepared himself weeks ahead of time—in order to get beyond the layers of superficiality in which conventional interviews usually get stuck. And finally, perhaps because he has the exciting capacity to revitalize over-worked and decomposed subject matter, the interview was fresh and imaginative. Congratulations for providing him with the public sounding board he needed and for bringing an exciting personality into real dimensions for your readers.

Dr. Kenneth L. Kuhn
Denver, Colorado

There he was: Norman Mailer, the literary gargoyle. My deepest thanks. His magnificently human, wonderfully honest ethical code was exposed, and in an interview, no less. Mailer is like a healthy shout in an intellectual void. Down with the arty set! Ayn Rand may depict the American dream in theory, but Mailer actually lives it. He's the vanguard of the obsessed inner man and may be the only honest person left in the country.

Alfie Speyer, U. S. M. C.
Dong Ha, Vietnam

I fear that Norman Mailer has become a Freudian nightmare. I prefer to remember him for *The Naked and the Dead*.

Emmett L. Shields
San Francisco, California

Our more pedantic litterateurs tend to belittle Norman Mailer and refuse to take him seriously. I know many people—who haven't even read him—quite ready to pronounce him a clown or an adolescent. Even some of his readers accuse him of adolescence, because they fail to get past things like his eulogy to the nipple or his fantastic war-game plans. Such accusations have come to characterize Mailer, but the reader's obligation is to look beyond such imagery.

What lies there should be encouraging to those who think the best minds of our generation have been destroyed. Mailer at least is still in there fighting, and he is one *Advocate* alumnus I am proud of—even if he did study aeronautical engineering while he was at Harvard.

Christopher Huvos
The Harvard Advocate
Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE LOBBY LOBBY

I read Senator Stephen Young's *The Case for Lobbies* (PLAYBOY, January) with interest and considerable enlightenment. In his opening paragraph, Senator Young says of lobbyists: "Some I would throw out of my office on sight." Those who know the Senator will get a grin out of that—for they will surely visualize him doing just that, and not figuratively but quite literally. Such is the man. On that basis, I happily buy his case for lobbies—but I think what I'm really buying is his case for honorable legislators.

General David H. Buchanan (Ret.)
Washington, D. C.

Senator Young's point, in *The Case for Lobbies*, that lobbying accompanies abuses but nevertheless is an important part of the democratic system is, I believe, a sound one. I spent a great deal of time investigating the Foreign Agents Registration legislation, and in that field, as well as in the field of domestic lobbying, it is the question of proper restraint—rather than abolition—that should interest us.

Senator J. W. Fulbright
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

MELLOW YELLOW

I enjoyed Jim Bishop's article (*The War of the Tabloids*, PLAYBOY, January) on the evolution of New York's newspapers. I have even plugged it several times in my column. Incidentally, Bishop might be surprised to learn that my column now appears in the *three* papers in New York City—*The Morning Telegraph* on Saturdays, *Variety* on Wednesdays and *O. Roy Chalk's* new *Washington, D. C.—New York Examiner* on Thursdays. I am also an associate editor of the latter. Since I'm new at being an



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editor, please tell me this: How do editors kick around colyumists?

Walter Winchell
New York, New York

Gently, if at all.

BILLION AIRING

Mr. Getty has a wealth of experience and has handled the subject of "apple polishers" exhaustively (*Saying No to the Yes Mentality*, PLAYBOY, January). I may be an easy mark, but I could not find a "soft-soaper" among all my longtime helpers. Recently, I was mildly criticized for being opposed to pornography. Another nonadmirer, in a lengthy article, says I author "silly books" and write "letters to editors." My books will have to speak for themselves. I *am* guilty of the latter, because I try to please all who are opposed to communism.

H. L. Hunt
Dallas, Texas

We're pleased to count ourselves among those editors who hear regularly from Mr. Hunt, generally credited with being the wealthiest man in the United States.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

I was interested to read *When Earthman and Alien Meet* (PLAYBOY, January), because its author, Arthur C. Clarke, could be expected to give the idea its most persuasive pitch to date; and he did exactly that. Yet, in the end, he failed to convince me that a man-alien confrontation will ever take place. The problems of interstellar travel—which are colossal in themselves—are only part of the difficulty. Even more discouraging is that our familiar yellow sun, so bright, so warm and so beneficent to us, is actually on the cosmic scale only a dim type-G star near a particularly remote edge of our galaxy of a 100 billion suns. Suppose right now an alien VIP is saying to his fellows: "It will cost eighty billion dollars to visit that gorgeous, brilliant blue sun so clearly visible over there and the same amount to visit one of those billions of type-G suns in the same general direction—we'll have to select by lot the G type we actually go to." What do you think the choice would be? And if the decision eventually were to visit one of those dull, yellow suns, it could not logically be our little solar system that would win the lottery.

It is my belief that man as we know him will never have the mixed pleasure of meeting an alien. But perhaps some distant mutated descendant of present man will solve the problem on another level of reality. We might soberly speculate that such a descendant could be as alien to us as any alien from another star system. Still, Clarke's article was excellent.

A. E. van Vogt
Hollywood, California

Many Van Vogt fans are grateful that his pessimistic appraisal of alien confrontation hasn't prevented his vivid

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imaginings of such encounters, as in his deep-space sci-fi novels, including "Slan," "The Weapon Makers" and "The Voyage of the Space Beagle."

Arthur C. Clarke's *When Earthman and Alien Meet* is, indeed, a fascinating speculation on the possibilities resulting from such a confrontation. I am surprised, however, that he did not consider another alternative—that aliens and earthmen have already met.

As a matter of fact, I can think offhand of at least four separate instances of such meetings in which Mr. Clarke himself was involved: in Bellefontaine, Ohio, in July 1953; New York City in September 1956; New York City in the fall of 1961—and London, during Labor Day weekend of 1965. On all of these occasions, Mr. Clarke was in direct contact with an alien. Unfortunately, despite his scientific shrewdness, he never recognized me.

Robert Bloch
Los Angeles, California

No alien to *PLAYBOY* readers, Bloch (who authored the novel on which Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho" was based) has written five short stories for these pages, most of them—like his letter—in a fantasy vein.

STIRLING WORDS

Stirling Moss is *not* just another race driver—he is a professional artist among the elite. Having read Moss' *The Mystique of the Racing Driver* (*PLAYBOY*, January), I now realize that driving a Formula 1 Ferrari is no easy task—it is a monumental test of mental and physical stamina. The author gives the best definition of courage I have ever read: "the ability to overcome the fear of something you think might happen." To say that Stirling Moss has written a good article would be an understatement. He has written a masterpiece.

John E. Lane
Indianapolis, Indiana

LEONINE LAUGHTER

After the disappointing season we had in 1967, reading *Paper Plimpton* by Art Buchwald in the January issue of *PLAYBOY* was just what I needed. I experienced the sort of laughter that is not associated with a losing football season. I guess that now Art Buchwald will want a training-camp tryout with the Lions. But, considering the way he was handled by George in their head-to-head meeting, I think he had better stick to writing stories as funny as this one.

Joe Schmidt
Head Coach, Detroit Lions
Detroit, Michigan

GIRL WATCHERS

The New Girl (*PLAYBOY*, January), by John Clellon Holmes, was superb. Holmes' comparison of yesterday's and today's girls in terms of dress, social role

and sexual attitudes yielded an accurate and readable account of what the contemporary girl is really like. Send me a dozen.

George Muller, Jr.
Glenside, Pennsylvania

Hurrah! John Clellon Holmes' article on *The New Girl* said all the things I spent most of my college career trying to explain to the various men I knew. Just two points that Holmes missed, though: In his discussion of fashion, he overlooked the comfort girls now demand. We no longer torture our arches with spiked heels, turn our legs blue in winter in flimsy nylons, hobble around in long, tight skirts or gasp and itch in girdles. But, more important, if there is to be any New Morality, it will be women who create it—precisely because, as Holmes pointed out, we've had to throw out our old understanding of the sexual relationship in order to exist at all. We no longer submit to being looked upon as objects. And it is a good thing for our culture, in an age that is increasingly turning men and women into numbers, that *somebody* is actually becoming less of an object and more of a person. Rather than compete with men for the dubious privilege of being dehumanized, the New Girl demands to be met, at home, at school, in the office and in bed, as a human being—and, in the process, she hopes to make the same thing possible for men.

Marian H. Neudel
Chicago, Illinois

URBIA UNBOUND

Buckminster Fuller's *City of the Future* (*PLAYBOY*, January), describing the airborne tetrahedrons of tomorrow, is the best article I've read in your pages. Fuller's ideas strike a note of clarity and balance in a world beset with political rhetoric.

Ed Rosenfeld
San Francisco, California

I enjoyed reading R. Buckminster Fuller's promising vision of floating, tetrahedral cities and air-deliverable Empire State Buildings. No square is Fuller—and it didn't take a tetrahedron to convince me. But what do you have for a hard-working, deeply committed mayor whose two-year term must show some solid, concrete results from attacking present problems?

Carl B. Stokes, Mayor
Cleveland, Ohio

Our best wishes for success.

Fuller's article was extremely stimulating; he is the Da Vinci of our time.

Stephen Arnold
Flushing, New York

Are you serious?

Robert Moses
New York, New York

A counterquestion to Triborough Bridge and New York City Tunnel



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Authority Chairman Moses, who was New York City's Park Commissioner and president of its World's Fair: Are you up tight?

WHERE THE GHOULS ARE

Ray Bradbury's *Death Warned Over*, in your January issue, well expresses my own opinions on present-day horror films. When compared with classics like Karloff's *Frankenstein* monster, Lugosi's *Dracula*, Chaney Senior's *Phantom of the Opera* and Chaney Junior's *Wolf Man*, they seem incredibly poor. There have been one or two recent horror films of quality—such as *The Haunting*—but most current film makers seem to have lost the touch. There is yet hope for the grand old horror movie, but it lies in depicting the horror of what society is heading for. As a Bradbury fan who's read almost everything he's published, I think that his work best elicits just this horror, by predicting a grim future for us if we don't soon become aware of the dangers we have created. It is in men like Bradbury that the hope for instructive and socially critical horror films lies.

David L. Pankin
Roslyn, New York

ROOM AT THE TOP

John Cheever's *The Yellow Room* (PLAYBOY, January) meant a lot to me. Tons of words have been written about man's struggle to find a place in life, but most writers get hung up with hollow existential rhetoric and fake metaphors. Not Cheever—his is probably the freshest statement of the problem since Hemingway looked for a "clean, well-lighted place."

Robert Colton
Atlanta, Georgia

The Yellow Room was the best Cheever story I have read in any magazine—and I have read everything he has ever published. A great writer in a great magazine.

T. Squire
San Francisco, California

POSITION PAPER

Maybe I'm just dense, or unusually stupid at this time of year, but when I originally saw the picture ("Planned Parenthood League of Greater Hartford, Entrance in Rear") in your January *Playboy After Hours* section, I wondered why you had printed it. Was it intended to comment on something of social significance? Should it have been humorous? Maybe those of us who work with this organization are so accustomed to our varying quarters, which include church basements, adobe shacks and rear halves of elderly buildings, that we don't realize the deep significance of our locations. We figure we can do a great job wherever we're located, as long as we're located near enough to the people who



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need us. Please explain it to me—maybe I'm missing something!

Sheri S. Tepper
Executive Director
Planned Parenthood of Colorado
Denver, Colorado

Bless your pure hearts and your hard and worthy work—in any quarters. It was hindquarters we had in mind, and we thought the sign's innocent double-entendre was entertaining.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Many thanks for publishing Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Welcome to the Monkey House* in your January issue. As a longtime science-fiction addict, I've liked his work ever since *The Sirens of Titan*, and I think *Monkey House* is one of his very best. Even its concept was an intellectual tour de force: projecting our society's lingering Victorianism—and its increasingly clinical approach to matters sexual—into a frightening future, all done with a genuine touch of humor that one seldom sees these days.

William Mohr
Chicago, Illinois

HIPPIE REVELATION

In *God and the Hippies* (PLAYBOY, January), Harvey Cox has written with his characteristic perceptiveness and penetration. His introduction—comparing Saint Francis of Assisi with the hippies—is arresting and even brilliant. Cox cogently points out that the hippie movement reveals the vacuity of conventional religion and contemporary materialism. In considering social ills, diagnosis is easier than curative prescription. Cox demonstrates this, but he also recognizes the tentative nature of his suggestions. If the immediate view is befogged by the smoke of pot, Cox' vision of the ultimate trend is clear and valuable.

But one question remains with me. Is Cox' admirable article an adult's scholarly interpretation of the hippie mind or does it represent youth's feelings and motivations? Would that some hippie—and there must be those intellectually qualified—would write a revealing and honest commentary on Cox' conclusions. Or would that be too much effort for the hippie devotees of happiness?

Ralph W. Sockman
New York, New York

Dr. Sockman, who is pastor emeritus of Christ Church in New York City, has authored a multitude of religious texts, including "How to Believe" and "The Meaning of Suffering." His "National Radio Pulpit" was aired for 25 years. To answer his questions, we refer him to the following letter.

All of us here at Neo-American Church Head Quarters in Millbrook were pleased as pot punch with *God and the Hippies* by Harvey Cox. The emphasis one finds in the press and in other mass-

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Antonio y Cleopatra
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media reportage on the hippie movement, rather than on the psychedelic movement, is understandable—you can't photograph a state of mind. But we are somewhat upset when no attention whatever is given to the religious meaning behind both—as is the case in most run-of-the-mill articles. This is why we found Cox' piece so gratifying.

Does anyone seriously believe that we would behave as we do—risk what we risk—for bigger and better kicks and nothing else? Here at Millbrook, we are under constant persecution and harassment by the Dutchess County Sheriff's Office. My wife, returning from town on her bicycle, was charged with disorderly conduct because she could not produce identification papers. A boy at the Sri Ram Ashrama (one of the groups on the property) was handed a paper by raiding cops while he was still in bed and only half awake. He dropped the paper. Charge: "Failure to cooperate with a police officer." Bail: \$1000. Bill Haines, head of the Ashrama, Tim Leary, Billy Hitchcock and I are presently charged with conspiracy and criminal facilitation, and testimony is being taken against us at grand-jury proceedings on those charges, for no reason other than our *open* advocacy of our religious beliefs. Not our criminality. Far from it. It is our refusal to act like criminals that infuriates the police. Obviously, we have no need here to expose ourselves to attack. If our only interest was in kicks, orgies and what not, we could easily afford to set up a nice front of respectability and stay stoned all the time.

But, as I have wearily explained to at least a dozen curious cops, knowing full well that I might as well be addressing the nearest wall in Chinese, the practice of our religion is as dear to us as life itself. And we cannot practice our religion without the sacraments of our religion, which are the psychedelic substances. You would think that an Irish Catholic policeman would grasp this simple concept at once, since it resembles so closely concepts upon which his own basic loyalties and motivations are presumably organized. Not so. It is a notion that seems to him as alien as moon dust. I fear this is not a religious or materialistic society. It is a zombi society, and that is what we are trying to change.

Art Kleps
Chief Boo Hoo
The Neo-American Church
Millbrook, New York

Harvey Cox speaks a positive language that could bridge the gap between the old and the new.

R. Olin
New York, New York

Since you have placed Dr. Harvey Cox in so glamorous a context, it would be unfair to him for me to comment on

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AS A WAY OF LIFE

Dana

his thoughtful piece without making a few observations about the medium you have assigned to his message.

Nudity is not realism. Compared with the clad figure, nudity is sculptural. Clothing is an antienvironment, a kind of weaponry, providing an enclosed space that is pictorial rather than sculptural. Sculpture is a tactile form that is both abstract and mathematical. When photographed, every feature and effect of the sculptural human body is slanted toward the visual rather than the tactile. In fact, high-definition photography is so intense and specialized as to paralyze ordinary perception and, hence, is accepted as a welcome tranquilizer. Of course, basic human sex attraction is olfactory, not photofactory, hence the playful harmlessness and innocence of your pictures.

The apparent suddenness of the acceptance of nudity in public media today has nothing to do with any change of mind. What is changed is our sensory life, as a result of living in the new information environment of electric tactility and involvement. It is this new environment reshaping the total perceptual life of the Western world that relates Twiggy and Bucky Fuller and miniskirts and LSD. It also concerns all of the themes that Dr. Cox discusses.

None of the changes that Dr. Cox mentions and none of the changes that have ever taken place in any society could have been achieved by conceptual arguments. We all know how to protect ourselves against any form of reason. But every technical innovation provides a new environment of sense and feeling that is as invisible as it is invincible. No conceivable argument could have convinced people to wear miniskirts or to establish liturgical and ecumenical reforms. In the same way, LSD and its relatives are an "artistic" stimulation in our own bodies of the new outer environment of information and exploration. An electric environment is necessarily one of feedback via circuitry and provides an inner trip for the society at large. The private trips are done chemically. So far as the economic and political establishments are concerned, their inner trip is provided by the computer. None of these things are fashions that will yield to a return to the old usages. The miniskirt is not a fashion. It is a tribal costume worn by men and women alike in all preliterate societies. We have already gone tribal and will go increasingly Oriental as our electric technology loosens the bonds and structures of 500 years of fragmented mechanical living.

Congratulations, therefore, in providing so electronic a context for *God and the Hippies*.

Marshall McLuhan
Fordham University
Bronx, New York



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



So many people are convinced that these United States are headed for hell in a hand basket that we feel called upon to provide some historical reassurance. Though we're far from sanguine about the gravity of the crises that beset us today, you will be happy to learn that Americans were just as unruly and anarchistic in the last century. There is nothing original, for example, about the "Hell No, We Won't Go" movement; during the Civil War, thousands of men rioted in New York City to protest the draft, and another group (known as "the Skedaddle Army") hiked to Canada to avoid military service. Modern flag burners, furthermore, go not a jot beyond William Lloyd Garrison, who burned the Constitution in public on July 4, 1854, trampled the ashes underfoot and proclaimed grandly: "So perish all compromise with tyranny!" (He was peeved about the Fugitive Slave Law.) And long before Dr. Leary, there was another Harvard psychologist who experimented on himself with mind-altering drugs and claimed to find religious meaning in his trips. His name was William James and his books, *Pragmatism* and *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, are now considered classics.

Nor is there anything new about the love ethic of the hippies; in the 1840s, the Reverend John Humphrey Noyes founded a free-love colony at Oneida, New York, which was also dedicated to anarchocommunist economics, à la the Digger free stores in San Francisco and New York. Even the Hell's Angels and Satan's Slaves have their prototypes in such 19th Century soreheads and bad losers as Quantrill's Raiders, the Younger brothers, the James gang and William Bonney. And Ayn Rand had a forerunner in the Massachusetts eccentric Lysander Spooner, who was the first man to see the socialist implications in the United States Post Office Department; he attempted to wreck it by establishing a rival postal service. Spooner, in fact, undersold the Government so effectively that it couldn't compete with him and an Act of Congress was necessary to stop

his ultrafree enterprise. Interestingly, the infidel Lysander, who was a constitutional lawyer by profession, brooded over his defeat for 20 years and then brought forth what may be the most subversive document ever penned in this nation: "No Treason," a legal brief published as a pamphlet, which argued somberly that the Constitution was binding only upon those who actually signed it and, all the signators being dead, was therefore no longer binding upon anyone, making the Federal Government an agency of no authority.

But Spooner himself does not begin to compare with the great dropout Josiah Warren, who, together with a few friends, separated from the United States in 1850, formed a separate community (they refused to call it a nation or a state) in Brentwood, Long Island, and issued their own money to avoid the necessity of being contaminated by the touch of Uncle Sam's filthy lucre. And then there was Ben Tucker, whose long career progressed through the atheist, socialist, free-love and anarchist movements. A disciple of both Spooner and Warren, embattled Ben became known as "the Fool Killer," because of the ferocity of his writing style, and flung himself into such far-out activities as crusading for the civil rights of syphilitics and pickpockets, refusing to pay his taxes and continually denouncing bankers, landlords and the Federal Government. It was Tucker who reacted to the Comstock Act (our first "obscenity" law) by publishing an unexpurgated edition of erotic rhymes by the archetypal hippie poet, Walt Whitman, and sending it to Comstock himself, defying him to prosecute. (Comstock declined.) Tucker's onetime mistress, Victoria Woodhull, subsequently ran for President on a free-love ticket; and a friend of his, Ezra Heywood, anticipated Grove Press by publishing the most famous obscene word in the English language in an 1878 article. This time, Comstock was provoked into action; Heywood was convicted and served two years at hard labor.

Johann Most, however, outdid everybody else, including H. Rap Brown, by

issuing a pamphlet for workingmen that not only urged armed revolution but actually included detailed instructions on how to manufacture nitroglycerin and various other explosives at home. All these men were active between 1840 and 1900, and yet the nation somehow survived into the 20th Century. Thus, we can say with impunity, in the immortal words of Alfred E. Neuman, "What—me worry?"

According to the *South London Press*, a young couple—after a serious bout of drinking—decided to take a stroll in Clock Tower Gardens. Once there, they began disporting themselves amorously on the green. When a constable passed by 20 minutes later, he discovered the young lady's clothes up around her waist and the gentleman's trousers around his ankles. The bobby ordered the coupled couple to desist, but the young lady merely waved her legs in the air and told him to "Piss off." Although 40 interested bystanders witnessed the scene, the presiding magistrate was forced to dismiss the charge of indecency; neither he nor the police could find any law forbidding copulation in Clock Tower Gardens.

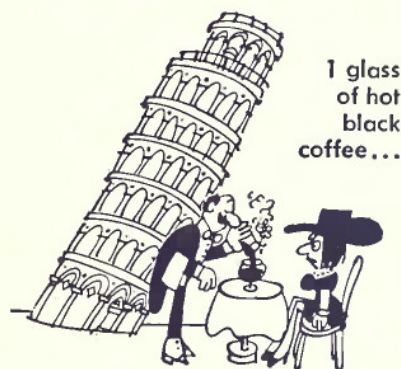
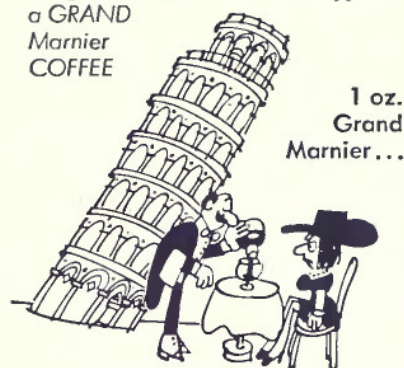
Outstanding job offer from the want-ad columns of *The New York Times*: "Opportunity for native American interested in politics. Must be over 35, personable and willing to invest \$20,000,000."

China Grove Township, North Carolina, is a place far from the madding—and noisy—crowd. When residents asked the state legislature to pass a bill forbidding sneezing in the streets, they got somewhat more results than they expected. Obliging legislators banned not only public sneezing but also ax grinding, drumbeating, whistling, gargling, preaching, snoring and spanking babies.

The apt premiere film at a new movie house in Cheaters Mountain, West Virginia, was *A Guide for the Married Man*.

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music, in the form of a new Montreal jazz quartet—composed of a Syrian, a Lebanese and two Jews—that bills itself as The Friendly Enemies.

Obviously not preaching what he practices, Rockefeller Prentice was one of the signers of a newspaper ad pleading for birth control. Mr. Prentice is chairman of American Breeders Service.

Notes from all over: *The Insider's Newsletter* informs us that the town of Chicken Bristle, in Hart County, Kentucky, has changed its name to Savoyard. That leaves just two Kentucky towns named Chicken Bristle.

Several hindsighted shops on Broadway, says the *New York Post*, are selling a *derrière falsie yclept* "the living end."

Sex may be hazardous to your health: The current annual report of San Francisco's city health director includes a review of "Causes of Death by Sex," with an appended list of nearly 10,000 alleged victims.

A London theater critic reacted to a new play titled *Ogodiveleftthegason* with this one-word review: "Whatalot-ofoldrubbish."

Civil Rights Department, Communications Division: A bill introduced in the Washington state legislature proposed to prohibit a telephone company from discrimination in its charges or rates "based upon the color of the set."

High-flying travelers, take note: The airline *Meal Service Guide* for travel bureaus states that "L-S-D" is served on Pan American's Flight One between Hong Kong and Manila. Happy acid droppers will be disappointed to learn that when spelled out, the psychedelic come-on turns into "Lunch, Snack, Dinner."

The National Catholic Reporter noted that, at the beginning of Lent, six convents in Spain sold 2000 hair shirts and 1000 "penitents" (lashes with waxed knots at the ends, for self-administered mortification of the flesh) and then asked rhetorically: "They've got Franco, and they still need hair shirts?"

According to *The Wall Street Journal*, the only sign on the rest-room doors in many of the pubs of Melbourne, Australia, reads: HERE.

The credibility gap in international relations took a ribald twist for a Georgia minister who purchased John Spanier's *American Foreign Policy Since World War Two*. He promptly sent it back to the publishers, along with a terse note stating, "This book is misassembled." A

perusal of the volume showed that the first 32 pages were from Albert Ellis' *Sex Without Guilt* and that the text turned from "Thoughts on Petting" to "Soviet Post-War Expansion."

They Said It, We Didn't Department: In advertising its new catalog, an English automotive-accessories firm proudly states: "It's bigger. And more interesting. And generally swishier than anything we've ever produced before."

Evidence that capitalism may be succumbing to increasingly widespread interest in mystic pursuits is provided by the *National Review Bulletin's* disclosure that Ouija boards are outselling Monopoly sets for the first time since the latter were introduced 32 years ago.

Our Beauty Isn't Even Skin-Deep trophy goes to the *Washington Post* headline above a story about Miss World-U. S. A. candidates: "SIX BEAUTIES SUFFER IN BOUT WITH CRABS." Their battle, we were happy to learn, was with the edible but contaminated variety.

BOOKS

Truman Capote was still a schoolboy when Emlyn Williams became intrigued by the labyrinthine psyches of people who kill in cold blood. The versatile Welshman wrote (and acted the lead in) *Night Must Fall*, the classic play about a nut who carried his victim's severed head around in a hatbox. Now, a generation later, Williams returns to murder in the macabre. In *Beyond Belief: A Chronicle of Murder and Its Detection* (Random House), he provides a chilling reconstruction of one of Britain's ghastliest contemporary crimes. The day after President Kennedy was assassinated, Ian Brady, a 25-year-old clerk, picked up a 12-year-old Manchester boy he had never seen before, drove him out to the peat bogs and, without apparent motive, killed and buried him. Ian's loving girlfriend, Myra Hindley, who accompanied them, passed the time in the car, reading a ladies' magazine. Twice again over the next two years, the sequence was repeated—once with a girl, once with another boy. After Ian and Myra were arrested, tried (they pleaded not guilty) and sentenced to life imprisonment (capital punishment having been abolished between their crimes and their conviction), Williams set out to re-create their lives from the cradle and to puzzle out where the cogs in their mental clockworks had been dented. Since the pair remained mostly mum, it is impossible to judge whether he unraveled the puzzle to its final strand; but his explanation is convincing—despite its short cut along

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some psychiatric easy streets. Williams describes Brady as an illegitimate, introverted, shucked-off Glasgow boy whose mother took him in only when, as a late adolescent, he had already made the court scene three times for petty crimes, wrecked a house and found fun in burying a cat alive. The loner's feelings of inferiority and "outness" culminated in a steadily growing fantasy identification with "enemies"—in Brady's case, the Nazis (he collected swastikas, recordings of Hitler speeches and other clutterbuck). An avid reader of the Marquis de Sade (in whose early life Williams finds parallels) who took pornographic photographs of both Myra and his girl-child victim, he felt always a persecuted misfit, and these aberrations climaxed in the killings. Williams coaxes the patness of this diagnosis into believability but does much less well when he finds a link between the death of John Kennedy and that of John Kilbride, Brady's first victim, the next day. As for Myra Hindley, what can be said about a girl whose reaction to her dog's death, after her own arrest, was to charge the police with murder.

Henry Luce, who died in 1967, was the cofounder and driving force behind the world's largest publishing empire. He held more power and exerted, through his magazines, more influence than any other journalist in history—including William Randolph Hearst. A superlatively suitable subject for a biography, one would think; but in *Luce: His Time, Life and Fortune* (Doubleday), ex-*Time* staffer John Kobler comes up remarkably empty on the man. Part of the fault lies with Luce himself, who was far from a complex figure. His character was laid out for everyone to see. He was, Kobler writes, "intense, blunt, literal, humorless." The missing word is "dull." He was capable of proclaiming: "I am a Protestant, a Republican and a free-enterpriser, which means I am biased in favor of God, Eisenhower and the stockholders of Time, Inc." As Kobler goes along, his focus shifts from Luce to *Time*, Dr. Frankenstein receding as his monster takes stage center. Kobler recounts *Time's* development, its precocity, its high points and low points, its major controversies. The magazine stands as an ironic monument to the man of high ideals, correct demeanor and sturdy conscience who produced a publication that reflects, in the opinion of its many enemies, none of these lofty qualities.

Beware of jailers with good intentions and censors with sensibilities. They'll rack you up every time. In *Foolish Fig-leaves?* (Macmillan), Richard H. Kuh examines recent legal efforts to exorcise pornography—from *Fanny Hill* to "sado-



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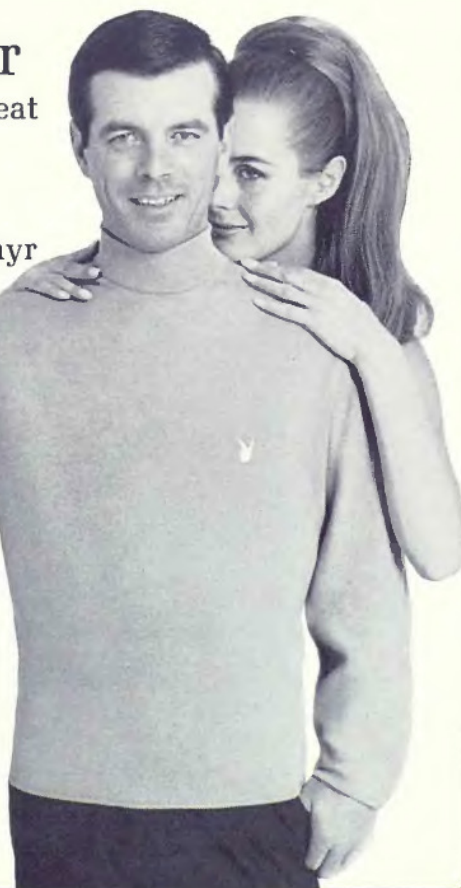
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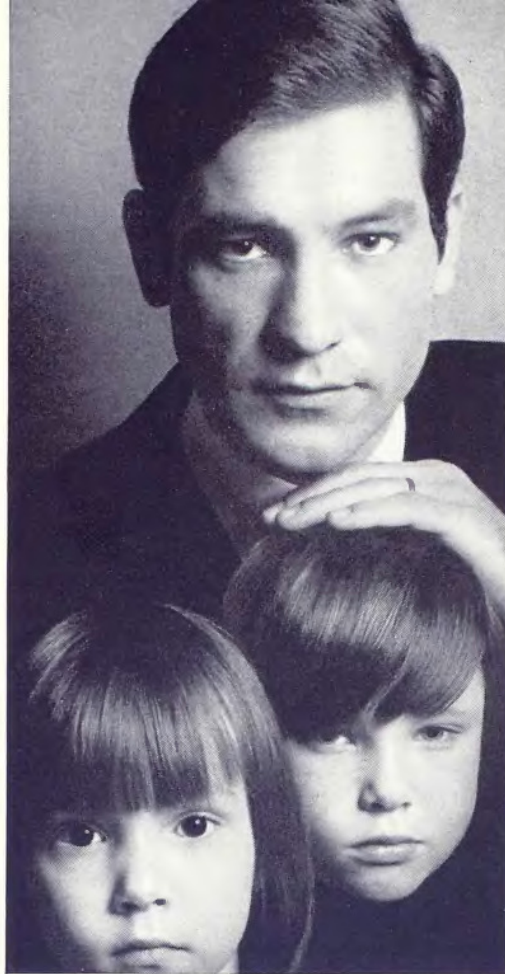
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masochistic pulps"—and concludes that it's a dirty business. The public is fickle; the courts are unreliable. A former assistant D.A. in New York, Kuh presents himself as a man of refinement trying honestly to grapple with a coarse universe. Pious protests to the contrary, however, he goes down the line for rigid enforcement of all the rickety and raunchy censorship statutes throughout the land. Whenever the courts convict an accused pornographer (Ralph Ginzburg, Lenny Bruce), he rejoices; whenever the courts overturn a conviction, he frets and scolds the judges for creating legal chaos. True, he praises all the classics of controversy—Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*, James Joyce's *Ulysses*—and applauds the court decisions that permitted their distribution and sale. And he even foresees a future in which censorship laws are far more permissive than they are today. It would appear, in fact, that Kuh endorses all blows for freedom, provided he doesn't have to strike them: Kuh nailed Lenny Bruce on charges of performing obscenely at the Café Au Go Go. The book gives him a chance to retry the case, this time without the inconvenience of risking rebuttal from a live defendant.

After two decades, secret-intelligence specialist Lyman B. Kirkpatrick, Jr., has come in from the cold—or at least from the tepid. He graduated from World War Two's OSS, became an early organizer of the Central Intelligence Agency and rose to the ranks of assistant director and inspector general before retiring. Now, in *The Real CIA* (Macmillan), Kirkpatrick has told all—all he thinks we should know, at least. Much of the book is bogged down with pointless personal anecdotes, but three chapters are well worth the reading, for they deal with the CIA's involvement in the U-2 affair and the Bay of Pigs debacle and with Kirkpatrick's self-serving views of what our attitude toward the Agency should be. He holds that blame for the bumbling aftermath of the ill-starred U-2 flight in 1960 should be shared by President Eisenhower and the Intelligence Agency—Eisenhower for saying he had authorized the spy flight over Russia when he hadn't even been told about it and the CIA for wrongheadedly assuming that pilot Francis Powers was dead and that it could therefore get away with a leaky cover story about a lost weather plane. As for the flap at the Bay of Pigs, he admits that the CIA lost points by itself. It swallowed its own flag-waving propaganda that in an invasion anti-Castro Cubans would rise by the legions and throw the bum out, and it egged the Cuban exiles on with assurances that Uncle Sam's fly-boys would be supporting their landings with rockets and bombs. Kirkpatrick also implies, rather chillingly, that our James Bond types became so



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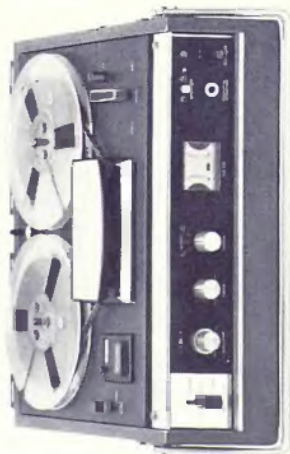
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infatuated with their crusade that they ignored even their CIA superiors at critical moments and simply acted on their own. It is curious, in view of these episodes, that Kirkpatrick closes with a plea that we "accept the CIA on faith" as "a necessity to our national security." Necessary it may be; but to judge from the evidence in this book, it is assuredly not deserving of anyone's faith—blind or otherwise.

All you need to appreciate *Social Policies for America in the Seventies: Nine Divergent Views* (Doubleday), edited by Robert Theobald, are a lively interest in where this country's going and the imagination to conceive of a time when the Protestant ethic of work as good in itself has been succeeded by self-growth and pleasure as the criteria for human activity. Economist Theobald, a principal proponent of the guaranteed income as a basic right, has not chosen only contributors who agree with him. Leon Keyserling, for example, insists that "the guaranteed income must be a supplement to, and not a substitute for, sustained full employment and optimum economic growth." Arthur Pearl, in an exceptionally stimulating chapter on new careers for the poor and undereducated, points out that work will change from the production of goods to the provision of human services—health, education, recreation. Educator John Holt sees the possibility of a people so free within themselves that they can simultaneously pursue their own interests and contribute to society. But for such a people to exist, he adds, the present goals of education will have to be radically changed. The proposals are practical, the essays provocative. This book merits the widest possible attention.

If author Philip J. Klass had put a question mark after the title of his book *UFO's—Identified* (Random House), one might have more confidence in the impartiality of his theorizing. Even so, he makes a thoughtful case for a new and sober explanation of unidentified flying objects. Klass, an electrical engineer and avionics editor for a respected trade magazine in the field of aviation, missiles and rockets, offers a logical explanation of the phenomena: not spaceships but clouds of electrified (or ionized) air particles whose physical properties can explain virtually all of the UFO symptomatology. Ionized air is a plasma, a freak of atmospheric physics. Often found near high-tension lines—a favorite haunt of UFOs—the plasma can remain fixed, move in any direction at fantastically rapid or slow speeds, change direction suddenly, shoot out lightning bolts, glow in a variety of changing colors, cause sunburn and eye irritation via ultraviolet radiation and vanish instantaneously into

"thin air" when it dissipates its energy. Other characteristics of ionized air account for yet more of the mysterious effects of UFOs: It reflects radar, generates radio waves to create radio/TV interference and to short-circuit auto engines and headlights, plays "tag" with aircraft when the plasma's electrical charge is opposite to that of the plane's, and is so physically amorphous that, says Klass, it "encourages the observer to supply spurious details his eyes do not really see" (rows of windows, little men, etc.). Plasma physics is a new and complex science; and, to his credit, Klass claims merely that the plasma hypothesis is worth pursuing and should be given at least as much rope as any other in the land of UFOria.

Three titles—one old, two new—compose a publisher's triptych that makes a necessary addition to anyone's collection of Joyceana. They are: a new edition of *Dubliners*; the hitherto unpublished *Giacomo Joyce*; and *James Joyce and His World* by Chester G. Anderson (Viking). No more need be said about *Dubliners* than that this new and definitive edition includes all the corrections made by the author. *Giacomo Joyce*, as Richard Ellmann puts it in his elegant introduction, is "a love poem which is never recited." What will rejoice Joyceans in this slender volume are the facsimile pages appended to the text. *Giacomo Joyce* was written in Trieste when the author was completing *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and was beginning *Ulysses*. Its inspiration was a young lady to whom Joyce was giving English lessons during the now-famous Berlitz period of his life—Amalia Popper, the cultured Jewish daughter of a Trieste businessman. In these scant stanzas, parts of which reappear in his later work, Joyce records with lyric irony a myth of unrequited love. Chester Anderson's book is a carefully selective, vastly absorbing reprise of Joyce's life with 142 black-and-white plates, including such choice items as a cartoon of Joyce and his friends sketched by F. Scott Fitzgerald in 1928 and a photo postcard with a poem on the back written by Joyce and sent from Paris to Dublin in 1902. Mr. Anderson has an eye not only for the ironies of Joyce's writings but for such life-grown ironies as his doomed attempt to open Dublin's first movie house and his equally doomed attempt to act as agent in Trieste for Donegal tweeds. If Joyce's great books bridge the literary history of Western civilization, his own life bridged it no less—at least in his own mind. For he imagined himself, Anderson tells us, "as Parnell, Hamlet, Daedalus, Dante, Byron, Stephen Protomartyr, Lucifer and Jesus. Like his drunkenness and fainting, his mimesis of life in art forestalled his

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In his latest book, philosopher, logician, encyclopedist and PLAYBOY contributor Mortimer J. Adler wrestles with the problem of *The Difference of Man and the Difference It Makes* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). In chapter after lucid chapter, Adler analyzes scientific evidence and theoretical speculation about how man resembles other forms of life and how he differs from them. The question—one that occupied theologians, poets and scientists even in the centuries before Darwin's *Origin of Species*—is whether men are so completely different from the rest of the universe as to prove that we were formed in part by some unique supernatural act. Adler suggests that the question may soon be answered, thanks to the technical advances that have made it practical to include machines with animals in the formulation "the rest of the universe." Following the lead of the late British mathematician Alan M. Turing, Adler proposes a game in which a human being and a robot who has learned to use English are hidden behind screens. An interrogator then asks them questions to determine which is which. Adler argues that if, after having his questions answered, the interlocutor were stumped, that would revolutionize the traditional view of man's place in the cosmos, upsetting the religiously sanctioned belief that human beings are different in kind, not merely in degree, from other creatures and so must be accorded special treatment. To take just one example, the Turing robot's success (which Adler finally seems to consider impossible) would go a long way toward vindicating man's long history of using his fellow man as an object, from yesterday's slavery through today's totalitarianism and racism. The idea of resolving an age-old philosophical problem with a single experiment may not be particularly palatable to many philosophers and humanists, but the difference it makes is certainly crucial enough to warrant its attempt—and to warrant the crystalline logic applied to it by Dr. Adler.

Honest Sex (New American Library) is an iconoclastic book. Written by husband and wife Rustum and Dela Roy, this revolutionary approach to Christian sex ethics sums up the thinking of a group of religious men and women who spent three years formulating their views on such subjects as premarital intercourse, marriage and adultery. Their conclusions will not come as much of a surprise to PLAYBOY readers who recall the June 1967 *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality*; but *Honest Sex* is bound to hit the general public and the



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church with stunning impact. Although the book is written in an earnest, plodding style, its substance races ahead at a gallop. Its thesis is that physical sex is a "rightful, proper, important and pleasurable means of communication between two persons." Mind you—not between two married persons, not even between a man and a woman, but simply between two persons. Beyond this, the authors express "a Christian hope" that all sexual pleasure will be taken "within the context of a deep, loving relationship"; and on these grounds, they attack impersonal and exploitive sex because "it warps or deadens our sensibilities. . . ." Armed with these principles, the Roys rush in where many sexologists fear to tread. They dismiss "the stupid focusing on marriage as life's goal" and anticipate ultimate dissolution of the concept "that sex and marriage are inextricably and exclusively linked to each other." The notion that "no man can have good deep relationships including sexual intercourse with more than one woman at a time is patent idiocy," according to the authors, who then go on to define circumstances under which extramarital relationships are not only acceptable but virtually mandatory as manifestations of Christian love and charity. *Honest Sex* can—and undoubtedly will—be quoted by those who want to enlist it in the service of sex as fun and games. But, in truth, the book pleads not for more sex but for more love, and for love that fulfills the criteria of unselfishness and responsibility.

DINING-DRINKING

Arthur, spawned in New York, has vaulted the Rockies to find a California home on L. A.'s Restaurant Row in the former stylish Oyster House (La Cienega and Melrose Place). Its recent christening was well attended by the high-powered names who own a piece of the action. Not all 80 investors turned out opening night, to be sure, but enough of them and other flicker folk—Roddy McDowall, Edie Adams, Zsa Zsa, Henry Fonda, Martin Landau, Sharman Douglas, the Leslie Bricusses—did to ensure a successful launching in the public prints. This West Coast edition of Sybil Christopher's super-"in" *discothèque* isn't a private club, but the Pub Room, adjoining the go-go chamber, has an atmosphere of privacy, almost intimacy—invasion only peripherally by the boogaloo leakage from the main room. In the Pub Room, the limited menu features the customary steak/lobster/chicken fare (\$7/\$6/\$5, respectively). Though the food is merely satisfactory, a good trade seems assured by the shing-a-ling action out front. The *discothèque* is low-slung and dark. Along the walls, the black upholstered benches barely manage to clear the floor. At the small tables, the round stools are

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similarly scaled, as though the seating is specifically geared for instant abandonment: Squat (down), leap (up), dart (to the dance floor). Kent and the Candidates, a quartet of drums, organ and two guitars on hand for the opening, practice only the politics of rock. And while a latticework of flashing bulbs—red, blue, green—competes for visual attention with the large glass mural Mondrianically glaring from the wall, one's aural sense is dominated by the incessant throb of electronic rock to spur writhing arms and hips. This may not be poetry in motion, but it *can* get pretty exciting, given the right set of hips. In the main room, Arthur exacts a tribute of \$5 per person from patrons who have not been stoked in the Pub Room. In addition to vice-president McDowall, Arthur boasts the secretariat of Natalie Wood, the treasurership of designer Gustave Tassell and the diligent overseeing of personable maitre de John Bedford, who has his hands full, what with the press of the Modding crowd of mostly young and youngish fashionables. But Bedford is going to have to learn to live with the happy problem of trying to find room for everyone. Clearly, Arthur has gone West. Open Tuesday through Sunday, 8 P.M. to 2 A.M.

MOVIES

A plaintive ballad by Donovan establishes the mood of *Poor Cow*, with "Be not too hard, for life is short—and nothing is given to man." From there, the road leads straight to the heart of London's grimmest slums, filmed in rainy-day color. Don't go away, though. Based on a novel by Nell Dunn, the movie not only burgeons with promising talent but avoids the usual style of misery among the lower classes by recording some deeply sympathetic observations about the lot of a barmaid (Carol White) whose chances for happiness are almost nil. Pregnant at 18 and married soon afterward to "a right bastard," she sees her insensitive husband (John Bindon) sentenced to prison for armed robbery, takes up with one of his mates (Terence Stamp) and discovers a capacity for tenderness she never knew she had. Eventually, her lover also gets 12 years for felonious assault, and Joy (yes, that's her name) is left with her toddler son and a sleazy aunt who nightly goes a-whoring. The ways in which Joy learns to survive by living one moment at a time are strikingly charted by director Kenneth Loach. Because she is basically a decent girl, Joy refuses to sell the favors she would rather give away to the goodly number of chaps who inspire "this funny little throw in me stomach." *Poor Cow* minimizes plot in order to sum up a mode of existence for the female of the

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species, and this it does vividly—catching the mockery of pop tunes bleating Love and Beauty from the radio, or showing up the ubiquitous dirty old men in a modeling sequence aswarm with amateur peekaboo photographers. The film's chief antidepressant is blonde Carol White—the most beguiling bundle from Britain since Julie Christie.

Great expectations are raised by *Love Mates*—at first glance, an effort by *Dear John* writer-director Lars Magnus Lindgren to kindle new sparks between *John*'s loving couple, Christina Schollin and Jarl Kulle. It turns out, though, that *Love Mates* is an earlier film and interesting mainly as a giddy warm-up exercise. Kulle plays a stock and real-estate speculator who consults sex manuals for the confidence to seduce an admiral's daughter. He finally gets her into bed, which is writer-director Lindgren's cue for some characteristic shots of surging seas and other natural phenomena. *Dear John* it's not, though the Swedes' matter-of-fact sexuality may divert you. Where else would a mother show detached amusement when she finds that her daughter has packed a nightie to go for an afternoon of sailing? And where else would the girl's father set off to strangle a seducer, only to have his rage assuaged by the rake's collection of antique firearms?

New York Jewish intellectuals are a breed as special in their way as any aboriginal tribesmen ever encountered by Margaret Mead. *Bye, Bye Braverman* isolates four of the species, middle-aged children of the Depression, and shows them *schlepping* through a sociological slice of life defined by liberal causes, Greenwich Village literary debates, little magazines, lectures to Hadassah, the complete works of Philip Roth and Momma's chicken soup. A colleague's death seems to diminish this quartet, caught en route to the funeral of a friend named Leslie Braverman. Their respective hang-ups are spelled out during a daylong search for an undertaking parlor somewhere in Brooklyn. Ere the mourners reach their destination (in an Aryan Volkswagen, tailed through scenes of grubby fascination by ace cinematographer Boris Kaufman), much is implied about the dear departed, including the fact that he owed his buddy Morroe Rieff (George Segal) the sum of \$137. Leslie also had integrity, claims Barnett Weiner (Jack Warden): "He didn't ask for it, he didn't want it. But he had it. They say some people had b.o., he had integrity." And with friends like that mouthing scenarist Herb Sargent's pastami-on-wry dialog, who needs enemies? The bright black humor of *Braverman* is marred by an inadvertent air of condescension toward the prototypes played by Segal, Warden, Joseph Wiseman and Sorrell Booke, who lean in the

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THE PROFESSIONAL SHINE

direction of caricature. Producer-director Sidney Lumet, never noted for the lightness of his touch, must be responsible for such lapses as the casting of comedian Alan King as a rabbi officiating at a funeral (it turns out not to be Braverman's) and the heavy going in Segal's funeral fantasies. But this brashly secular movie nevertheless derives measurable energy from its source. Wallace Markfield's novel *To an Early Grave*, a wiser, more affectionate and less mechanical work of comic imagination.

Gert Frobe seems to be the international cinema's pet German, as well as a good-luck charm for his colleagues at home in Western Germany. In *Tonio Kroger*, he walks on as a suspicious police captain for one brief bit, then walks right off again. That's the only touch of frivolity allowed by director Rolf (Rosemary) Thiele, who has gone at Thomas Mann's classic *novella* as though he were a lit major preparing a thesis on German Romanticism rather than an artist selecting his own subjective variations on a theme. A script credit for Mann's daughter, Erika, points the way. Mann's man is played very well by French actor Jean-Claude Brialy, frozen with Teutonic reserve as Tonio, the troubled young author whose temperament thrusts him into the decadent world of art while he rues the honest, solid middle-class life that late he led. During his European travels, Kroger encounters decadence in a shy prostitute and a vivacious painter (Nadja Tiller), but obviously prefers the bourgeois vitality released by a roomful of blond, bright-eyed folk dancers. He also mopes a lot in giant deep-think close-ups, some of them quite effective, if not particularly illuminating, in probing the enduring mysteries of aesthetic sensibility.

London's Royal Shakespeare Company, led by director Peter (Marat/Sade) Brook, has loaded a hundred or more of the questions people are asking about the Vietnam war into a semidocumentary psychodrama titled *Tell Me Lies*. Addressed with a poison pen and lobbed over to America without love, the movie evolved from *U.S.*, a Royal Shakespeare-staged Happening named for the United States, or simply for "us"—meaning the British—depending on one's point of view. The view from here seems anti-American, unless we misinterpret a dream sequence in which a young British protester sets fire to our embassy. Between readings from Che Guevara, the U.S. flag is dragged ignominiously through London streets and American atrocities (all N.I.F. killings are "the carefully planned murders of certain head men") are set side by side with canonization ceremonies for such American martyrs as Norman Morrison (who burned himself to death on the steps of the Pentagon in 1965) and Barry Bonds.

(imprisoned for dropping feces into the files of a Minnesota draft board). There is also an utterly idiotic sequence that describes how innocent Yanks from Omaha are being traumatized in the homosexual bars of Saigon. The pivotal characters in this free-for-all are a young man and woman who live together in London under the shadow of the Bomb, apparently for the sole purpose of contemplating burned Buddhist monks and maimed children. They occasionally pop out of their flat to meet Stokely Carmichael or Allen Ginsberg or Paul Scofield or Prime Minister Wilson—though the P. M. drives straight away with no expression of sympathy for the protesters' cause. Brook's anything-goes style—or lack of style—is tedious, unless you seldom read newspapers and really dig the heavy irony of partygoers swinging to a witless rock tune called *Zapping the Cong*. Even the severest critics of L. B. J.'s Vietnam policy are likely to find *Lies* an agitprop embarrassment.

Old Henry Fonda shoots it out with old James Stewart during the blood-and-gutsy climax of *Firecreek*; and to see a pair of thoroughbred professionals such as these locking horns makes reconfirmed movie fans of us all. The action occurs circa 1870 in the dismal town of Firecreek—some gray, weather-beaten slats loosely assembled on either side of a lonesome trail, with no signs of a beautification program. "It's a town full of losers," says one citizen. Seems no one wants to get involved with frontier violence, least of all the part-time sheriff and family man (Stewart) who is paid two dollars a month for leaving well enough alone. Life couldn't be safer, or duller, until Fonda rides in—refreshingly free of his stoic-hero image—as a sullen killer for hire accompanied by four horny desperadoes whose notions of fun are pretty basic. While Hank prevails upon a local spinster (Inger Stevens) to treat a gunshot wound, his men get busy picking fights, attacking a beautiful Indian (Barbara Luna), corrupting an eager farmette (Brooke Bundy), killing an innocent half-wit more or less in sport and just generally raising hell. Only when Stewart realizes that his town is up the firecreek does he decide to declare marshal law. For once, you'll find yourself rooting for the fuzz.

Naitsabes is *Sebastian* spelled backward, and similar scrambles keep turning up in this disarmingly offbeat British comedy. Urbane as always, Dirk Bogarde plays the title role as Britain's chief cryptographer, who heads a decoding section staffed by a flock of beautiful but brainy birds. (Why a girl has to look so appetizing to become proficient in electronic espionage is never explained—but who's asking?) Under director David Greene, *Sebastian* successfully juggles

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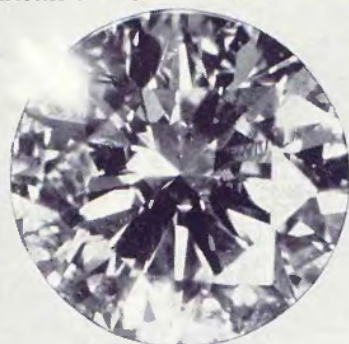
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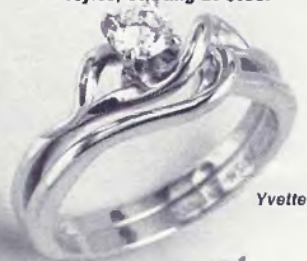
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the conceit that a man whose whole existence centers on patterns of mistrust may have a difficult time deciphering signals passed between the sexes. Blonde Susannah York represents the forces of female aggression, at last emerging from pearly innocence to show what she can do as a feisty comedienne. Even audiences raised on double-crossing spy spoofs may be befuddled by a cryptogrammatic farce that takes so many unexpected turns; but despite some minor intrigue about secret messages beamed from a Russian satellite, this is mainly a lighthearted essay on man's ancient struggle to balance his women and his work in a viable equation. John Gielgud and Lilli Palmer head the premium-quality supporting cast, all up to scratch for a movie that has a very Now feeling about it without bowing to the canard that nothing interesting ever happens anymore to people over 20.

Venom is an inappropriate English title for a candid, acridly perceptive Danish film by writer-director Knud Leif Thomsen, whose work in its original form was adjudged too pornographic even for the freethinking Danes. The sanitized print offers several sequences in which a young, totally uninhibited pornographer shows his made-in-bed movies—with the main action obliterated by a large black X. Except for this teasing evidence of the censors' handiwork, nothing about *Venom* looks the least bit cheap. Thomsen's story deals with a predatory youth (Søren Strömberg) who is filming his autobiography as he lives it from lay to lay. When he latches onto the daughter of a well-to-do real-estate agent, the girl's permissive but frantic parents finally invite him to move into their beach house, where they can keep an eye on the pair. Thomsen plunges this odd ménage headlong into the so-called generation gap; he creates abrasive collisions that produce some harrowing truths about the war between the misguided and the middle-aged. In one pungent scene, the boy cunningly plays on the weakness of the modern father, who is sexually aroused by the get-yours attitudes he would really rather imitate than condemn. The realtor's wife, herself ripe for seduction until she sees a stag reel with her daughter in the featured roll, reacts simultaneously as outraged momma and a woman racked by her own menopausal insecurity. Thomsen's shock therapy has particular relevance for an era in which the music, manners and morals of youth either set the style for their elders or drive them into fits of envious indignation.

How to get Janet Leigh out of her stern secretarial eyeglasses and into a warm bed is the mission undertaken by a smooth gigolo (Robert Hoffman) in *Grand Slam*. Seducing Janet, who carries the key to a vault loaded with \$10,000,000

worth of diamonds, becomes the trickiest part of a plan devised by a Machiavellian retired history professor (Edward G. Robinson) who has spent 30 dedicated years in a Rio de Janeiro convent casing the diamond company across the street. Several unnerving new faces loom among the supporting cast of heavies; the robbery itself—performed with the very latest gadgets—is as meticulously detailed as a brain operation. Treacherous surprises start popping like firecrackers during the movie's closing scenes, and Rio at carnival-time provides a voluptuously scenic backdrop. For those who can still work up enthusiasm for this sort of caper, *Grand Slam* scores as a three-bagger in the minor leagues.

30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia casts Dudley Moore as a bright young composer of 29 who promises himself to write a musical comedy and to get married before his 30th birthday. With only a few weeks remaining, nary a note written and no agreeable girl at hand, there should be enough unfinished business to keep a frantically impromptu comedy on the move for an hour or so. But Moore's bits and pieces of merry minstrelsy wear thin while he scrambles around in blousy trousers striving to save the nonsense he actually helped write. In pursuit of his quarry (Suzy Kendall), he assumes various disguises, trying nearly everything, from the usual Walter Mitty stuff to an extended parody of a *Dragnet*-style melodrama. His ideas have apparently been culled from back issues of college-humor magazines and suggest careless habits regarding homework; but Moore is a funny fellow who earns a vote of confidence for better luck next term.

Unlikely as it sounds, *Sol Madrid* is a title role for David McCallum, TV sidekick to *The Man from U. N. C. L. E.* and the swinging generation's answer to Alan Ladd. McCallum plays a narcotics agent on an enviable assignment: In exchange for a week or so in Acapulco with scenic Playmate Stella Stevens, all he has to do is sabotage a heroin dealer (Telly Savalas) and match wits with a Mafia family that seems to contain nothing but hybrid black sheep—Rip Torn, Ricardo Montalban, Pat Hingle and Paul Lukas. The villains' mixed blood flows freely to keep this middling suspense thriller well furnished with violence. Occasional transfusions of sex are managed efficiently by Stella as a busy Mafia moll who is chased, beaten, kidnaped, drugged and nearly forced into white slavery without once losing the look of a girl who refuses to let a few setbacks spoil her Mexican vacation.

After winning a censorship battle that's kept public curiosity afire for many months, *491* arrives from Sweden

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with egg on its face. Obviously, some of the movie's best friends are censors, who must have gotten excited about a casual case of sodomy involving a nude girl draped over a ship's rail, or a scene concerning the girl's sexual encounter with a large German shepherd, or another that shows a homosexual inspector of juvenile delinquents making time with one of his boys. None of this happens on camera—dialog and cutting do the alleged dirty work—nor does it alter the fact that a frank and serious-minded film can be pretty dull, withal. The director, Vilgot Sjöman, and the author, the late Lars Görling, follow the labyrinthine ways of good and evil into the home of a permissive young psychiatrist who houses a band of troubled youths as part of a behavioral experiment. In reaction to the invert-inspector, whose lapses are protected by his place in the establishment, the boys undertake an experiment of their own—to defy Biblical injunction by discovering the final, unforgivable sin, which in the words of Jesus is the 491st. Very little real conflict develops as the boys explore theft and sadism, or even when they bring home a resident prostitute, because *491* is less human drama than case history, bogged down with the most hopelessly incoherent set of characters since *Marat/Sade*. Its juvenile delinquents are pimply nail biters, bed wetters and mental midgets, led by two flagrantly stupid male adults. If the forces of evil can't put up a better show than this, we predict a sharp decline in recruitment.

RECORDINGS

A slew of premier male vocalists proffer their wares this go-round. **Tony Bennett / For Once in My Life** (Columbia) is an almost unalloyed joy from beginning to end. Taste reigns supreme as Tony takes up *They Can't Take That Away from Mr. Lullaby of Broadway*, *Sometimes I'm Happy* (our favorite) and others of similar ilk. The backing is impeccable, making it a good show all round. **Love, Andy** (Columbia) is another winning LP. Working off arrangements by Nick DeCaro, Andy Williams alchemizes a batch of golden vocals—*Watch What Happens*, *Can't Take My Eyes Off You*, *The More I See You*, among others—that offer the *ne plus ultra* in easy listening. More of the same is to be found on **The Damone Type of Thing** (Victor), wherein the velvet-voiced Vic grooves a goodly number of oldies but goodies: *Time After Time*, *I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good*, *Gone with the Wind* and *The More I See You*. The more contemporary items aren't as luminous, but Damone gives them more than their due. **Jack Jones / Our Song** (Kapp) is not quite in the same league as the above, but the

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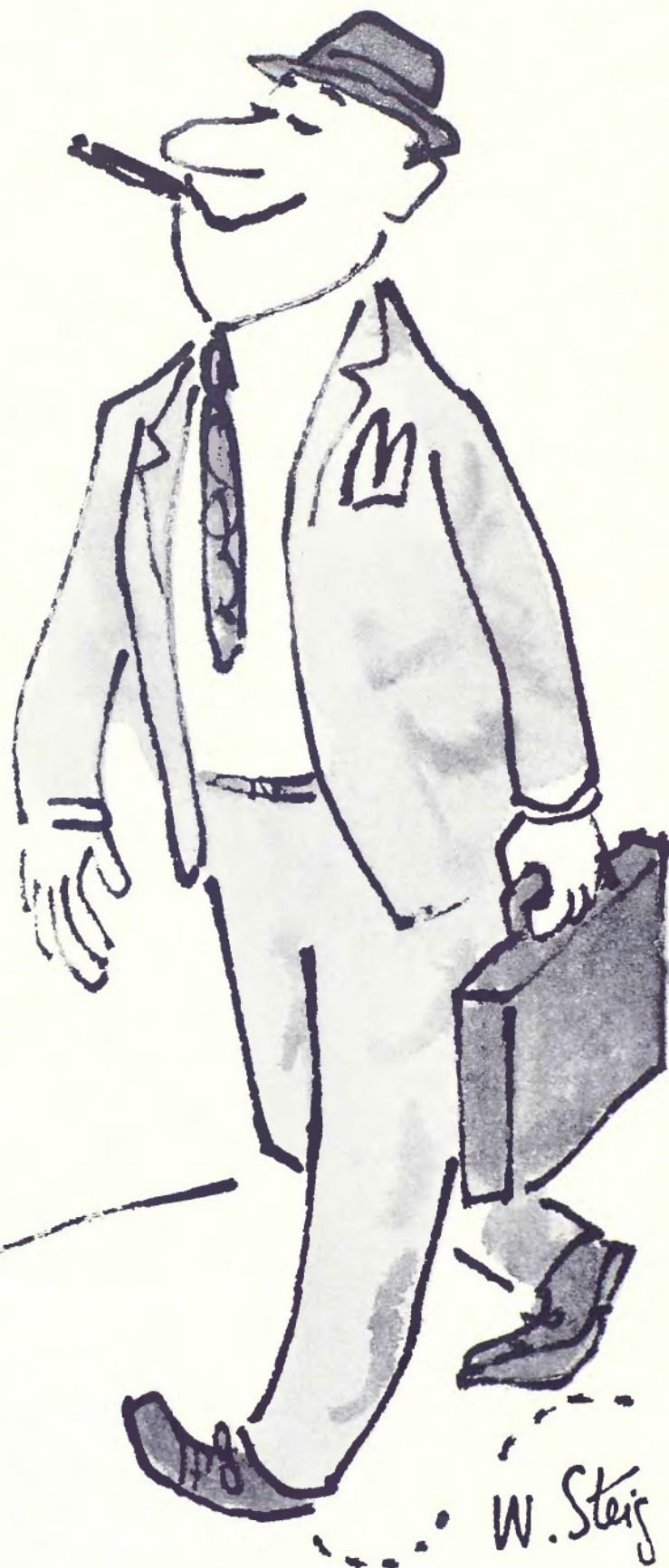
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Jones boy's batting average is still high as he tackles a brace of ballads from *Doctor Dolittle*, the Lennon-McCartney lovely Michelle, Casablanca's *As Time Goes By* and assorted lesser lights.

Solal (Milestone) is a shimmering showcase for the artistry of French pianist Martial Solal and his splendid confreres, drummer Daniel Humair and bassist Guy Pedersen. Solal's virtuosity is dazzling and his empathy with the jazz idiom undeniable as he infuses *Under Paris Skies* and the jazz classics *Billie's Bounce* and *Jordu* with large quantities of vivid imagination and technical brilliance.

Janis Ian's reputation as the child prodigy of folk-rock is not endangered by *For All the Seasons of Your Mind* (Verve), on which she displays remarkable purity of voice and maturity of viewpoint. While the tunes are in different bags—*Evening Star* is a jazz-styled ballad, *Lone One* has a Dylanesque quality and *Insanity Comes Quietly to the Structured Mind* employs psychedelic devices—Miss Ian is engagingly sincere at all times. The album's only flaw is that her lyrics are occasionally difficult to catch.

The combos vary in size behind Herbie Mann on *Glory of Love* (A&M), but the quality of the estimable flutist's output doesn't waver an iota. The beat is, by and large, unhurried; the mood is soulful for the most part; and the results are invariably good. The title tone poem, *House of the Rising Sun* and *In and Out* are stand-outs in an album of stellar attractions.

Movement Soul (ESP) records through speech and song "the best of times and the worst of times" that marked the Freedom Movement's vote-getting penetration of the Deep South in the early Sixties. Taped in Americus, Georgia, Selma, Alabama and Greenwood, Mississippi, it tells it like it was. Mrs. Fannie Lou Hamer at a mass meeting in Indianola, Mississippi: "You can pray until you faint, but if you don't get up and try to do something, God is not going to put it in your lap"; organizer Willie Peacock leading a voter-registration rally in song as it fills the hall with "before I'll be a slave, I'll be buried in my grave. . . ." A recording that's inspirational in the most nonmaudlin sense of the word.

After Bathing at Baxter's (Victor), the new release by the Jefferson Airplane, may be the best LP yet by a San Francisco group. Throughout five extended compositions, the Airplane display solid rhythm, absorbing harmonies and lots of Frisco funk—plus, in their montages and special effects, a good measure of control-room know-how. The artistic high point is the second part of *Hymn to an Older*

Generation, which transcends rock to become genuine chamber music.

The Cannonball Adderley Quintet is where it's at. On *74 Miles Away / Walk Tall* (Capitol), Cannon and his cohorts once again communicate to all and sundry the electricity that is their trademark. Included in the session is Leonard Feather's *I Remember Bird*, and this *Bird* of a Feather never had it so good. More and more, pianist Joe Zawinul (electric piano, in this case) is proving a composer of chart-breaking capabilities—the two title tunes are his and they are easily the outstanding items on the agenda.

Donovan has stripped his music down to its bare essentials and has come up with a new style that might be termed Scottish folk-jazz. *A Gift from a Flower to a Garden* (Epic) is a handsomely illustrated package of two LPs, which are also available separately. *Wear Your Love Like Heaven* is a bouquet of lilting, happy melodies such as the title ode, *Mad John's Escape*, *Oh Gosh* and *Under the Greenwood Tree* (with lyrics by W. Shakespeare). *For Little Ones* finds Donovan singing and playing a dozen warmly whimsical ditties calculated to please children but sure to entertain grownups as well.

Harry Belafonte is still one of the grand folk gurus in the groves of academe. *Belafonte on Campus* (Victor), a compendium of songs the students dig the most when Harry tours the campus circuit, contains *Roll On, Buddy*, the haunting *Delia*, *Hold On to Me Babe*, the blackly humorous *Dog Song* and seven other deftly etched examples of what turns on the college crowd.

It seems only fitting that Gustav Holst's *The Planets* is available in a beautiful new Angel recording by Sir Adrian Boult and the New Philharmonia Orchestra, since Boult conducted the first public performance of the suite 50 years ago. Holst's evocation of the astrological character attributed to the planets is dramatically effective—from the strident tones of Mars, the Bringer of War, to the wispy ephemerality of Neptune, the Mystic (on which the orchestra is joined by the Ambrosian Singers). After half a century, *The Planets* remains a fascinating work.

How hard can hard rock get? The Cream appear to be seeking the answer on *Disraeli Gears* (Atco). Sparked by Eric Clapton's searing guitar, the well-knit, hard-driving trio fulfills the promise of its initial album with such gutsy performances as *Strange Brew*, *Dance the Night Away* and *Tales of Brave Ulysses*.

Miles Davis' latest LP, *Sorcerer* (Columbia), is a bright showcase for the constantly expanding talents of the trumpet

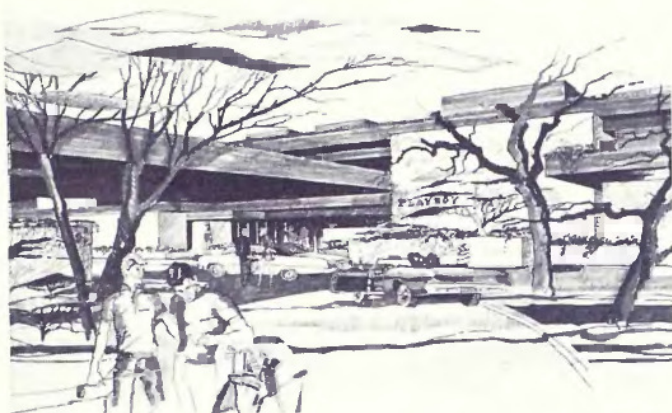


Playboy Club News



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titan. It also demonstrates admirably the wondrous interplay that has forged the quintet into a marvel of dynamic cohesion. Drummer Tony Williams, in particular, has a hand-in-glove relationship with Davis that is a delight. Through a half-dozen numbers—four of them by tenor man Wayne Shorter—the Milesmen, with their leader showing the way, indulge in instrumental pyrotechnics. The seventh tune, *Nothing Like You*, written and vocalized by Bob Dorough, is an anticlimactic ending to a scintillating session.

A young singer-writer worth a listen is Erik Heller. On *Look Where I Am* (Vanguard), his introspective, melodic compositions—the title ballad is a prime specimen—are given Latin-jazz arrangements, with woodwinds and brass, that provide just the right background for Erik's dark, reedy voice.

THEATER

The Scottish schoolteacher Jean Brodie is, on the one hand, a farsighted freethinker who believes that education means a "leading out," not a "putting in." On the other hand, she is a shortsighted fanatic, perhaps even a bit of a fascist, who attempts to mold her schoolgirls into fantasies of her own invention. The girls are impressionable and Miss Brodie, as she tells them about her love affairs, is a supreme impresser. The question is whether she is an oppressor as well. This complex character, well-meaning and malicious, intelligent and blind, outgoing and ingrown, is the heroine of Muriel Spark's short novel *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*. In Jay Allen's somewhat awkward yet compelling stage adaptation, she comes leaping to life. The cast is excellent, but the evening ends as something of a one-woman triumph. Zoe Caldwell in the title role (created in London by Vanessa Redgrave) is, quite simply, marvelous. She finds even more in Miss Brodie than Miss Spark did. She is uproarious, ridiculous, pitiable and moving, often in quick succession, without ever making it seem like a performance. Even in the beginning, when she is the sympathetic schoolteacher exhorting her charges to greater intellectual and emotional heights, one already feels her own mixed motives beneath the dedication and sacrifice. As an actress, Miss Caldwell is very much in her prime. At the Helen Hayes, 210 West 46th Street.

An odd couple of queer old British barbers shares the stage in *Staircase*. Charles (Eli Wallach) comes on as a preening queen, an ex-vaudevillian given to dressing in drag, posing before unseen mirrors and gabbing about the failure of his previous (heterosexual) marriage. Harry (Milo O'Shea) is a good-natured, sagging, soggy

old soda biscuit. Charles tosses the invective while Harry hots the pot of tea. By his own confession, Harry acts as a hearthrug for his mate between his flops in the outside world. The play might just as well be called *Crutch* or *Doormat*. *Staircase* is a pleasant, homey entertainment, with Wallach and O'Shea turning in expert impersonations, but it is not as funny as *The Odd Couple*, not as dramatically interesting as *The Killing of Sister George* nor as moving as Lanford Wilson's *The Madness of Lady Bright*. Although it has much in common with all three plays, *Staircase* is too theatrical, and a little tacky to boot. At the end, Wallach wonders shyly how to tell his old partner, "I think you're a beautiful old stick." The play is sometimes affecting, but much of it is affectation on the part of author Charles Dyer (who the program assures us is "happily married, with three children"). He has, for example, given his own name to his hero, presumably to avoid libeling anyone else, then anagrammed his name for his other character (Harry C. Leeds). As a matter of fact, everyone mentioned by the character Charles is also an anagram. Offhandedly, the author suggests that there may be no one else but Charles Dyer on stage, not even a Harry Leeds. It is an entirely too casual—and self-indulgent—dash of Pirandello. At the Biltmore, 261 West 47th Street.

When the Association of Producing Artists, New York's avant-garde repertory theater group, opened its current season—its eighth—with a stunning production of Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantaglieze*, critics were quick to announce the company's coming of age. However, it was soon evident from the subsequent productions—a revival of George Kelly's *The Show-Off* and the U.S. debut of Eugene Ionesco's *Exit the King*—that though it was maturing, the APA was still the APA— aspiring but not always inspiring. First, its triumph. Seldom produced commercially, De Ghelderode is nevertheless one of the seminal figures in modern theater, and *Pantaglieze* is one of his best plays. Chaplinesque and Brechtian, heart-breaking and hilarious, polemic and poetic, it takes a dolt of an Everyman and shows him innocently triggering a revolution, and just as innocently losing his life for it. APA artistic director Ellis Rabb codirected (with John Houseman) and gives a glowing, gently comic performance in the title role. An almost equal amount of APA affection is lavished on *The Show-Off*, with considerably less justification. The Kelly play, a huge commercial hit in the Twenties, today seems very much a minor piece, interesting largely as an artifact. Although many of the lesser roles are well cast, the play is overwhelmed by Helen Hayes in a showy performance as the



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mother of the bride who marries the show-off. The play may be worth doing, but it's not worth thinking about. *Exit the King*, on the other hand, is not only worth thinking about but worth doing. A long one-act rimalistic play about death—in the beginning, the king is told he is going to die in an hour and a half, and he does—it is uncharacteristic Ionesco. It has little of his usual absurd humor and much portentous meaning. But even a dirge would not deserve such a deadly production. It is not that any one actor is particularly bad (Eva Le Gallienne, in fact, is quite good as the king's first queen), but there is a curious lethargy about the entire enterprise. Even in failure, however, the APA must be complimented for its adventurousness. Ionesco, like De Ghelderode, is not easy to do; and were it not for the APA, probably neither would be done today on Broadway. At the Lyceum, 149 West 45th Street.

The Happy Time is a musical mobile. A triple-decker sandwich of a revolving platform spins the scenery from set to set, practically tossing the actors into the audience. Quick-changing photographic projections splash the backdrops with supesize enlargements. The Six Angels, a troupe of French Canadian chorus girls, kick as high as Robert Goulet—and Goulet kicks back. David Wayne climbs to the top of a towering ladder and then does a neat strut while descending. Everything and everyone moves in *The Happy Time*. The result is lively, fascinating and dangerous—especially for the orchestra, which covers in a special pit tucked under the stage. Almost all the excitement is a gift from Gower Champion, director, choreographer and innovator of the entertainment. Composer John Kander and lyricist Fred Ebb deserve second credit. Although their score is several steps down from the choreography, it is still better than Broadway average. But—and this is an enormous but—while the production jumps, the book (by N. Richard Nash) slumps. The Robert Fontaine stories about growing up in a large family in a small town in Canada formed the basis for a long-running Broadway play by Samuel Taylor, whose name is curiously missing from the current credits. Somewhere in the original there must have been more life and less sentimentality. The focus is on Goulet, a philanderer/photographer who comes home, banter with his lecherous father (Wayne), wins his nephew to the ways of wanderlust, woos a school-marm, pops a lot of photographs and spouts a lot of lofty images, such as "Life is a picture worth crying about." Without Champion's enormous contributions, this musical would have been a sappy time. At the Broadway, 1681 Broadway.



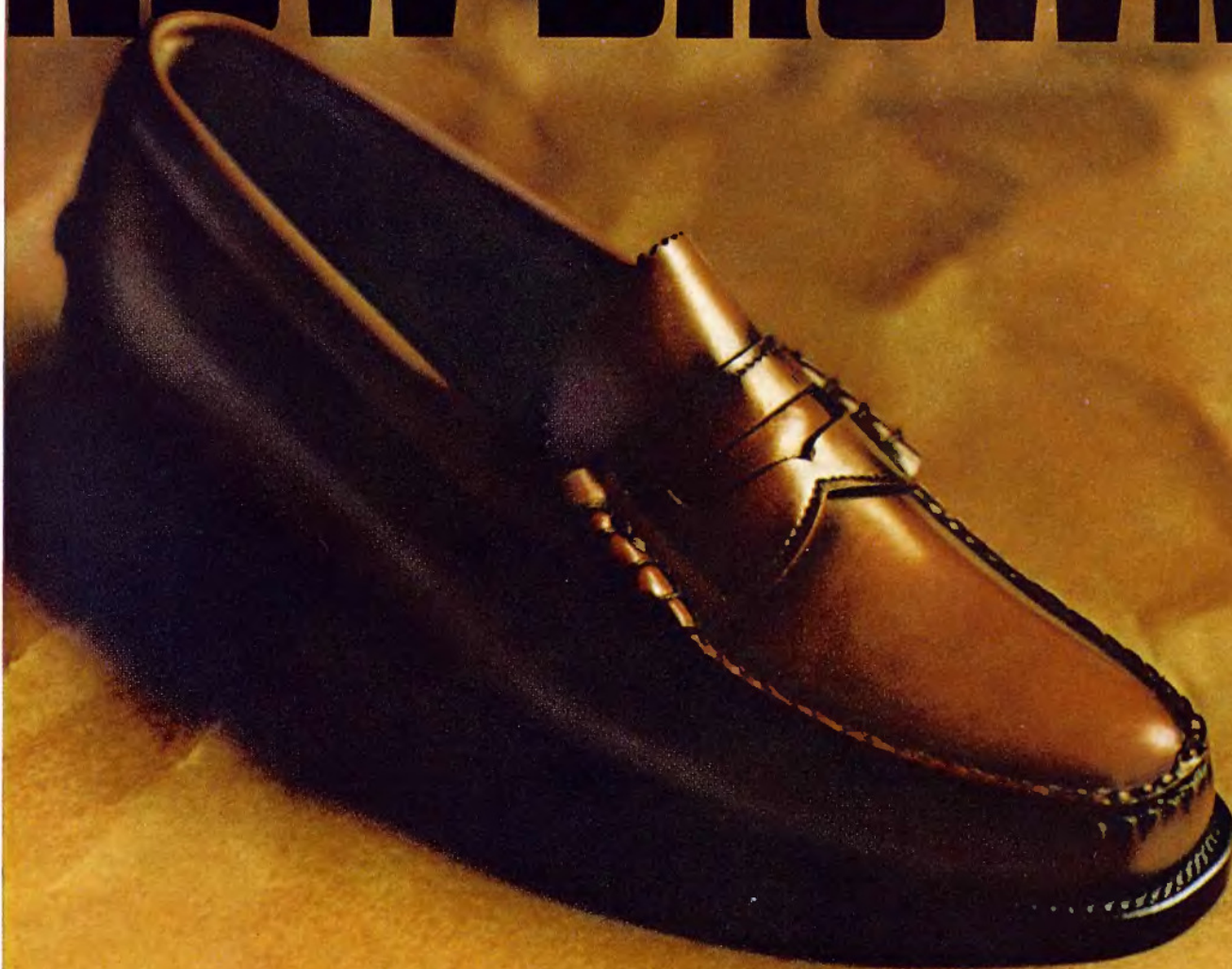
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I recently tried the Eskimo version of kissing—rubbing noses—with my girl. We got no kicks from it. Would you fill me in on the proper method of doing it and tell me what reaction we should expect?—A. H., Brooklyn, New York.

As for method, you just rub noses. But don't expect a big bang out of it—among the Eskimos, it's purely a gesture of affection (on its way out, according to anthropologists) with no more erotic significance than the Frenchman's kiss on the cheeks.

Id be grateful if you could settle an argument among surfers. I claim that ocean waves are measured from crest to trough—that is, to the bottom of the wave. My friends insist a wave is measured from its crest to the level of the water behind the wave. Who's right?—M. L., Merrick, New York.

You are.

While I was entertaining my girl at home one evening, a former girlfriend—with whom the break had been clean and unambiguous—suddenly rang my bell and announced herself. I asked my girl to step into the next room while I opened the door and escorted the uninvited caller out to her car. Afterward, my girl said she should have stayed in the front room and I should have invited the other gal in and introduced them. I thought I handled things in the most reasonable and least complicated way. Would you confirm or deny?—H. L., Los Angeles, California.

By asking your girl to hide in the next room, you made her feel like the interloper; and by making a mystery of the caller, you further led your young lady to think that you might have some hot sparks still burning. You should have invited the visitor in and made introductions. Then, after escorting her to her car, you should have reaffirmed your breakup and told her you don't appreciate surprise visits. Your mind was on good public relations, no doubt, but it left the personal relations a bit cloudy.

As the proud new owner of a Ferrari 330/GTS, I'm interested in knowing what states have no—or exceptionally high—speed limits. Can you help?—A. T., Albany, New York.

Harking to your call of the open road, Nevada is the only state with no day or night highway speed limit other than what's "careful and prudent." Montana, too, offers an open end on daytime highway travel; but after dark, the maximum

speed is 55 mph. Four other states—Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota—tie for the highest posted limit: 75 mph.

My fiancée has sent me a Dear John letter. I suppose I'll live, but it happens that she talked me into buying a very expensive engagement ring for her, and I'm still paying for it. On an Airman's salary, these payments are crippling. She hasn't made a move to send the ring back. Would I be a total boor if I asked her to do so?—E. F. S., Norfolk, Virginia.

You'd be stupid if you didn't. Write her a friendly letter, pointing out that you would never consider giving the ring to anyone else, but since the relationship it symbolizes no longer exists, you'd appreciate being relieved of the financial hardship. If you don't get it, you'll have to consider the payments as your tuition to the school of hard knocks.

Why are travel guides often referred to as "Baedekers"?—L. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

Because Karl Baedeker, born in Essen, Germany, in 1801, was the founder of the modern guidebook. Son of a printer and bookseller, Baedeker published his first guide (on Koblenz) in 1829. The quick popularity—and subsequent translation into English and French—of Baedeker's books was not due to a stroke of good luck: He presented enough practical information to allow the traveler to get by without having to hire the then-customary personal guide. Additionally, Baedeker—whose writings eventually covered most European nations—was the first travel writer to rate hotels and sites of special interest with the star system. By the time Baedeker died, in 1859, his name had become synonymous with travel guides; and today, a German publishing house that specializes in motorists' tour information still bears his name.

When we were first married, my husband always slept facing me after making love; but now—since the birth of our baby—he always has his back to me afterward. When he turns over, I feel lost, unloved and unwanted for the rest of the night. Am I being selfish to want him—just once in a while—to sleep facing me?—Mrs. C. M., Higginson, Arkansas.

Of course not. It's possible that he has become more comfortable sleeping on his right (or left) side. Why don't you suggest changing sides of the bed for a while so that he can continue to sleep in his preferred position and also be facing you?

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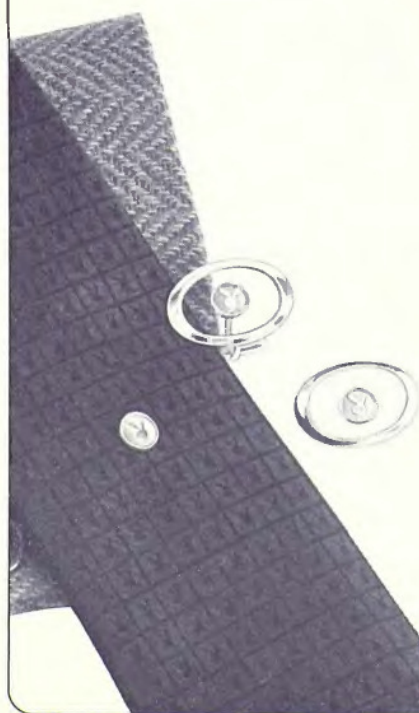
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When a corporation employee—not an officer but a member of the lower echelon—is fed up with his job, what is the proper form for a letter or notice of resignation? How long before quitting should he announce his intention?—C. J., Houston, Texas.

Nonmanagement people usually don't resign in writing, unless they have some reason for not wanting to discuss the resignation with their boss. The amount of advance notice given is determined by the employee's own self-interest and his feeling of obligation to the company—usually, two weeks is sufficient.

I witnessed a peace parade in which some of the participants were chanting a gibberish that sounded like "Harry Christmas, Harry Crammer, Harry, Harry!" What is this all about?—J. L., Washington, D. C.

What you heard was an ancient Sanskrit prayer that runs, in full, "Have Krishna, Have Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Have Hare, Have Rama, Have Rama, Rama Rama, Have Hare." The words simply mean, "Lord Krishna, Lord Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Lord Lord, Lord God, Lord God, God God, Lord Lord." Such incantations are believed by Hindus to have specific psychological effects on those who repeat them often enough, because the sound is thought to have a power even greater than the meaning of the words. These prayers are known as mantras, and this one is called a mahamantra, or most-powerful mantra, because it is said to bring peace and calm to any place where it is repeated often enough.

My lover will soon become legally divorced. I would like to get him something to commemorate this long-awaited event—but not something that will be a sore reminder every time he looks at it. Any suggestions?—Miss M. P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

A celebration, rather than a gift, should fill the bill. Plan an intimate dinner in your apartment, with a bottle of his favorite wine and something soft and romantic on the hi-fi.

A buddy and I asked our gunnery sergeant (a veteran card player) to settle an argument concerning calling a hand of cards in poker. I maintain that the hand calls itself. The gunny, however, insists that you are responsible for calling your hand and, if you miscall and lose, another player is entitled to the pot, regardless of what your cards are. Since we don't have a copy of *Hoyle* handy, could you please give us the word?—E. K., FPO San Francisco, California.

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hand he does not actually hold, his announcement is void if attention is called to the error at any time before the pot has been taken in by any player (including the player who miscalled his hand). The cards speak for themselves."

A very good friend of mine has the habit of never leaving a tip. Whenever we're out on the town and the occasion arises for my friend to buy a round of drinks, we in his party feel quite uncomfortable as we watch him pick up every bill and coin from the tray and then thank the waitress verbally. Recently I had lunch with the chap and, after receiving our change, I left a 20-percent gratuity in the tray. When we were ready to leave, he pocketed all the change—including my tip. I was so astonished that I let the incident pass without a word. Because I am a salesman and frequent many of these places while entertaining customers, I don't want to get on anyone's tightwad list. How should I tell this cheap s.o.b. to loosen up his wallet a bit?—H. S., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

In the same way you told us.

I am the wife of a Naval officer stationed in Vietnam and I miss him fiercely. My background is strongly moral and I have always felt that any woman who is unfaithful to her husband while he is away fighting for his country is nothing but a selfish tramp. I have so far successfully resisted all temptation. A few days before writing this letter, however, I attended a "be-in," to see what hippies look like and how they act. A member of Hell's Angels came up and began talking to me about sex and drugs—obviously intending to shock me. I am fairly sophisticated and was not disturbed by his language, so he finally went away, to find some other "square" observer who would be provoked by him. That's when my problem began: I have not been able to get this vulgar but virile young man out of my thoughts. Last night, I actually dreamed that he was making love to me, and it was so exciting that I woke up very stimulated and very guilty. Today, I have an overwhelming urge to look for him, yet I know nothing but a nightmare could result if I got involved with such a person. What can I do?—Mrs. L. B., San Francisco, California.

The fact that this brief and casual encounter could obsess you for the better part of a week results from the intense emotional frustration caused by the separation from your husband. The combination of your feelings about adultery and your attraction to a cycle psycho as a lover suggests that you may be setting up what Dr. Eric Berne would call a "kick-me" game (a set of transactions in which one of the parties has the ulterior motive of self-punishment). In other words, you are unconsciously

composing a script—what general semantists call a self-fulfilling prophecy—with soap-opera overtones, in which unfaithfulness brings an almost certain punishment in its wake (if you had less murky motives, you probably would have picked a less malefic male to feel compulsive about). There is no need to feel guilty about your cravings; they're natural in a healthy woman. But, considering the injustice you'd be doing your husband and the personal anguish you'd undoubtedly feel, we can only advise you to try to remain faithful until your husband returns.

The letters S. C. D. V. O. appear on the top of a bottle of Chartreuse Green. What does this abbreviation mean?—J. N., Maywood, Illinois.

The letters S. C. D. V. O. stand for the Latin inscription written out in full on the label of the bottle: Stat Crux Dum Volvitur Orbis, or "The Cross Stands Still as the World Revolves." This is the motto of the Carthusian monks who manufacture the liqueur in their charterhouse at Voiron, France.

I have a friend whose mental condition is beginning to worry me. He has always had a tendency to tell tall tales and to exaggerate, but lately a remark that a girl made to him—that he looks something like Porfirio Rubirosa—has begun to obsess him strangely. He tells people that he was once almost killed driving his Ferrari at 130 mph on the Bois de Boulogne (the way Rubirosa really did die). Actually, he has never owned a car of any sort or even a license. On one occasion, while drunk, he ran through the streets shouting, "Where's my Ferrari? Somebody stole my Ferrari!" Now he introduces me everywhere as "Pepe, my side-kick," even though my real name is Irving. Unless something is done, he will soon begin believing that he really is Rubirosa. What can I do?—I. G., Bronx, New York.

The creation of an assumed identity is a way of escaping painful problems within one's ego. The first thing you've got to do, therefore, is fight the delusion that you are somebody named Irving. Unless you can accept yourself as you really are, Pepe, there is little hope of your being cured.

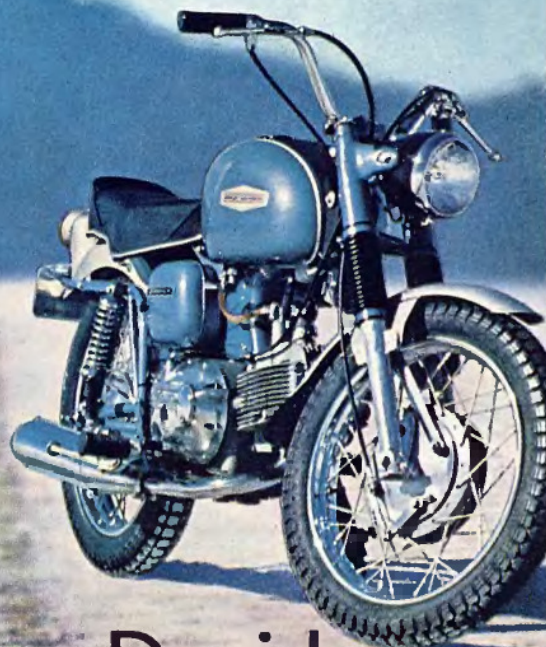
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ONLY A DECADE AGO, traveling for pleasure behind the Iron Curtain was a contradiction in terms. More often than not, Communist state travel agencies seemed to specialize in bureaucratic bungling; in addition, visitors' facilities were few, far between and usually ill equipped. During the Sixties, however, Red tape has shrunk considerably when it comes to welcoming Westerners. To help fulfill two needs—obtaining hard currencies and constructing holiday havens for their own citizens—Eastern-bloc governments have built up seacoasts rivaled for beauty in Europe only by the Mediterranean strands of Spain and Portugal.

Leading the Communist world in attracting European and American visitors is Yugoslavia, which annually greets more than 15 times as many foreigners as does Greece. Most summer visitors to Yugoslavia will be heading for its Adriatic coast and the walled medieval city of Dubrovnik, the country's most frequented seascape. In July, you'll be able to catch the start of Dubrovnik's six-week summer festival, which each year showcases, in addition to world-famed performers, the best in Yugoslavian concerts, opera, ballet, theater, folk dancing and folk singing. Dubrovnik's gambling casino may not have been precisely what Karl Marx visualized in the way of people's socialism, but the state takes its cut and the roulette and *chemin de fer* games help keep Dubrovnik filled—and solvent. The resort's only drawback: At present, there are too few first-class hotel rooms to meet burgeoning demands, so reserve accommodations well in advance at one of Dubrovnik's top four hotels—the Kompas, Argentina, Excelsior or Imperial.

Having watched parvenu Yugoslavia rake in Western gold, Russia has lost little time in building up its two leading Black Sea resorts, Yalta and Sochi. Both are still frequented primarily by Russian workers on vacation—and that includes the party elite as well as factory hands. But night life is probably more abundant at these spots than in Moscow, and Westerners who want to glimpse the swinging side of Soviet life will be well advised to head for these areas. The beaches at Yalta and Sochi are covered with fist-sized rocks, but no one seems to mind much, especially the robust Russian girls who happily and unself-consciously don the briefest of bikinis in which to cavort in and out of the sea. Curious to learn all they can about America, these Bolshevik beachniks will rate their holiday a disaster if they return to work—or school—without having sown at least a few wild oats.

Throughout eastern Europe, a number of other sun-and-surf meccas have been

built up in the past ten years. Perhaps the best planned of all is Mamaia, Romania, on the Black Sea. Mamaia is plutocratically beautified by more than 30 streamlined new hotels that line its nine-mile-long, 200-yard-wide beach. Chief among them is the International Hotel. Twenty restaurants—almost all of which feature dance bands—have also recently been opened; and Mamaia has even constructed three night clubs. Bulgaria has similarly concentrated on improving its people's watering spots—chiefly, Zlatni Pyassatsi (Golden Sands) and Drouzhba, both about 300 miles east of Sofia and within four miles of each other. Although both offer wide stretches of beach, accommodations will more easily be found in Golden Sands, where 64 hotels have been constructed; the best of them are the Rodina, the Zlatna Kotva and the Temenouga. Poland has also put out a welcome mat for the international set: The onetime fishing village of Gdynia, Gdańsk and Sopot (within a few minutes' drive of one another) are enjoying a travel boomlet directly attributable to their fine yellow-sanded expanses of Baltic beach.

Czechoslovakia and Hungary—the only Eastern-bloc nations that don't border on the Baltic, Black or Adriatic seas—have such an abundance of scenically serene lakes that they, too, have been able to attract Western visitors. More than 50 resort areas have sprung up along the 125-mile coast line of Hungary's Lake Balaton, the biggest in central Europe—and also among the shallowest: The average depth is just over nine feet. And Lake Balaton's beaches are 1500 to 4500 feet wide—by far the widest on the Continent. To sample the lake's sybaritic sporting life, pay a visit to Balatonfüred, its yachting center, where—like hundreds of other visitors on a sunny day—you'll be able to rent a sailboat.

Czechoslovakia's favored rustic retreat is the stretch of Carpathian Mountains that borders on Poland. This green mountain range, known as the High Tatras, is punctuated by more than 100 tiny lakes that have gained a well-earned reputation for trout fishing. And the nation's spas of Karlsbad and Marienbad (yes, *the* Marienbad) are well known throughout the Western world. No doubt about it: Increasingly, the Iron Curtain persists more as a myth than as a reality; for each year, Communist Europe seems to be learning that coexistence pays—for those on both sides.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

AGAINST PHARISEES

I am 75, a retired Presbyterian minister and for three years have preached to 85 retired ministers in the Penney Memorial Church in Florida, founded by J. C. Penney. I often shock some of my churchgoing friends by telling them that Hugh Hefner writes more like Jesus talked than do many modern ministers. Jesus spent more time denouncing hypocrisy than he did condemning adultery: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Too many of us are still slaves to the Puritan religion that held all-day prayer meetings, persecuted Quakers and burned women as witches. Let's have more of Jesus' kind of religion and fewer Pharisees!

George Caldwell
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

CONSERVATIVE PLAYBOY

Enclosed is a check for a clergyman's discount subscription to PLAYBOY. I feel it is part of my responsibility as a minister to read PLAYBOY and to know what conservative sexual thought is fashionable these days. I hope the label "conservative" doesn't bother you. It's actually quite accurate. Your delight in having clergymen approve of PLAYBOY is just one example of it. Nobody today really cares what clergymen think—certainly not your readers or the people at large, or even other clergymen. Another example of conservatism is PLAYBOY's thoughts on premarital sex. Premarital sex came in with bathtub gin 30 years ago. The real Sexual Revolution today is among married people. Extramarital sex is the issue of the day and PLAYBOY is very conservative on this subject.

The Rev. Ralph Nichols
Oakland Christian Church
Columbia, Missouri

PLAYBOY PARADOX

Despite all its ear wiggling for the abolition of ridiculous restraints on human sexual behavior, the Bunny Empire perpetuates the myth that feeds these social ills: the notion that women are to be treated as objects.

The untouchable, idealized Playmate, who emerges from photographs on your slick pages, is not a person but a provocative object to be possessed by the eyes of the masses. The drive to possess objects is what your 200-plus pages a month are all about; the PLAYBOY package

consists of clothing, liquor, cars and food, with enough interspersed fiction to ensure that some conversation spices the sure-to-follow seductions. A woman reading PLAYBOY can hear its editorial voice loud and clear: "Be a sexily clad, buxom adornment that a man can wear on his arm. And remember that the important thing is not that he is with you (you're an object, like his Ferrari) but that he is *seen* with you! So look pouty and smile—and take along a pet ocelot on a leash."

Isn't the notion that women are objects what *The Playboy Philosophy* is supposedly fighting? No legislator who regards a woman as a person will support anachronistic abortion laws, red-tape divorce procedures or censorship of the so-called obscene. The real moral issue today is this dehumanization, relegating a seeking-developing-maturing-sharing individual to the object-possession level. Supposedly fighting dehumanization in its *Philosophy*, PLAYBOY endorses it in the rest of its pages. I challenge this great PLAYBOY paradox.

Marilyn Kiss
Columbia University
New York, New York

Here's a greater paradox: During the first decade of PLAYBOY's existence, our detractors had a field day interpreting our point of view—usually inaccurately—and then blasting it. Rather than be damned for what he doesn't believe, Hefner began writing "The Playboy Philosophy" as a statement of what he does believe. So now our critics have taken a new approach. They read "The Playboy Philosophy" and "The Playboy Forum," compare our statements with their own misinterpretations of the magazine's beliefs and then tell us we contradict ourselves! In your case, you repeat the old and discredited cliché that PLAYBOY endorses the treatment of women as objects. Yet in everything we say about the subject, we take the opposite point of view. Instead of giving up your erroneous idea, you claim to have discovered a paradox.

Apparently you react to the pictures in PLAYBOY like someone taking a Rorschach test: You see what you want to see. Whereas each Playmate-of-the-Month feature offers an entire photo-and-text profile of a young woman, portraying her in detail as the living person she is, you assert that you see "not a person but a provocative object." Moreover, you see

A
reformed hippie
writes:



Like, man,
my search for
new intellectual
horizons was
going Nowheresville
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PLAYBOY as consisting primarily of its service features and you dismiss the bulk of the magazine—interviews, articles, letters columns, humor and stories—as “interspersed fiction.” Worst of all, while failing to see what’s there, you hear voices telling you that you’re an object, like a Ferrari. You can’t hold us responsible for that.

The attitude that is actually at the root of restrictive abortion laws, burdensome divorce procedures, censorship and the like is the age-old antisexualism that has traditionally plagued Western society. And it is antisexualism that has led to the treatment of women as depersonalized objects. PLAYBOY’s affirmative approach to sex offers an antidote to that attitude, while in “The Playboy Philosophy” and “The Playboy Forum” we attack the specific social and legal consequences of it. In short, you’ve challenged a paper paradox.

RATIONAL SEX EDUCATION

PLAYBOY holds a place of honor in my home, along with *Harper’s*, *The Atlantic* and the few other magazines in America providing intellectual fare. I am a reader with a wide range of interests. In addition to works of psychology and those pertaining to modern thoughts on sex, I have a rather extensive library of erotic classics. As a result, my four daughters and one son, ranging in age from 5 through 17, have been getting a thorough and rational sex education. Contrary to popular belief, I can guarantee that none of my “impressionable” young people is likely to have any sex problems, now or at any time in his married life. My family is a living example contradicting the bluenose fear of sex education.

K. R. Linsner
West Fork, Arkansas

PLAYBOY IN COLLEGE

I am very impressed with PLAYBOY’s discussions of prostitution and homosexuality. PLAYBOY is a source of the most up-to-date and authoritative information on these subjects. I intend to use this material in a course I teach on social deviance.

Philip J. Perricone
Instructor of Sociology
Wake Forest University
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

“POOR RICHARD AND PLAYBOY”

I wonder if you have seen an article titled “Poor Richard and PLAYBOY: Brothers Under the Flesh” by Morton L. Ross, which appeared in *The Colorado Quarterly*. The author asserts that Hugh Hefner is nothing less than the reincarnation of Benjamin Franklin. Franklin’s *Poor Richard’s Almanack* was a bible for the young American on his way up in an age of scarcity, when hard work and sav-

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by “the playboy philosophy”

PORNOGRAPHY CUTS SEX CRIME

COPENHAGEN—Sex crimes in Copenhagen have been reduced by 26 percent since the Danes legalized the publishing of pornography. The Washington Daily News reports. Copenhagen Chief of Police Alex Hslund, who announced the new figures, said, “It looks as if people inclined to sex crimes vent their sickness through these books.”

TITICUT BAN AFFIRMED

BOSTON—The temporary ban against “Titicut Follies,” a documentary depicting life at Bridgewater State Mental Hospital for the Criminally Insane (“The Playboy Forum,” March), was affirmed by Judge Harry Kalus of the Massachusetts Superior Court. Judge Kalus said that the movie’s theme is “crudities, nudities and obscenities. The film is a nightmare of ghoulish obscenities.”

This was in sharp contrast to a previous opinion by Federal Judge Walter R. Mansfield of New York, who declared: “Distasteful as the subject matter may often be, it represents an ever-increasing phenomenon in our society that cannot be swept under the rug. . . . I am satisfied that the picture does not knowingly or recklessly falsify or misrepresent. . . .” Judge Mansfield had denied a Massachusetts request for an injunction to prevent exhibition of the film in New York City.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has contended that the film violates the privacy of the Hospital’s inmates, while the film’s supporters claim the real reason behind the banning is the state’s wish to hush up conditions in Massachusetts’ mental institutions. Producer Frederick Wiseman told PLAYBOY that he intends to appeal the decision to the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

CONTRACEPTION AND THE POOR

NEW YORK—Community workers for Planned Parenthood in New York City have increased the number of cases handled by the organization’s centers from 10,000 in 1964 to 30,000 in 1966. A new approach, with Planned Parenthood community workers knocking on doors in the slums and offering birth-control information, is credited with the increase. This development became possible after birth-control crusader William Baird was arrested in 1965 in New York City for teaching contraception to the poor. Baird successfully led the fight to have New York State’s law against the dissemination of birth-control information repealed (“The Playboy Forum,” February).

The main opposition to contraception for New York’s poor now comes from some segments of the poor themselves. They believe that birth control will

diminish the power of ethnic minorities. According to The New York Times, Planned Parenthood workers have been told that “a Puerto Rican will never be elected mayor if they use birth control.”

Similar ethnic charges have been made against Planned Parenthood in Pittsburgh, where Dr. Charles Greenlee, an official of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, accused Planned Parenthood of trying to keep the Negro birth rate as low as possible. “There must be more Negroes, not fewer,” said Dr. Greenlee, who stated that the Negro birth rate is presently two and a half times that of the white.

ABORTION REFORM

Efforts to liberalize state abortion laws will be made in the New York and Connecticut legislatures this year. Assemblyman Albert H. Blumenthal of New York has filed a bill that he claims meets many of the objections raised against an earlier version that was defeated in the state legislature last year. In Connecticut, a legislative commission that is reviewing the state’s criminal statutes said it would recommend liberalizing Connecticut’s abortion laws.

In Minnesota, it is expected that a bill repealing all the state’s abortion laws (thus placing abortion in the hands of the patient and her physician) will be introduced at the next legislative session. Supporters of the bill hope to obtain the backing of the state medical society.

Meanwhile, private groups and individuals are working to ease the lot of women with unwanted pregnancies. A group of 31 New York City clergymen offer a service of advice and counsel to women seeking abortion; in the first five months, the service counseled over 800 women. According to The New York Times, Lawrence Lader, author of the book “Abortion,” has publicly declared that he will get “the best medical services” at moderate prices for “any woman in need.” Lader says he has helped 400 women who have called or written to him.

STUDENTS ETHICALLY ORIENTED

GROSSINGER, NEW YORK—A group of 81 rabbis, who are campus religious counselors, generally agreed that today’s college students apparently accept premarital sex but try to keep it in an ethical framework. According to The New York Times, the rabbis, who met to compare notes at the annual conference of directors of B’nai B’rith Hillel Foundations, believe that American college students have not thrown out morals altogether but, rather, are trying to work out

a morality of their own. The conference asserted that promiscuity is generally frowned upon; that pot smoking is widely prevalent, although reports of it are often exaggerated; that the students accept the benefits of the affluent society but reject its values and that though their methods may sometimes be wrong, the students are usually right in the causes for which they protest.

EQUAL ALIMONY

NEW YORK—A New York State legislative committee has proposed that the state's divorce law be amended to make a wife liable to alimony payments in cases where the husband needs support.

"Our recommendation recognizes that the equality of women before the law has reached such a level that there is and should be an equal obligation of the spouses to share their means when one encounters misfortune and is in need," declared presiding state senator Dalwin J. Niles.

The Joint Legislative Committee on Matrimonial and Family Law is also considering a proposal to abolish alimony completely.

FAMILY FAILURE PREDICTED

Our society's present form of family organization is a "massive failure," according to anthropologist Margaret Mead. Evidence of this failure is "a proliferation of community-maintained social services" intended to take over functions the family can no longer perform, as well as such social ills as "the development of adolescent rebellion cults, overt and aggressive male homosexuality, female promiscuity and a growing incidence of alcoholism, addiction and psychosomatic disorders in both sexes."

In an article in *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Miss Mead predicts that the family's collapse will lead to drastic changes in the organization of society and in individual life styles. She warns, however, that the transitional period to new ways of life will be difficult and "may engender counterrevolutions" whose aim might be "to refocus attention on the home, limit sexual freedom, curtail the individual development of women and subordinate the creative capacities of the individual adult to the needs of the group. . . ." It will take all the constructive and creative imagination available, Miss Mead concludes, to see us successfully through the coming social rearrangements.

POLICE-ENTRAPMENT DENIAL

HONOLULU—The chief of the Honolulu Police Department and his assistant denied the allegations in two December "Playboy Forum" letters that Honolulu police either entrap homosexuals or take

sexual advantage of them. According to the Honolulu Advertiser, Chief Dan Liu claimed that "no properly trained policeman will have to resort to entrapment or any other illegal tactic to enforce the law." Assistant Chief Yoshio Hasegawa added: "I don't see how any uniformed policeman can find time for this homosexual type of activity, because he is required to constantly patrol his beat and report in periodically."

Although the Advertiser article made it clear that the chief and his assistant consider entrapment procedures by the Honolulu force unlikely—and distasteful—it did not state whether the men on the beat have been specifically ordered not to engage in them.

SEX AND MEDICINE

LOS ANGELES—A UCLA medical-school survey revealed that sexual problems account for 77 percent of a psychiatrist's practice and 15 percent of a general practitioner's. Most of the doctors interviewed said that they had no formal training in dealing with sexual problems; some admitted they were occasionally embarrassed by discussions of sexual matters with patients.

100,000,000 DRUG USERS

NEW YORK—According to a recent New York Times five-part series on drug use and abuse, psychedelics—especially marijuana and LSD—have made deep inroads into middle-class America, including growing use by business executives. Far from being exclusively hippie or college-age fads, the mind-expanding chemicals are replacing alcohol in many respectable homes. The same series also concluded that 100,000,000 citizens—one out of every two Americans—are involved in some form of drug use aside from psychedelics (this figure includes heavy drinkers and smokers, as well as the users of barbiturates, tranquilizers and amphetamines). The widely publicized heroin "menace" is minor in comparison, comprising no more than about 100,000 addicts, or half of one percent of the population. The Times found that one of the frequent side effects of psychedelic use is conversion to pacifism. Many businessmen who were hawks before trying LSD have become doves afterward, hating the concept of violence. The Times also told of an Amherst fraternity brother who was known as "the mad dog" when he was a heavy drinker but who has been called "the docile dog" since he has switched to marijuana. According to the Times, the reports linking LSD to chromosome damage have frightened off many former users, and this drug, which may have reached 1,000,000 people at the height of its fad, probably has only tens of thousands of devotees now.

ing were the means of both personal and national prosperity. In today's age of abundance, when knowledgeable consumption and the art of enjoying leisure are the premier qualities that the American young man needs to learn, he reads the bible according to Hefner. The message of rational ethics that is carried in *PLAYBOY's* dazzling pages is what Ross calls "the Franklin pit in Hefner's peach."

That the peach and the pit are one, Ross says, "is further established by certain shared habits." He gives as examples "their aggressive candor in discussing the uses of venery" and the fact that each of them, after achieving success, devoted the years of his ascendancy to good works, "then the Philadelphia charities, now the newly chartered nonprofit Playboy Foundation." Mr. Ross also notes the "emphatic protest of Franklin-Hefner against harsh and repressive sex laws."

Albert Lake
Denver, Colorado

CHAMPION OF CHASTITY

Reader's Digest, the renowned defender of virginity, has found a man who claims to have discovered a new argument for abstaining from premarital sex. Dean Ernest Gordon of Princeton University Chapel summarizes his argument in the article "The New Case for Chastity" in the January 1968 *Digest*: "Sexual freedom, under the so-called 'new morality,' should be regarded by today's youth as a challenge to their freedom of choice." Thus, since today's youth feels free to engage in premarital sex, they should prove that they are free agents by not engaging in it.

If this is not very convincing, the rest of Dean Gordon's article regurgitates all the old arguments against premarital sex. In typical *Reader's Digest* fashion, his points are "proved" with anecdotes about nameless people—the young man who "shuddered, lowering his face into his hands" as he admitted that he'd helped his girl get an abortion and the "lovely, well-integrated girl" who said, "Don't worry about me. I'm a nonconformist. I intend to remain a virgin until I marry."

In the concluding paragraph, the author declares, "Thus, the case for chastity rests finally upon the uniquely God-given character and dignity of men and women." Dean Gordon's case works if you believe that God doesn't want young people to engage in sex outside marriage or if you believe that sex is undignified. It's a nice article, worthy of the *Reader's Digest* and emotionally satisfying if you read it with the determination to accept its findings, no matter what.

I feel that everybody should make or forsake love in a manner that satisfies his

needs and desires and that befits his moral tendency—and that the *Reader's Digest* should do an article on "The New Case for Minding One's Own Business."

G. Jules Kaye, Ph.D.
San Bernardino, California

SEX AND MEDICINE

As a nurse, I must agree with Hefner's criticisms of society's sick sexual attitudes. Nowhere are these hang-ups more manifest than in a hospital, where such sick mentalities are visible among patients, nurses and even doctors. For example, many nurses—especially those over 30—will not give a male patient a complete bed bath. Instead, they will bathe 99 percent of him, then send in a male attendant to do the remainder.

Patients' attitudes range from neurotic modesty to exhibitionism. Some men turn crimson when a nurse takes a rectal temperature. On the other hand, there are men who "misunderstand" directions and strip completely when they are told to strip to their shorts; or ones who wiggle their toes to help the blanket "accidentally" slip down while the nurse is changing a dressing on their chest or abdomen.

As for doctors: Ask any woman! There are physicians who perform a vaginal examination as matter-of-factly as a throat examination—but there are also those, paralyzed by prudery, who rush through it so quickly that serious medical problems are missed.

(Name withheld by request)
New Haven, Connecticut

HARD PILL TO SWALLOW

I disagree vehemently with Dr. Frederick J. Ziegler, who is quoted in the November *Playboy Forum* as saying, or implying, that women who gripe about the side effects of the birth-control pill are not as sexually mature as those who accept the side effects cheerfully. Twice, enthusiastic gynecologists persuaded me to try the pill, and now I say to hell with it. Nausea and sore breasts may seem minor to Dr. Ziegler, but they're a nuisance to the woman who has them. Give me the old-fashioned diaphragm-and-jelly method any time, and don't tell me that this makes me a frigid prude (which was the implication of Dr. Ziegler's statement that pill users "enjoy sexuality" more than non-pill users). Did it ever occur to the good doctor that some women turn to the pill because they have puritanical hang-ups about the necessity of (Gasp! Shudder!) touching their own genitals when a diaphragm is used?

(Name withheld by request)
San Mateo, California

DOCTOR'S VIEW ON SEX

As a medical doctor, I agree heartily with Hefner's declaration that the traditional sexual code of our society creates unhappiness among all age groups.

Eighty percent of my patients have psychosomatic ailments whose origins are emotional conflicts, most of them sexual. If I had my life to live over, I would specialize in psychiatry.

Another horrid aspect of the sex code is its proscription of abortion. My heart breaks every time I must refuse to abort an unwillingly pregnant woman, knowing that her next call will be to a quack or a butcher. When will society untie the doctor's hands and allow him to give his patients the full benefit of his medical knowledge?

(Name withheld by request)
Toronto, Ontario

SELFISH ABORTION

To all of the ugly, stupid, promiscuous people who have advocated in *The Playboy Forum* liberalizing abortion laws: I wish your own mother had aborted you. This world would be better off without you and your selfish ideas. We have sterilization, contraceptives and abstinence; isn't that enough?

D. A. Jalkinskey
Cleveland, Ohio

CARELESS LOVE

In the December *Playboy Forum*, a pregnant college senior blamed society for giving her the choice of a self-induced abortion or bearing an illegitimate child. Her attitude is very immature. If she thought herself old enough to indulge in sex, she should have been mature enough to take the proper precautions. She should assume the responsibility as an adult, not add another sin to her record by committing murder. I believe in abortion for medical purposes and when the pregnancy is caused by a crime such as rape; but when two young people choose to have sexual intercourse, they must assume the responsibility of possible pregnancy. To get rid of an unborn child because it is inconvenient is no just cause for an abortion.

Mrs. William Campion
Poughkeepsie, New York

Obviously, you don't believe abortion is murder (although you say so), or you wouldn't approve of it even for medical purposes. You seem to think that the girl should suffer—perhaps for life—for committing the "sin" of careless love. We don't agree. In a truly secular society, the punishment of sin is left to God, while society properly concerns itself with the punishment of crime.

ABORTION AND THE SOUL

The abortion issue, which would otherwise be a cool, scientific discussion, has been overheated by the introduction of the theological category of the "soul." At what point does the soul enter the body, so that thenceforth one is dealing not with a purely biological organism but with an immortal person? The Roman

Catholic Church favors the theory of immediate animation—that from the moment of union of male and female cells, we have a person with an absolute right to life.

This theory must, I believe, be rejected on at least four counts:

1. Any theory that has, to the ordinary conscience, such grotesque and even monstrous consequences is surely wrong. One may appreciate the values it is trying to safeguard but revolt at the price it asks for them.

2. The fact is that this theory is quite incapable of proof or disproof. To say that a human fetus at any particular moment has or does not have a soul is to make a statement for or against which no empirical evidence can be adduced.

3. Moreover, the theory embodies an un-Biblical conception, to which the Christian theologian has no particular attachment. The view that each individual possesses an immortal soul is a Greek, not a Biblical, concept. The Biblical tradition is committed to no notion of any kind of immortal entity or substance in regard to the fetus.

4. Psychologically, as Dr. Glanville Williams points out, no one consistently believes in the theory or subscribes emotionally to the view that a fertilized ovum is a person. He writes:

We do not regard a miscarriage, when it occurs naturally, as the death of a human being—even as an accidental death. This attitude is reflected in the law. A fetus that is spontaneously aborted before the end of the seventh month can be buried in the back garden or put into a hospital incinerator. No statutory notice of birth need be given. There are no obsequies. Even the Catholics, who now generally maintain that the fetus has a soul, do not perform a funeral service. . . .

In the light of these facts, it seems safe to assert that when an embryo or fetus is spontaneously aborted, we do not customarily regard it as a person. By what freak of logic, then, can we assert that if the abortion is deliberately induced, the fetus becomes a person?

Since the theory upon which the traditional morality and legality of abortion are judged is so questionable, is it possible that we should cease to think of abortion as a sin or to treat it as a crime?

I think it is not only possible, it is desirable.

The Rt. Rev. John Robinson
Bishop Suffragan of Woolwich
London, England

Bishop Robinson, a liberal English prelate, won acclaim with "Honest to God," a book attacking traditional Christian supernaturalism. His latest book is "Exploration into God."

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PLAYBOY THE DEATH PENALTY

The discussion of the death penalty in *The Playboy Forum* has been lively and stimulating; however, one of the strongest arguments against capital punishment has not yet been presented.

First, the death penalty is an irrevocable punishment; yet it is rendered by fallible men. The many documented cases of innocent men who have been executed prove that there will be such injustices as long as capital punishment exists. If a man is unjustly sent to prison, he can be indemnified by the state when the error is discovered. But there is no way to indemnify a dead man. In the words of Thomas Jefferson, "I shall ask for the abolition of the punishment of death until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me."

Bart Wolf
New York, New York

HUMAN WEEDS

Recent *Playboy Forum* letters opposing capital punishment appear to be based largely on sentimentality and sanctimony. Many advantages would result from a uniform penal code making capital punishment mandatory under a restricted list of circumstances, such as the following:

1. A second conviction for murder in the first degree (that is, premeditated homicide).

2. A third conviction for robbery or attempted robbery involving threatening the victims with a deadly weapon.

3. Irrefutable proof that archcriminality is one's established lifelong profession, involving participation in organized extortion, racketeering and robbery, in which assault and murder are standard *modus operandi*.

The purpose here is not deterrence but simply a means of improving society. Isn't it desirable to prune at least some of the worst weeds in our garden?

W. T. Harris
Woodbury, Connecticut

Weeds, yes; humans, no.

DRAFT-CARD BURNERS

Raymond Page, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, has placed a resolution before the boards of the University of Illinois and Southern Illinois University that would make compliance with the Selective Service Act a requirement for attendance in state institutions of higher education and would require these institutions to expel students who burn their draft cards.

The Illinois division of the American Civil Liberties Union wishes to express its strong disagreement with such a resolution, which is a violation of academic freedom and of the constitutional rights of students.

First, it is our contention that the public burning of a draft card is a symbolic

act protected by the First Amendment, the right of freedom of speech. Our organization has so argued in court and, as a matter of fact, there are now two conflicting U.S. Court of Appeals decisions on this matter. The most recent held that the 1965 amendment to the Selective Service Act, which calls for punishment of one who knowingly destroys or mutilates his Selective Service certificate, is an unconstitutional limitation on the right of free expression. It is quite likely that the U.S. Supreme Court will soon be reviewing this entire area.

A student who is accused of violating the law is certainly subject to review and punishment by the courts; but for a university or college to expel a student prior to his day in court is clearly putting him in double jeopardy. Certainly it is a reversal of the basic tenet that an individual is innocent until proven guilty. Even if the student should be found guilty, he must be permitted to appeal in the courts; only if he then loses and is incarcerated should he be expelled from school, because he would not be able to attend classes while in prison.

Secondly, the student is a member not only of the academic community but also of the community at large and of other specific communities. Colleges and universities must regard him as both a student and a private individual. They must recognize that his being a student is often irrelevant to his private status; in his capacity as a private citizen, he should not be subject to punitive measures unless the college can prove that he has acted in a way that adversely affects or seriously interferes with its normal educational functions. We can hardly conceive of how a student who makes a private decision to burn his draft card affects those functions.

A college or university should be considered a "community of scholars" in which the "free market place of ideas" prevails. The Page proposal is completely counter to such concepts and would, if successful, tend to dry up that free expression so valuable to the maintenance of intellectual inquiry.

Whether or not we agree with these dissenting students, they are some of our best young people. It would be tragic for the state of Illinois and its institutions of higher learning to attempt to crush these protesters, when, in fact, their activities have nothing to do with these institutions.

Jay A. Miller
Executive Director, Illinois Division
American Civil Liberties Union
Chicago, Illinois

EAVESDROPPING VS. WIRE TAPPING

I can testify that members of the Federal Bureau of Drug Abuse Control are careful to observe the public's right of privacy. Recently, I was involved, as a private citizen, in helping the Bureau

apprehend a number of LSD dealers. My job was to eavesdrop on my roommate's telephone conversations and relay what I heard to the agents. Finally, I decided I couldn't take having to stay up all night to listen. I asked the agents to tap our phone instead. Their reaction was a very quick "That's illegal!" They added that their head office in Washington had recalled all tapping equipment months ago and had forbidden its replacement.

The LSD dealers were caught, proving that our law-enforcement agents can protect the public interest through hard work and sleepless informants.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

It's reassuring to learn that the "public's right of privacy" is in such trustworthy hands.

MARIJUANA BLUES

It's rather discouraging to spend time in jail for the "crime" of possessing a weed. I haven't hurt anybody, I haven't stolen from anybody, I haven't raped anybody's daughter—why am I in jail? I don't feel like a criminal.

I came to Alaska with my dog, wanting only to go into the mountains and talk in my way to my God. I had nothing to prove to anybody. I just wanted to be left alone. But then I made my mistake—I committed a charitable act. I felt sorry for a fellow who told me he was A. W. O. L. from the Army. Since I'm against war and everything the military stands for, I agreed to turn this poor cat onto some grass—at his request. He promptly turned me in.

This silly grass law is only one small reflection of the mentality that rules America and dictates what we can read, what we can think and what position we must use when we make love.

My love to all the gentle people. Our day is coming.

Trod Runyon
Anchorage State Jail
Anchorage, Alaska

POLICE PLEA

The reason for this letter is to make a small plea for the police. I am a state trooper and a college graduate with a B. A. in government.

We policemen are not politicians; we do our job the best we can; we do not make the laws. I do not deny that there are cases of police brutality, but I would not be a party to this type of conduct. In my nine years as a police officer, I have never had to beat up anyone.

What about all the good things that police officers do every day—finding lost persons, aiding the injured, etc.? In this country, auto accidents kill 53,000 people each year. I, as a policeman, can attempt to decrease that number by stopping motorists and issuing verbal

(continued on page 156)



"Stay dry, Sweetheart"

Remember mama? Remember how she'd get a little crazy on rainy mornings? She wouldn't let you get away with anything. ("Either you finish all your oatmeal, or no Captain Midnight tonight.") Then there was always that extra spoonful of cod-liver oil, just to be on the safe side. When it was time to get dressed, she'd make you put on practically everything you owned. And when she was through, you looked like one big galosh. Then she'd plant a mushy one on your already sweated brow and lovingly pat you out the door.

Now that you're a big boy, you have to look out for yourself. Only, we know you don't play it as safe as your mother did. So we do a little mothering of our own. We make raincoats with a unique fabric that won't let one single solitary drop near mama's little boy. And just to be on the safe side, we back up the hardest hit areas (shoulders, back and arms) with our Third Barrier[®] Construction. The one thing a Maincoat^{*} does let in, is lots of fresh air (something your slicker couldn't do).

So take care of yourself. When it rains, remember London Fog.

Oh yes, and don't forget your rubbers. **London Fog**



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

CHARLES PERCY

a candid conversation with the news-making junior senator from illinois

The real-life incarnation of the legendary all-American hero—a poor but honest young man who earns fame and fortune through gumption and stick-to-itiveness—has seldom been more archetypally embodied than in the blue-eyed, clean-jawed person of 48-year-old Charles Harting Percy, the junior Senator from Illinois. From an impoverished boyhood—at one point during the Depression, his family was on relief—he rose before turning 30 to head a major camera company and become a millionaire many times over. In politics, he's zoomed ahead even faster, from fund-raising front man in the late Fifties to red-hot Vice-Presidential—or even Presidential—prospect in 1968. Despite his own disclaimers and the fact that he's spent just over a year in his first elective office, politicians, pundits and pollsters now uniformly rank Chuck Percy right along with Richard Nixon, George Romney, Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan in the 1968 sweepstakes. Their reasons are sound: He is abundantly endowed with all the essentials for success in the political big time. These days, for better or for worse, a man's image is powerful political capital; and young, handsome, personable Chuck Percy is every inch the ideal politician—just as his photogenic wife and children look exactly like the proper family. On television, he comes across smoothly; with his deep, resonant voice and pear-shaped articulation, he pours forth thoughtful and polished phrases on almost any topic.

But Percy is more than mere façade. He reads widely, works diligently from dawn till late at night, thinks fast on his feet and has the business background so highly regarded by much of the American electorate. Liberal Republicans regard him as one of their own; yet conservatives remember that in 1964, unlike many party liberals, he reluctantly but officially backed Barry Goldwater. Thus, any one of the major Presidential contenders, left or right, might well give the nod to Percy as his running mate. And if a convention deadlock for the ticket's top spot should develop, the ensuing search for a mutually acceptable compromise candidate could well add the most successful chapter yet to Chuck Percy's rags-to-riches success story.

Brought up in northeast Chicago, Percy demonstrated early a singular compulsion to get ahead. At the age of five, he was out selling subscriptions to Country Gentleman and won a plaque for lining up more than any other city salesman in the nation; at eight, he was an area captain, with the largest route in the Chicago region. Then, in rapid succession, Edward Percy lost his job when the bank where he worked as a cashier failed; and he was completely wiped out in the stock market. In order to help the family in its long, difficult struggle to recover, Chuck had to work even harder; he sold still more magazines, marketed the cookies and cakes his mother baked and started a shopping service for women unable to go to the store themselves. Usually busy with several simultaneous jobs throughout high

school, by the time he reached college, he had learned the cardinal creed of capitalism: You can make more by using other people's labor and services than by selling your own. At the University of Chicago, where he went on a half scholarship, Percy perfected a cooperative agency that pooled the buying of food, clothes, linen, appliances and the like—at large-volume discounts—for the campus fraternities; by his senior year, his fee for this service was \$10,000. He also worked for a group of small colleges seeking potential applicants among area high school graduates; they paid Percy five cents a name for each prospect and ten dollars for each student who actually signed up with one of them. Farming out the work to classmates, he paid them three cents a name and five dollars a sign-up.

But Percy's big break came when he asked Joseph McNabb, his Christian Science Sunday-school teacher, to hire his in-and-out-of-work father. Head of the small Bell & Howell camera company, McNabb took a liking to the industrious youngster; he found a job for the father and offered another—plus scholarship help—to the son. Percy worked for him during summers and vacations and, after graduation in 1941, was put in charge of a new Bell & Howell division that handled defense contracts. The division expanded rapidly and McNabb saw to it that Percy was on the board of directors by the time he was 23. Kept on as a company officer during his three years in the Navy, he was awarded hefty



"The only way for a nation to be respected—by itself as well as by the rest of the world—is to be respectable, in thought and deed. I hope to contribute to the process of restoring that respectability to America."



"The militant Negro leaders aren't going to win freedom now—or ever—with Molotov cocktails. The white support they need to win the black revolution can be regained only with nonviolent perseverance."



"The bombing of population centers in North Vietnam will not disunite that country; it will unite the country. It will give them visible evidence for the belief that we want to overthrow their government."

stock options and was ultimately designated as McNabb's successor. When McNabb died in 1949, Percy became head of the company shortly before his 30th birthday. He did a top-notch job of expanding the company's sales at home and abroad, diversified manufacture into new lines and generally built the corporate image of a responsible, forward-thinking business concern. While most camera manufacturers supported high U.S. tariffs—to keep out German and Japanese competition—Percy preached tariff reductions, arguing that the carrot of U.S. tariff cuts would persuade foreign countries to reduce restrictions on American cameras. (Bell & Howell subsequently acquired sole U.S. distribution rights for Japan's Canon camera company.) His lobbying for this unusual position—along with activity as an Illinois Republican fund raiser—brought him to the attention of President Eisenhower, who decided that Percy should be encouraged in public service and installed him as head of a prestigious Republican Committee on Program and Progress, designed to shape long-range party policy. This position helped push him into the spotlighted job of platform-committee chairman at the 1960 Presidential convention, where he unfortunately got caught in the sharp cross fire between Nixon and Rockefeller forces, found himself in deep water and turned in one of his rare less-than-impressive performances.

But Percy's taste of political high life had whetted his appetite to run for office—and he typically decided he might as well start at the top. He fixed his sights on the Illinois governorship; but months of arduous campaigning found him running far behind a popular political veteran, then-Illinois Secretary of State Charles Carpentier, for the G. O. P. nomination. Carpentier, however, suddenly suffered a heart attack, pulled out and threw his support to young Percy—who won the nomination and seemed securely aimed toward victory and a brilliant future. But a funny thing happened on his way to Springfield: The National Republican Convention nominated Barry Goldwater for President. Hoping to escape the preconvention infighting between the party's liberal and conservative wings, Percy promised to go along with whatever might be the majority decision of the Illinois delegation. This finally found him uncomfortably and unenthusiastically backing Goldwater in the campaign. Running dismally in Illinois, Goldwater lost by almost 900,000 votes and dragged Percy down with him. Though Goldwater was certainly the crucial factor in Percy's 180,000-vote deficit, the Illinoisian could have done more to help himself; in campaign appearances, he came across stiffly, tried to tightrope walk and often contradicted himself on key issues.

Only momentarily daunted by the setback, however, Percy soon decided on another bold stroke; rather than wait four more years for another crack at the governorship, he would run for the next major office opening in Illinois—the Senate seat of the respected veteran Democrat, Paul Douglas. Many thought Percy was courting another defeat and, with it, political oblivion; but a warmer and more relaxed Percy waged an intelligent, aggressive campaign. Douglas was hurt by his advanced age, an anti-Democratic white backlash, the Vietnam war, a general Republican tide in the nation—and a second deep personal tragedy for Chuck Percy. His first wife had died only four years after they were married, the victim of an adverse reaction to penicillin after two operations for colitis. Now, in the midst of the Senate campaign, an intruder broke into his suburban-Chicago home and brutally murdered 21-year-old Valerie, one of his twin daughters. The tragedy made more voters view him as a human and sympathetic figure.

In the Senate, Percy has shown none of the usual freshmen-should-be-seen-but-not-heard reluctance to speak out. He has been sharply critical of U.S. bombing policy and has suggested that the President be required to submit annual reports to Congress outlining the nation's foreign commitments. He sponsored a widely supported bill that would provide funds for slum dwellers to remodel and buy their homes at low down payments and low monthly carrying charges. Ultimately, his persistence forced the Administration to accept a watered-down version of this proposal as part of a housing bill now making its way through Congress. He's also emerged as a leading Senate advocate of more commercial and cultural contracts with Communist nations. Almost immediately upon election, too, he began traveling the speakers' circuit, addressing groups ranging from bank presidents (whom he urged to support his housing plan) to students at Berkeley (where he talked of "changing values" and the need to protect individual privacy). In practically all appearances, he went over predictably big.

Probably Percy's greatest political handicap is a widely shared feeling among his critics that he's too perfectly drawn, too anxious to please, a little too cute and cautious, a little too ambitious and eager. In December, his eagerness took him to the Vietnam front lines, where he was caught in a mortar attack—and subsequently had to face a domestic barrage of criticism for what many constituents saw, erroneously, as a rash, headline-grabbing act. And about the same time, a brouhaha began to brew over a private fund supplied by friends. Percy quickly explained that for some time, he'd been making up the difference between his Senatorial expenses and his Senatorial salary out of his own pocket and that his

benefactors neither expected nor earned any political favors for helping him out. But when his critics continued to express their displeasure over its existence, Percy announced in January that the fund was being dissolved; he returned all the money and asked all the donors to make their names public. Apart from these incidents, Percy's track record to date has been enviable and spotless.

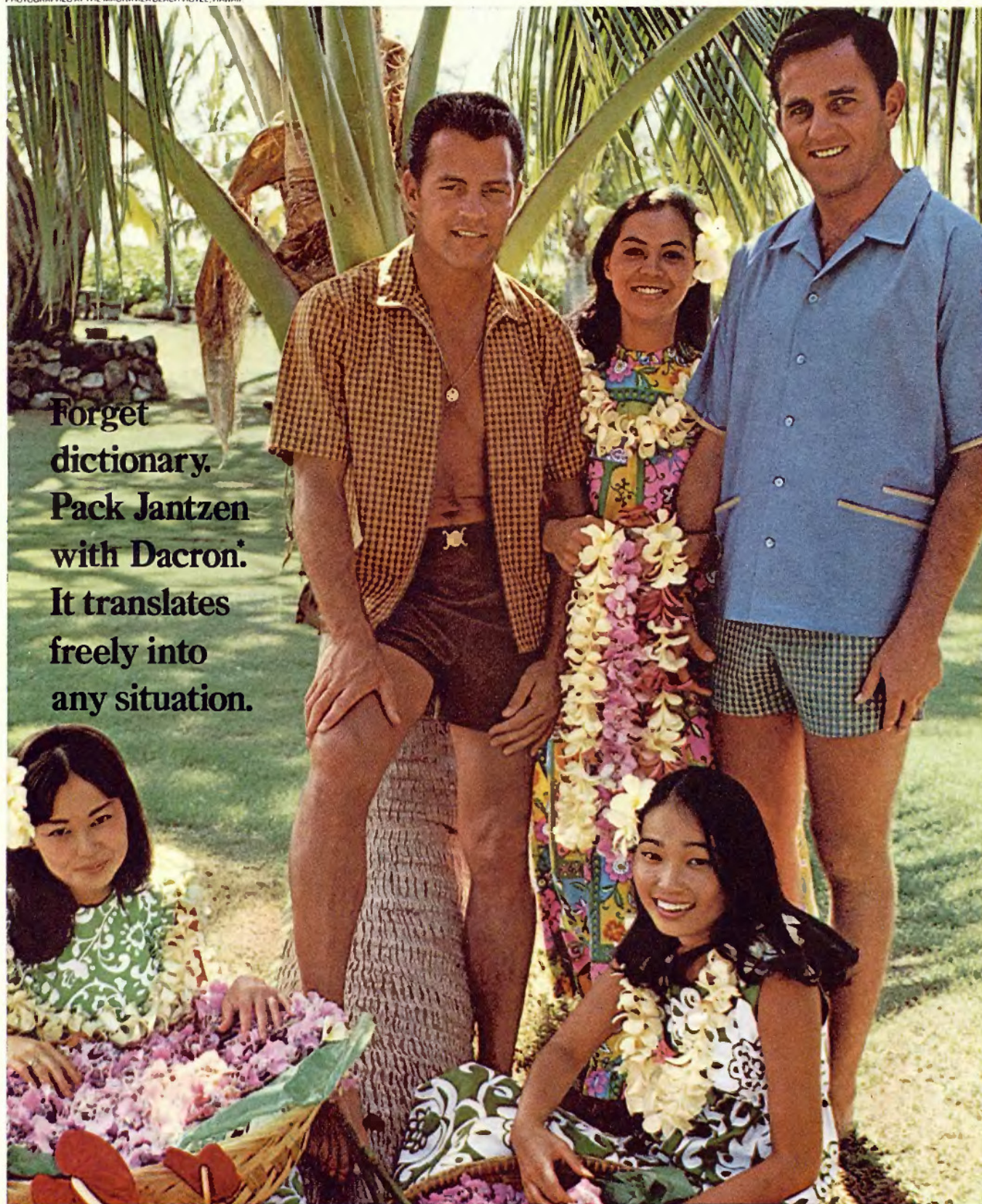
To keep it that way, Percy organizes his time down to the split second. Perhaps because he travels at almost a dead run to and from the Senate, between committee meetings and between chamber and office, he makes a point of physical fitness; a onetime captain of Chicago's championship water-polo team, he tries to swim daily in the Senate pool. At meetings, he reads and signs correspondence while other people talk, rarely missing anything. Then, from time to time, he puts his letters aside long enough to make his own remarks.

Percy allocated three large blocks of time for Washington correspondent Alan Otten—capital bureau chief of *The Wall Street Journal*—to interview him for *PLAYBOY* in his ground-floor office (once occupied by another ambitious young political hopeful, New York's Senator Robert Kennedy) in the New Senate Office Building. One appointment was canceled; Percy had to meet with Treasury Secretary Fowler and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Martin to discuss his housing bill. The second appointment was kept but repeatedly interrupted by dashes to the Senate floor to vote. The final session broke for half an hour while Percy attended a party for Senator Dirksen.

Each time Percy sat down on the couch in his large corner office to talk to Otten, however, his mind focused completely on the questions, which he answered thoughtfully and fully. Occasionally, his secretary would come in and hand him a written query; he'd shake his head yes or no without even breaking sentence. Only two subjects were put off limits: his preference among the candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination and his chances of winning that nomination himself. That situation, he explained, kept changing so fast that anything he might say for publication could be hopelessly out of date by the time it appeared in print. We began by asking what prompted him to enter such a volatile and uncertain profession.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to leave the lucrative and orderly world of business, in which you were obviously very well established, for the unpredictable and not very profitable arena of politics?

PERCY: Well, sometimes I wonder. Some days you have such a series of frustrations—unable to get anything done—that you wonder why you would want to leave a well-ordered, structured life,



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where you can make a decision and then enforce that decision without the process that we have to go through in government. But it was a gradual weaning away from business that I went through. When I came back from the War, I started right in on politics with the Republican organization, trying to interest returning veterans in contributing part of their time to politics. From that I went into fund raising, policy writing and platform-committee writing; I backed and supported candidates. But then I had the frustration of seeing the platforms that we wrote not fully enunciated, of backing candidates whose performance was then disappointing, and I realized that the only place I could make a satisfactory contribution, where the factors were more under my control, would be in actually holding public office. I would have no one to blame then but myself if I lost. I had finished 25 years with one company and, having been elected head of that company at an early age, I also felt that it would be fairer to the succeeding management if I let them try their own approach and their own ideas, rather than just hang on until I had my 50-year watch and then retire with a big banquet; I wanted to leave feeling that I still had something to contribute but that I should give the fine men I worked with a chance to proceed on their own.

PLAYBOY: To what extent were you motivated by the feeling that too many people, particularly businessmen, tend to criticize our political system without offering any alternatives or doing something about it themselves?

PERCY: I think there is a great deal of denunciation of bureaucracy and the high cost of government by businessmen but relatively modest involvement on their part—in contrast with the labor leader, who gets right down to the guts of politics. He organizes, he supports, he works at the precinct level and up. The labor leaders know and have learned through the years that they can gain more for labor in the halls of Congress and the state legislative halls than they can on the picket lines.

PLAYBOY: You've finished your first year in elective office. Have you been able to get as much accomplished as you expected?

PERCY: When I came to Washington, I took into consideration the fact that it would be my first time in public office, that I would be a freshman member of the Senate, that I would be a member of the minority party, and I was prepared for the worst. But my Democratic associates have treated me as graciously as my fellow Republicans; and every one of my G. O. P. colleagues in the Senate and 110 members of the House supported the first bill that I put in [the National Home Ownership Opportunities Act—*Ed.*]; I've been told it was the first time

in 50 years that a major bill has had the support of every Republican Senator. I was also fortunate, of course, to have as my senior colleague from Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen, who has given me immeasurable help and support in many aspects of my career here. And the committee work that I've done has been equally rewarding. I was assigned to the very committee that I wanted to get on—Banking and Currency—and to its subcommittee on Housing and Urban Affairs, and have been treated extremely fairly by the chairman of that committee, Senator John Sparkman, and by the ranking minority member, Senator John Tower. So that part of my job has been very satisfying.

PLAYBOY: What about the frustrations you mentioned earlier?

PERCY: Well, the slowness of the legislative process can certainly be frustrating. It's designed to keep any man of evil intent from accomplishing his own designs, but it applies also to men of good will, with worthwhile ideas. The resistance to new ideas, ideas that have not been tried and tested, is unbelievable. The forces marshaled to stop the National Home Ownership Opportunities Act, for example, were powerful. There was one day when I was sure the wheels of Government must have stopped, when there were about 30 top officials, from the Housing Department and the Federal Reserve Board and half a dozen other agencies, in one room for the entire day, arguing over just one feature of that bill. When you get to the end of a long legislative session like that and everyone is tired and upset and sometimes angry, everything seems almost to grind to a halt. The system is designed to slow things down and that's just what it does.

PLAYBOY: Any other frustrations?

PERCY: Our staffs are inadequate, too. The staff size for all Senators is geared to some median state. It may be more than adequate for a small state, but it's totally inadequate to deal with the load in a large state like Illinois, one and a half hours away by jet and 60 cents away by phone, where daily papers flood the people with information about issues. And the number of committees you have to serve on here in the Senate is appalling. I have 14 committee and subcommittee assignments. Some of them overlap and you're never able to get your homework done the way you'd like. But despite all these problems and though the work is exhaustively demanding, the challenge and diversity is exhilarating. And you develop a very healthy respect for the quality of the men you work with. I think, even more than I did before, that a United States Senator has the best elective job in the world.

PLAYBOY: Some of the men you work with don't seem to appreciate your eagerness and impatience to get things

done. In private conversations, several fellow Republicans have called you too pushy, too much the young man in a hurry. Governor Romney, in fact, was reported to have described you as "an opportunist"; and then when news of this leaked out, he explained that he meant this in a good sense, in the sense of "recognizing the right time to act." But many people feel that the more common and less favorable meaning of the word was intended and is, in fact, completely appropriate. What's your answer?

PERCY: They could well be right. You have a good illustration of my attitude toward my work when I came to the Senate. The tradition is that a new Senator do nothing for the first six months to a year, that he just sit and listen. Under ordinary circumstances, I think this would be a wise thing; but today we're not confronted with ordinary circumstances. We're enmeshed in a tragic war in Vietnam; we've had an eruption in the Middle East; we've had a new crisis in Korea; we've had our cities burning. How can I sit there—one of two Senators from one of our great states—and say to myself, "I'm not going to express opinions; I'm not going to put a bill in; I'm not going to work, because I'm not supposed to." I think a tradition like that makes no sense in today's society, and I'm not going to be so false with myself, my constituents and my colleagues as to sit here and do nothing simply because that's the tradition. It's time to *break* a few of the traditions. When the five or six Senators who are in my class, including Senator Baker, Everett Dirksen's son-in-law, met and had lunch with Senator Dirksen and Senator Mike Mansfield early in our Senate careers, we put this question to them. They said, "Don't ever sit there if you've got something to say and not say it. You have not only a right but an obligation to start to work the day you get here." Well, that's just what we've done.

PLAYBOY: Have your other Senatorial elders taken the same positive attitude toward this disavowal of tradition?

PERCY: Oh, I think they've viewed it in mixed fashion. Though I haven't had any criticism come directly to me, I can well imagine that some does exist. But you can't keep a dynamic institution such as the Congress of the United States exactly the way it was before. The times are simply too critical. There's a lot of work for all of us, and I think every member of the Senate expects us to pick up our share of the load and get about our business.

PLAYBOY: If we might dwell on the subject of opportunism a bit longer: Repeatedly in the late Fifties and the early Sixties, you declared your admiration for Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas as a great political leader and a great humanitarian. And yet you ran against him, beat him



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and ended what most people thought was a very noteworthy Senate career. Some critics regarded that as a confirmation of Governor Romney's charge of opportunism. How would you reply?

PERCY: I don't think it was opportunism and I don't think Senator Douglas thought so, either. I called him up during the Christmas holidays in 1965, while he was getting a well-earned rest in Mexico, and I told him I had thought long and hard about this and that 16 party leaders, headed by Senator Dirksen, had asked me to run for the Senate. And I said, "I've decided to go ahead." I expressed my hope for a high-level campaign, based on issues and not on personalities—a hard-fought and clean campaign. He told me, "You have no alternative." He indicated his feeling that the two-party system in Illinois depends upon the G. O. P. putting up the strongest candidate it has. He also expressed the hope that we could have a campaign that would distinguish itself for its high level. I think that we fulfilled that wish to a great extent. Now, I didn't like beating Senator Douglas, because I think he is a fine man and was a fine Senator. But I must say that although I disliked beating him, I'd have liked it even less if he had defeated me.

PLAYBOY: Well, when you announced your candidacy against Douglas in 1966, you promised you wouldn't make an issue of his advanced age. And yet your campaign posters—

PERCY: I said his age, not his *advanced* age.

PLAYBOY: All right. Yet your campaign posters and literature showed you in an open-necked shirt, looking about 20 years old, above the slogan "A Strong New Voice for Illinois." Wasn't this really making Senator Douglas' age an issue?

PERCY: I don't think so. The slogan "A Strong New Voice for Illinois" meant exactly what it said—a new voice speaking for the state of Illinois; there was no age implication whatsoever intended. And I made a public statement right at the start of the campaign that Senator Douglas later quoted many times, that a man's age in the Senate should not be a determining factor. I said that no man should be qualified simply because he was young or disqualified simply because he wasn't. There was nothing that anyone could specifically point to and say that age had been made a factor in that campaign. Senator Douglas, on the other hand, mentioned it several times; he gave a public statement on the health report that he'd had from his doctor; he was shown and depicted many times swimming. He took every opportunity to demonstrate and prove that he was in good physical condition and alert mentally—all of which I felt was perfectly appropriate for him to do. But one principle in our campaign was that we wouldn't discuss age, and I never did.

PLAYBOY: Whether or not age was an issue in your campaign, your swift rise in politics seems to exemplify a trend toward personable young men in public office. Do you agree with those who feel that these qualities have become essential to political success in the Sixties?

PERCY: As far as youth is concerned, I don't think it's a controlling asset at all. Everett Dirksen is one of the most colorful personalities in public life, one of the most sought-after men by the Washington press and certainly by television. He's a man with many youthful ideas. I've known young people who are old fogies in the way they think, and I've known older men—like Senator Douglas—who have been dynamic and bold in their concepts. But I think Jack Kennedy did do a great deal to advance the cause of young men in politics, just as I hope that I have perhaps given new hope to young men in business that they *can* be entrusted with the management of a large corporation.

PLAYBOY: Aren't clean-cut, all-American good looks such as yours becoming an equally important political asset in attracting the pivotal bloc of white voters?

PERCY: Let's take a few specific personalities: Jack Javits in New York, for instance. I have never known him to claim that his greatest asset was his handsome looks, but he is certainly a tremendously successful politician, and I'm proud to have him as a Republican. On the other hand, of course, you've got John Lindsay, who is the epitome of fine appearance; but his appeal, as I've seen as I have gone around New York, attracts the Negro in Harlem, the Mexican, the Puerto Rican as well as Broadway and Wall Street. As we drove through the streets, people would call out to him. He has associated himself with the hopes and aspirations of the poor rather than just the rich. And I think that Governor Rockefeller in New York has done the same thing, and very, very successfully. He is a dynamic man, with broad voter appeal.

PLAYBOY: On a related theme, many commentators have expressed the view that the political success of such former show-business personalities as Ronald Reagan and George Murphy is attributable almost entirely to their marquee names and attractive TV images. Do you think there's much truth to that?

PERCY: Shirley Temple Black is prettier and it didn't work for her. A politician's ability has to be more than skin deep, and I tend to think that television and the press dig rather deeply. A candidate running for public office, where problem solving has to be the primary consideration and responsibility, can cover up with clichés and slogans for just so long, but then he's got to produce. I think that over the long pull, most candidates are going to have to have something more than an image that is appealing and pleasant to

the viewer. There isn't any question, though, that television and radio have brought about a change. They require a new asset in a candidate, and it's one of those factors that's now taken into consideration, along with all the other factors. But I hope we'll still be looking for intelligence, perception, depth of reasoning and the ability to recognize problems, conceive alternate solutions and then decide upon and carry out the best solutions. I think in the end that's going to be the only kind of politician who will really survive—if our society is to survive.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of political survival, a great deal has been written lately about the high cost of serving in public office—particularly in the Congress. Arizona Congressman Morris Udall, in fact, wrote an article on this subject for *PLAYBOY* last November. Do you feel, as some of your colleagues do, that the mounting burden of expenses for campaigning, Congressional correspondence, official junkies, constituent relations and the like are making it increasingly difficult for men of modest means to enter politics?

PERCY: Yes, I do. There are many men for whom this is a far more serious problem than it is for me, but it's becoming increasingly difficult even for men of some means to enter and remain in politics. I'm concerned that personal wealth is rapidly becoming a requirement for office seeking—a requirement never contemplated by the founding fathers. Somehow, we've got to make it possible for the best-qualified men and women, rich or poor, to have an equal chance to gain and hold public office.

PLAYBOY: A group of your friends in Illinois recently tried to raise \$100,000 to help pay for the extra expenses you incur as a Senator with a large correspondence and much in demand as a speaker around the country. If you're well off personally, why did they think it was necessary?

PERCY: They thought it was necessary because the cost of being a Senator from a large state like Illinois far exceeds the allotment provided by the Government. Senate allotments and benefits, so far as office space and staff are concerned, tend to favor Senators from the majority party, from smaller states and those with seniority. I'm from the minority party, from a big state and a freshman. I plowed my entire Senate salary and fees back into office expenses, and during my first 11 months in office, I spent another \$40,000 of my own money to do my job the way I thought it should be done—the way I promised during my campaign it *would* be done. The group of friends you mentioned learned of this, and they felt that public office should not entail such a large financial sacrifice and offered to try to raise some money to help offset part of my expenses.

PLAYBOY: When the fund began to be

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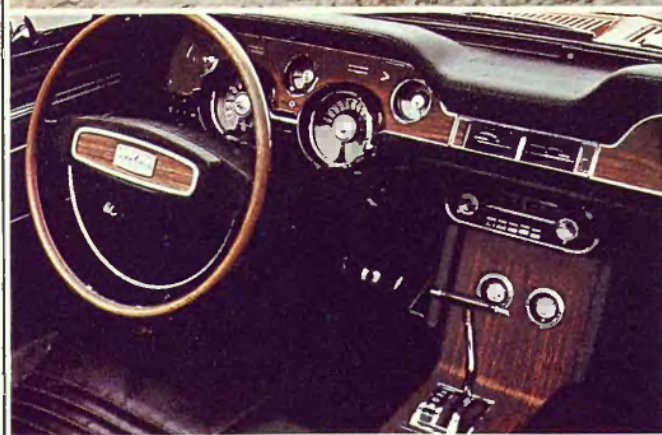


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widely publicized, there was a good deal of speculation that it might be improper, that it might give the contributors some sort of special claim on you. In the wake of this criticism, you asked your friends to call it off. *Was* the fund improper and, if not, why did you change your mind and decide to stop it?

PERCY: There was nothing improper about it or I never would have given permission to let them raise the money. Despite the fact that every step was taken to guarantee the full integrity of the fund and its use, there was widespread concern and misunderstanding about it. So I decided that until such time as the Congress has clearly defined a set of rules for activities of this type, I would ask that all the money be returned, and it was.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the Senate should provide larger expense allowances for Senators from big states, or should make it clear that expense funds such as the one your friends were raising are perfectly proper?

PERCY: As I just indicated, I would hope that Congress would draw up a set of ground rules for office seekers and office-holders who now operate with inadequate funds and without guidelines.

PLAYBOY: How can other Senators get by without this sort of fund? Isn't much of your extra expense due to the fact that you're being widely discussed as a possible Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidate?

PERCY: Let's be realistic. If I wasn't being mentioned that way, the expenses I incur would undoubtedly be somewhat—but not much—lighter. The day I arrived in the Senate, however, bags of mail were piled up outside my door. For months on end, I received 1500 to 2000 letters a day—85 percent from Illinois—plus 200 phone calls a day and 21,000 visitors my first year. Someone had to handle all of this, and I hired the necessary staff to help me do the quality job people had a right to expect of me. The extra cost of research and development expenses for my Home Ownership Opportunities Act amounted to only the cost of six low-cost houses, and yet we ended up with a bill that will help 230,000 families own their own home who could not otherwise. That's a good return on an investment, and I'd do it again.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there the temptation, though, for some members of Congress who find the cost of giving official parties, entertaining constituents, etc., excessively high, to resort to testimonial dinners and other fund-raising functions where the proceeds go to the Congressmen themselves, who might then be unduly obligated?

PERCY: Speaking for myself, I've never had to accept a dime that had any string attached. In fact, only once did anyone try

to tie a string to a gift: it was a \$1000 contribution to the Republican Party in Illinois when I was finance chairman. I sent it back. As far as other members of Congress go, I don't know what they do. But for the most part, I doubt that you'd find a more honorable group of men and women anywhere in the world than in the United States Senate and the House. But I think a uniform procedure and code of ethics is long overdue, including names of contributors and an audited statement of expenditures. I also favor public disclosure of earned income for legislators and the requirement that a copy of income-tax returns be filed with the Comptroller General of the U. S.

PLAYBOY: You were among the Senators who voted to censure Thomas Dodd for his misuse of campaign funds. Justifiably or not, some critics regarded your subsequent approval of an expense fund for yourself as an example of ethical inconsistency. Do you think that's unfair?

PERCY: Yes. There is no parallel at all between the two cases, and I don't see any inconsistency in my position on either. The facts about my expense fund were public knowledge; the money was never intended for personal use and no one has even slightly implied that it ever would have been so used. The only money ever spent for my official additional office expenses was my own. When questions were raised about the propriety of these supplementary monies, however, I asked for all of it to be returned before a penny was spent and requested that the donors make their names public. With respect to the censure of Senator Dodd by the Senate, I'd rather not comment about that. The proceedings and judgment are a matter of public record.

PLAYBOY: Your critics also accuse you of contradicting yourself on a number of other important issues. At one time, for example, you were against fair-employment legislation; now you're for it. You were against open occupancy; now you favor it. You were critical of the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling; then you supported it. How do you explain these reversals in position?

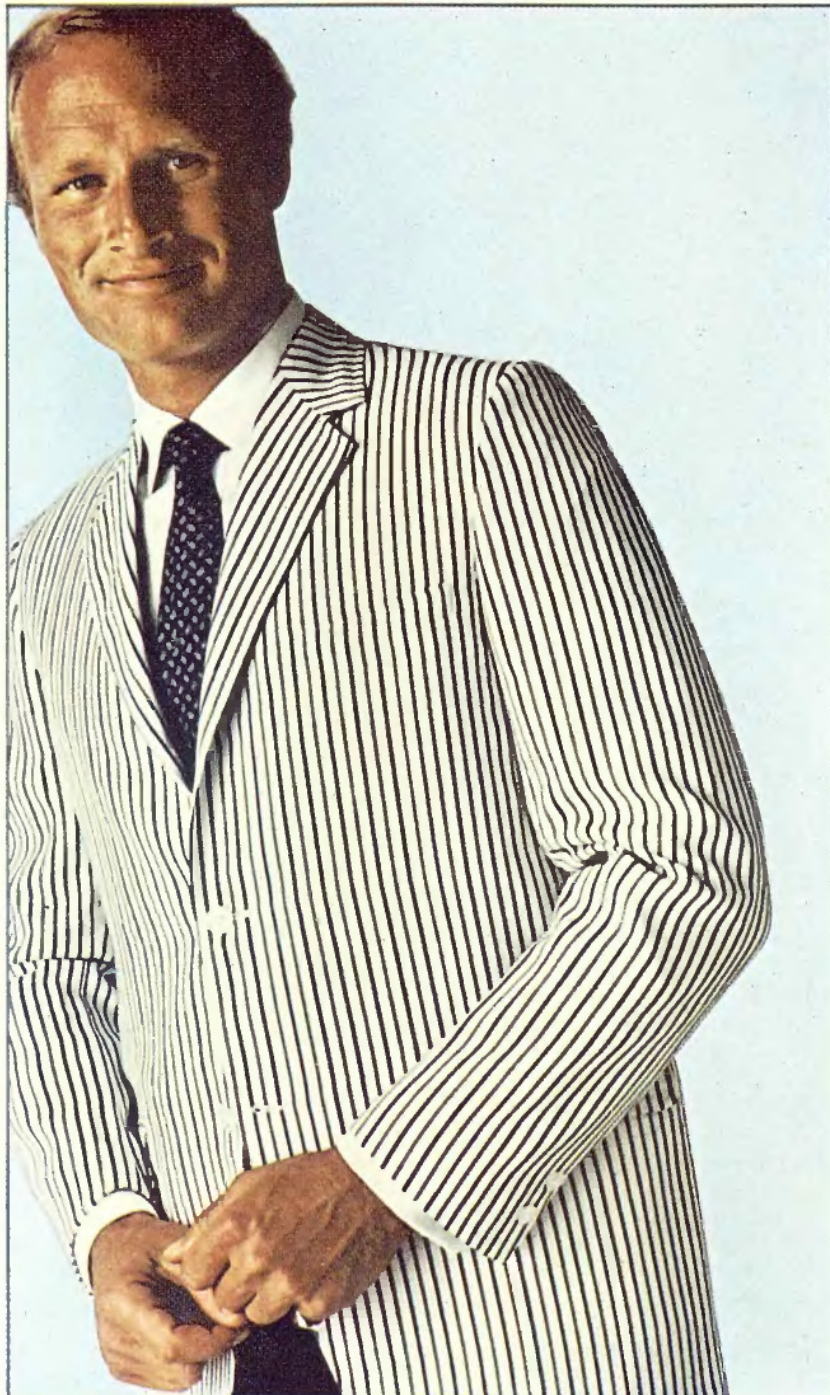
PERCY: I hope I don't have my mind so rigidly set in concrete and my ideas so firmly fixed that I'd refuse to alter a judgment that I had made, after an intensive study of an issue, with new facts, new circumstances, new conditions confronting us. If a person can go through life without making a mistake or having cause to change his mind, I think it's to be admired, but I've never been able to. And when I make a mistake, I want to clearly acknowledge it and announce that I've made a mistake; and if I have to change course, then I do so—without any shame or apologies whatsoever. But the fact that my critics are able to point out only two or three position changes in the course of the 22 years I've been in

politics, I think, shows they've had to dig pretty deep to try to come up with some issues.

Let's take each one of those you mentioned. On one-man, one-vote, I think a good case can be made that this is not the only principle of democratic government, and that's the point that I wanted to make originally. We also have a tradition of unrepresentative, nonpopular government—in such institutions as the Electoral College, the Senate of the United States and the Supreme Court. But as I saw the state legislatures change, as I saw each state respond to population changes—with more and more being drawn from the suburbs and the cities, and the rural communities becoming less and less of a dominant factor in the state legislatures—I found those legislatures to be more responsive, creative bodies of government than before. It's for that reason that I became a strong adherent of reapportionment. After I saw 36 states reapportion themselves with far more creative state legislatures than they had before, I became convinced that one-man, one-vote, as it affected state legislatures, was an absolutely proper principle. But that doesn't mean, of course, that I think it should be the principle by which we elect the Senate of the United States; so my initial statement that this is not the only principle of representative government still stands.

As for fair-employment practices, I have always felt that we should have equality of opportunity as a principle of our society, but for a long time I didn't believe it would be necessary as a coercive force in law. I became increasingly disillusioned, however, about the prospects of moving fast enough without it. I recognized that in business we have virtually a monopoly on private employment and that you can't allow a monopoly of that type to discriminate against a person—as it all too often does—simply because of race, color or creed. For that reason, I changed my position as a businessman and I went to the state legislature and fought for a fair-employment-practice law at the state level. I felt it would be better to have the law at the state level, rather than wait for the Federal Government to act. There's no question that these laws have opened doors that never would have been opened otherwise. I had thought we could rely on education and voluntary action, but I was 1000 percent wrong, and I admitted it.

The same process of thought change took place on open housing. I felt initially that this could be done without law, but I became increasingly disillusioned that we would ever move fast enough in this field without the moral force of law behind it. So I publicly announced that I had been mistaken before—that the times were changing too rapidly, that we must respond much more quickly to the



the measure of a man

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legitimate needs and aspirations of all our people. Since then, I have fought for open-occupancy legislation.

PLAYBOY: There's no open-occupancy statute in your former home town of Kenilworth. Would you support one?

PERCY: I did.

PLAYBOY: How many Negro families are there now in Kenilworth?

PERCY: We have, I think, 3000 people and we have one Negro family. They moved in four years ago; they've been well received in the community and we've had no problem as a result of it. But I would much prefer to see every village, every city in the state of Illinois, with an ordinance for open occupancy, and I certainly have commended every city recently—Joliet, Elgin, Weston and others—that has come forward with these ordinances. More than half the people in Illinois are now living under such local laws. Progress is being made locally, but it's too slow and too piecemeal. That's why I've been working to pass open-occupancy bills at the state and Federal levels. It will take many years, of course, to bring about freedom of residence in every city and town across the country, even with Federal legislation—just as it has taken years with the various other civil rights laws—but that's no excuse to delay any longer in setting that process into motion.

PLAYBOY: Most of your efforts in the housing area have been directed toward passage of your bill proposing home ownership by lower-income families. This would set up a Government-chartered foundation, backed by Government credit, to provide low-interest loans to unions and other groups that would acquire slum housing, rehabilitate it and sell it to poor families who would pay partly with labor and partly with cash. Even assuming that this would work as well as you think it would, isn't it a rather limited and long-term solution to the problem of urban renewal?

PERCY: Long-term, yes; limited, no. In the past 30 years, America has moved from one third homeowners to two thirds homeowners, but this has happened mainly in areas outside the inner city. In the next decade, we will have to find ways to increase ownership in the city itself, where home ownership is rare and getting rarer, especially in our swelling ghettos. The core cities are soon going to be all black, surrounded by white suburbs, unless we can find a way to make our cities attractive enough to lure white families back in. Just as we have found a way to develop and stabilize the suburbs, we are going to have to find a way to stabilize the cities. This will be an enormous task; but a good beginning, I think, would be to encourage ownership—ownership of business as well as ownership of housing; we've got to help our minority groups become entrepreneurs as well as taxpayers. This is really the foundation

of our society—to be somebody, to have something of your own, to make a contribution. Yet millions can't achieve it.

Ownership gives a sense of pride and dignity to people; it helps them integrate into the community. If you're a transient coming into a community with only the thought of getting out of it, you haven't any roots, any stake; you don't care enough. And that feeling of not being wanted or needed is the lack that we find in the city. We have got to find a way to take the rural immigrants from the South and give them the same sort of acclimation to urban living that we gave to the immigrants from Europe when they came and landed at Ellis Island and were brought in by their kinfolk and taken into their community. The Greeks, for instance, went to the Greek Orthodox Church, and they went to the Greek restaurants and were in a community and had folklore enough to cushion them through the adjustment to their new life. There isn't that transition now. We simply assume, as we throw these individuals into urban life, that they are going to adjust somehow. Well, they haven't adjusted. The adjustment is taking place on the street now—and the experience has alienated them, from their roots, from each other and from their new environment.

The whole essence of our home-ownership program is to see if we can't democratize the city to the point where you have the same sort of feeling of belonging, the same sense of being an important part of the community in which you live, that middle-income Americans develop in owning their own homes or a condominium or a co-op apartment. They participate; they decide who is going to be living there; they make decisions about their landscaping, their gardening, their improvements, and so forth. I think we have to give the low-income city dweller the same feeling that he has something to say about the immediate environment in which he finds himself. If he has *that* feeling, he will have a feeling of pride and interest in the community—just as in the suburbs when you have your own home, you are immediately interested in the parks, the schools, the village administration, the police department, and the like. You can get Negroes into white communities and whites into Negro communities if everyone is convinced that each fellow will take care of the property, and keep it up, and not throw trash into the yards, and all the rest. We have an area in Chicago where it's about 50 percent Negro and 50 percent white; this neighborhood is stabilized. The one thing they all have in common is their mortgage. And all are concerned with their property and take care of it.

When I went through Bedford-Stuyvesant with John Lindsay, I saw that on blocks that were stable, the homes and

businesses there were owned by the people on that block; a block away, where it was unstable, the entire block was transient. There will have to be many, many other changes before we can achieve stability, of course. I'd like to explore, for example, the possibility of Federally subsidized experiments with educational parks in the midst of the cities, model schools that will attract whites as well as Negroes. But we've got to crawl before we can run; before we can undertake such ambitious projects as these, we've got to show that we care enough about those who live in the ghetto to pass such basic legislation as a rat-control bill without bickering over the amount of money necessary to keep their children safe from attack by vermin while they sleep.

PLAYBOY: The rat-control bill calls for a relatively modest \$40,000,000 appropriation; but the cost of your home-ownership plan, added to that of all the other urban-renewal and city-beautification bills currently under consideration, would run into billions a year. The Administration claims it's already spending all that can be afforded on such programs without a substantial increase in taxes, as requested by President Johnson. Would you favor raising taxes in order to pay for these projects?

PERCY: Yes, I would—not only to help narrow the gap in our deficit but to symbolize the fact that the Administration has been dead wrong when it has said we can have guns and butter with no sacrifice on anyone's part. Both the war and our urgent domestic programs are going to have to be paid for by the present generation, and one way to do that is with a tax increase. We must also drastically reduce nonessential Federal spending; for instance, I have proposed delaying public-works projects generally, even if they affect Illinois. But I feel also that there are many, many areas of urban redevelopment that private enterprise can be brought into, and I have talked to many labor-union heads and corporation heads about it. I've spent a good deal of time in Chicago, New York, Pittsburgh, Detroit and Los Angeles working on that very thing, seeing how we could interest private enterprise in investing in the cities to a much greater extent than it is right now. If it doesn't invest more in some of these problems today, tomorrow it's not going to have the consumers, the educated employees, the climate for business that we've had in the past.

PLAYBOY: Many urban experts have begun to believe that the basic answer to the ghetto problem is simply to get more income into the hands of ghetto families—with Government-provided jobs or some sort of family allowance, negative income

(continued on page 164)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A city-bred guy on the go who enjoys his leisure as fast-paced as his livelihood. And having more disposable income than most, he can afford to keep a loose rein on spending. Facts: PLAYBOY is read by 7,655,000 men who live in the country's major metropolitan areas. And PLAYBOY reaches more than 3,711,000 males with household incomes of \$10,000 and over. Shouldn't you find out more about this blue-ribbon market before you make your next media decision? (Source: 1967 Simmons.)

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EVERYONE EXPECTED a formal reading of the will, but nothing of the kind happened. Three days after Ernest Curtin's unforeshadowed death from a heart attack, his son Christopher opened the safe-deposit box and found it, wedged between some A. T. & T. certificates, ridges of U. S. Steel, a pile of Du Pont, Government bonds. The estate was in a very viable condition. There were also some old school report cards, some out-of-date family jewelry, lists of holdings, financial footnotes.

Christopher pulled the will out from this welter and unfolded it. There were two witnesses with him, a Mr. Williams of the bank's trust department, who was to be one of the executors of the estate, and Christopher's uncle, George Curtin, the other.

He began swiftly scanning it: ". . . to my beloved wife . . . bequeath . . . irrevocable . . . trust . . . my sole legatee . . . she shall have in addition . . . trust . . . furthermore . . . all monies. . ."

"Give it to him," said George Curtin, indicating Mr. Williams.

Christopher went on quickly scanning the document, which, in view of the shoals of assets that had surrounded it, was surprisingly short; as nearly as he could make out from the swiftness of his reading and the legalisms of the writing, absolutely everything had been left to his mother.

"Give it to Mr. Williams," repeated his uncle a shade more impatiently.

Christopher stared at the will for a moment or two and then took a sidelong look at his uncle. "Do you mind if I read my father's will?" he asked evenly.

"You should already know the gist," George Curtin answered with a shrug.

"I'm interested in the wording," Christopher said through set teeth.

The two other men proceeded to spread out the securities on top of the oval mahogany table in this private conference room provided by the First National Bank of Connecticut at Hartford for certain major transactions of its major accounts.

All the stock certificates crackled wealthily as they were unfolded and sorted. None of them was in the name of either Christopher or his older brother, Ernest, Jr.; all were either part of their father's estate or already owned by their mother. There were a few flukes, defaulted highway bonds, expropriated foreign companies; but most were as solid as anything could be. Ernest Curtin's idea of taking a flier had been to buy into the Columbia Broadcasting System or Trans World Airlines.

"I'm hungry," said Christopher suddenly.

"Shall I send out for something?" suggested Mr. Williams. "Unless you would like to go out for lunch and go on later. . ."

"Let's go on," said George Curtin. "I'd like a sandwich and coffee, though."

Food was ordered and by the time it arrived, the tangible results of Ernest Curtin's much-admired and envied life were arranged in seven rather small piles on the shining solid-mahogany tabletop. He had, really, devoted his life to this moment: that these seven piles of paper would be lying here on this table.

There was one very singular remaining item. It was a large manila envelope addressed to Ernie, who was far away, sick with hepatitis in Cairo, where he worked as Middle East correspondent for *World Geography* magazine and also, his brother sometimes suspected, as a spy. He presumed that if that was true, he was a spy for the United States; but Ernie being Ernie, he couldn't be certain.

In this conventional, orderly, deeply conservative group of documents, the envelope was as conspicuous as a red flag. What could it mean, with its nervously scrawled inscription, its urgency, its secretiveness? The three men spent a great deal of time dealing with the other papers, shuffling them and rearranging them, drawing up lists of them, checking and rechecking what they were already perfectly sure of: that the estate was in immaculate order.

At last they turned their attention to the manila envelope.

"Addressed to Ernest," said George Curtin.

"Yes."

"Of course, your father never imagined Ernest wouldn't be here at a time like this."

"No, he couldn't have foreseen that."

"As a matter of fact, he did," put in Mr. Williams. He indicated the words written by the deceased beneath the large, scrawled "To My Son Ernest Curtin, Jr.—Strictly Private and Strictly Personal—To Be Opened Privately Only By Him." Underneath, in an only somewhat less emphatic script, was written, "In the event he predeceases me, the envelope is to be immediately burned. This is my express final wish, which I solemnly instruct be honored by my heirs and executors." And beneath that, written in all its familiar, hurried forcefulness, was the signature.

"But, of course," said Christopher irritably, "that isn't foreseeing the present situation at all."

"No, not this specific situation," murmured Mr. Williams.

George Curtin had picked up the envelope and was holding it before him, turning it slowly back and forth. "If he doesn't come for the funeral, we'll send it to him, special delivery and registered, and so on."

"To Egypt?" said Christopher.

George Curtin just looked at his nephew in his formidable, ex-football-lineman-with-brains way.

"You can't send anything as confidential as that through the mails to Egypt," Christopher went on.

The fixed irritation of George Curtin's face reminded Christopher very much of the way his brother had contemplated him from time to time. Finally, the uncle said flatly, "Why not?"

Always better informed than anyone else in his family, Christopher had learned some years before to underplay this advantage, if that was what it was. In a great many respects, it had seemed to him a drawback. "Egypt's a military dictatorship," he murmured hurriedly. "Everything's censored. Who knows what's in there? We might not want it read."

To cover his ignorance about Egypt, George Curtin attacked on the other point, Christopher noticed without surprise. "What could be in there that's so bloody special, such a secret?"

Christopher chuckled. "Maybe Ernie and I are adopted."

George Curtin put the envelope down on the table. "Do you have any objection to sending even that information to Egypt? Some wog finds out you're adopted, so what? I was at the hospital the day you were born and I was there the day Ernie was born and so I sort of don't think that's probably what's in there."

Christopher took a one-beat pause, which he knew would infuriate his uncle, having gotten tired of his policy of appeasement, and then said, "It's too risky. Ernie's got his job and his family and everything in Egypt. They throw foreigners out all the time, on any pretext. They expropriate their property. Who knows what's in there? It could be anything. It's too risky. We could get Ernie into a tremendous amount of trouble."

There was a silence and then George

THE READING OF THE WILL

fiction By JOHN KNOWLES *his dead father's message lay in the sealed envelope in his suitcase like a ticking time bomb*

Curtin muttered, "It's just something about 'Take care of your mother.'"

After another, longer silence, Mr. Williams said encouragingly, "These highway bonds here . . ." and uncle and nephew turned resolutely to examine the highway bonds.

. . .

The funeral had been postponed two days, in the hope that Ernest, Jr., would be well enough to fly home.

It was three in the afternoon when Christopher got home. The house, capacious Colonial Connecticut in design, was choked by banks and mounds and cascades of flowers, so intolerably odorous that their fumes transformed the atmosphere of this respectable family place into that of, it seemed to him, some Oriental love garden, some Persian terrace, corrupt and drugging. It was as inappropriate and as sickening as possible. His father's body, which he instinctively and absolutely would not approach, certain that he would find not his father, not the body of his father but some cosmetician's violation, was in the living room. The house was also full of excruciatingly helpful friends. "He looks more rested today," one lady said to him. Stricken, Christopher could only stare at her. Then someone came up out of the hubbub to say that there was an overseas telephone call. He went into the library and locked the door. It was Ernie calling from Cairo, his voice coming through very faintly, squeezed by being transmitted 5000 miles, the volume rising and fading, as tenuous. Christopher suddenly reflected, as tenuous as life.

" . . . There," he heard his brother yelling. "I need to be!"

"Are you coming?" he yelled back.

"I can't come. The doctor here absolutely says no. I feel ugrah. . . ."

"What!"

Barbara's voice came threading to him across the world. "He's too ill to travel. He just can't. He just can't."

Then Ernie's voice again: "How's Mother?"

"She's going to be all right." Then he heard himself blurt, "Dad left everything to her."

"What?"

"She inherited everything."

"I can't hear you."

"You will."

"For Christ's sake, can't you speak louder? I'm in Egypt!"

"MOTHER GOT EVERYTHING."

Silence ensued in Egypt. Then he heard Ernie say, his voice as thin as a needle, "I hope you . . . taking . . . arrangements."

"There's a special letter for you from Dad. How shall we get it to you, now we know you can't come? I was afraid you couldn't."

"What's in the letter?"

"It's confidential to you. I don't know what's in it."

"I hope you know what you're doing about everything. I hate . . . so sick."

"Take it easy. Everything's all right. Get better soon. I'm going to get Mother now to talk to you."

"I hope you know what you're doing about everything there."

"Get better soon. Goodbye."

The funeral took place two days later in the Congregational Church. It was well attended, for a funeral, and it helped a little. The fact that funerals happened so often, that there was an age-old formula of words and a prescribed service, immemorably performed and reperformed, helped a little.

But then came the snow-sopped cemetery, the casket, the flowers, the tent, fake grass, minister, handful of mourners. It was intolerable that this was happening at all; and at the same time, it should not be happening so fast. It was indecent, disrespectful, brutal; it was a violation.

As the family was leaving the side of the grave through the slush, Christopher was overcome with a sudden fear: "They are not going to bury my father. Once we are gone, they will take the body and sell it to some medical school or just throw it away." He would certainly have stayed and seen that the interment—he flinched as this word crossed his mind in reference to the human being who had been his father—that the interment was carried out to the last detail, except for the thought that, if they were really resolute body snatchers, he could stand there guarding it, and when he was gone, they could dig his father up and dispose of him any way they wanted. It was all intolerable.

"I can't believe he isn't going to say anything else to me," Christopher blurted to his mother and uncle in the car driving away. "I just can't believe it. I don't believe it. It isn't possible."

"Well. . . ."

"I . . . all those conversations and phone calls and letters and advice and arguments and orders and fights and all that, ever since I was born. It isn't over yet. He hadn't finished what he started to say. He's been interrupted. He's been interrupted."

. . .

Following lunch—roast lamb and boiled potatoes—the heiress and the prodigal son, as Christopher now pictured them, since his mother had been left all the property and his brother had been left the only message and he himself had simply been left, quitted, the heiress and the prodigal son sat down with Uncle George around the large oval table in the library to contemplate the manila envelope addressed to Ernest.

At first George suggested they mail it, but then Christopher's point about censorship was acknowledged. George

thought of a friend in the State Department who might put it in the diplomatic pouch to Cairo, but that was discarded as impractical and possibly illegal. Mrs. Curtin suggested waiting until Ernie's next planned return to America but was reminded that that was nearly a year away. They finally concluded that the manila envelope would have to be taken by hand to him in Cairo. No one knew anyone planning such a trip. Someone would have to go expressly for this purpose. Who? There was no more appropriate person than Christopher—not married, 23, just out of college and just about to be drafted.

"I'll go," he said, "but not by plane."

"Not a plane?" said Uncle George. "It would take weeks by ship. Of course you'll fly. Why not?"

"I'll go. But not by plane."

He was afraid he might be killed if he flew. Sudden death had suddenly become terribly possible. Before, it was something that had happened to others, other people, other families. With horror, he had seen the people on the sidewalks look with a certain interest at the hearse carrying a member of *his* family and at the black limousine carrying him move slowly along toward the cemetery, just as he had looked with mild interest often at the funerals of strangers. But now it was his own father, his family, and he was a mourner, which he had never had any intention of being. Sudden death: It existed.

"I'll go. But I won't take a plane."

He sailed from New York first class on the Cristoforo Colombo on January tenth. The manila envelope, with its urgent, scrawled directions, traveled with him like an unexamined bomb.

To take his mind off it and off death itself, he tried to read, settling into a deck chair on the enclosed promenade deck. All of the other chairs were occupied by married couples in their 50s and 60s and 70s, for this was just the sort of winter trip to a mild climate that attracted them. The men wore expensive tweeds and sweaters or sports jackets, the women wore carefully harmonized skirts, blouses and sweaters that buttoned up the front, and they all looked affluent, comfortable and rather optimistic. In just these kinds of clothes, in just this kind of style, with just such expressions on their faces, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Curtin had sailed from New York to Venezuela, had sailed through the Canal to California and Hawaii, had sailed to Lapland and the Baltic Sea, had circled the Mediterranean, visited the Greater and Lesser Antilles, had sailed around the world.

Every day after lunch, all of the elderly couples, and Christopher, would gather up a book or some stationery and repair to their deck chairs, spread blankets

(continued on page 102)



*"I don't think much of the Emperor's new clothes,
but did you get a load of the Empress?!"*

in the eyes of the internal revenue service, the unmarried guy is a fiscal pigeon

TAX AND THE SINGLE MAN

article **By PHILIP M. STERN**

THERE IS NO QUESTION: The tax laws of the United States are the result of a fiendish conspiracy among the AMA, the NAACP and the ADA, using the powerful medium of CBS and with potent, behind-the-scenes backing from HUAC. To anyone with a decent respect for bachelorhood, these initials stand for, respectively, the American Marriage Association, the National Association for the Advancement of Commubial Profit, the Abolish Divorce Association, a newly formed group named Chastise Bachelors and Spinsters and, finally, a powerful but covert organization called Housewives United Against Cohabitation. For the fact is that the tax laws of the United States of America discriminate flagrantly and massively against unmarried citizens. For example, if you are a \$12,000-a-year bachelor with a taxable income of \$10,000, you are paying \$502 more in taxes each year than the bridegroom in the apartment down the hall. The fact that your newly married neighbor has just acquired a dependent, allowing him to claim another \$600 exemption, accounts for \$132 of that amount in his 22-percent tax bracket. But almost three quarters of his tax

ILLUSTRATION BY TOMI UNGERER





saving—\$370—is the result of a myth, embodied in Section 2 of the Internal Revenue Code, which permits any married couple in the United States to pretend, in computing their taxes, that half their income is earned by the wife. She may be as indolent as Scarlett O'Hara, but in the eyes of the friendly tax collector, she is responsible for half the family income.

This is an expensive myth for the bachelor. Section 2 grants the more affluent married couples of the United States a tax subsidy estimated at close to ten billion dollars a year. In other words, Congress' decision to tax wealthier married couples more lightly than single taxpayers deprives the United States Treasury of that much money each year, and the sum must be made up in higher taxes paid by single taxpayers and others who may not enjoy the blessings of Section 2. It is, in effect, a double penalty.

Congress is probably unaware that its decision to subsidize marriage to the tune of ten billion dollars places America in exclusive and (from Congress' point of view) unpalatable company in the family of nations. Only six other countries tax their unmarried citizens more heavily than their married couples. Of the six, five are totalitarian dictatorships: Russia, three of her satellites and Spain. Only the Netherlands, among democracies, places a tax penalty on being single.

How does the myth of Section 2 operate to save the \$12,000-a-year newlywed \$370 a year in taxes? While he was blissfully unwed, the tax on his \$10,000 taxable income amounted to \$2190—\$910 on the first \$5000 and \$1280 on the second \$5000 (since, under the American system of graduated income-tax rates, the tax bite rises as income increases).

But once connubially joined, he and his wife may file a joint tax return. This has the effect of dividing his \$10,000 taxable income into two \$5000 parcels, marked HIS and HERS. The tax on each of these parcels is the same: \$910; adding them together, the total tax on the \$10,000 taxable income is now \$1820, instead of his former tax of \$2190. Saving: \$370. This, together with the \$132 saving from the additional personal exemption, means added annual "take-home pay" of \$502, or \$9.65 a week. This is the equivalent of a \$14-a-week raise; for in order to receive an additional \$9.65 after taxes, the bachelor's before-tax raise would have to amount to a little over \$14 (\$14.19, to be exact). This would amount to an annual pay increase of \$738. If a married man needs to add allure to his thoughts about his wife (or if his eye begins to wander and his mind turns to thoughts of leaving her), he can figure up her capital value. In the case of the \$12,000 chap, his wife may be considered an asset worth \$16,075; in the sense that this much cash would be re-

quired, in a four-percent savings account, to net him an added \$643 in before-taxes income, which, in turn, is what he would need in order to realize the after-tax saving of \$502 that his wife represents.

Because the tax rate climbs more steeply in the upper ranges, the tax blessings of marriage (and, conversely, the financial penalties of bachelorhood or divorce) increase dramatically as one ascends the ladder of success. At \$30,000 of taxable income, marriage represents about \$67 in added weekly take-home pay (and one's wife assumes a capital value of \$148,450). At \$100,000 of taxable income, Uncle Sam confers a bonus for marriage of \$205 a week—over \$10,000 a year—in added after-tax spending money, and the capital value of one's wife becomes \$711,525. At \$200,000 of taxable income, one is living with a million-dollar asset—\$1,243,150—for in the 70-percent tax bracket into which one would have ascended, that is the amount of cash needed to yield the additional \$49,726 of before-tax income that, in turn, would be required to net the extra \$287 a week of added pocket money deriving from marriage.

These tax blessings that descend upon a happy couple the instant they are pronounced man and wife have frequently been called Uncle Sam's dowry. But the financial aspects of marriage, American style, differ in one crucial respect from the European version. The Continental dowry is a one-time affair, whereas kindly, munificent Uncle Sam renews his gift annually, in ever more generous amounts as the prosperity of the couple increases.

Some pious souls have charged that Section 2 and its income-splitting myth are an essential bulwark of marriage and that its repeal would encourage cohabitation, concubinage and other moral atrocities. But the facts indicate that the institution of matrimony does not lean on such a frail reed. This is because Section 2 not only discriminates against single taxpayers, it also discriminates cruelly among various married couples—heap-ing generous but little-needed benefits upon the affluent, while largely or wholly excluding the majority of young newlyweds who most need tax relief to support the added expenses of married life. They are excluded because the splitting of a couple's income results in tax savings only when it helps bring heavily taxed high-bracket dollars down into lower tax brackets. But if all of a couple's income is either nontaxable (because of personal exemptions and deductions) or in the lowest tax bracket anyway, splitting it in half saves little or nothing. This is true for every family of four with an annual income of less than \$3400, which includes roughly one fifth of all joint-return filers. For a family of four with an income of \$5400—about one third of all joint-return filers—Section 2 adds just

about 80 cents a week on the family grocery budget. Despite the absence of tax incentives, great numbers of these people still marry, giving the lie to the argument that marriage needs tax support to keep it from dying out altogether.

The tax benefits from income splitting also represent a ludicrous distortion of the real costs of married life, which begin to be felt far more acutely with the advent of offspring. For a bachelor with a taxable income of \$25,000, the taking of a bride brings a tax saving of \$2726, whereas the arrival of each child wins a tax abatement only about one tenth as large (\$208). At the \$100,000 level, the comparative savings are even more absurd: \$10,310 at the time of the wedding and only \$372 for each child.

Even the doubling of the personal exemption that accompanies matrimony discriminates unfairly against the unmarried taxpayer, since it seems to assume that connubial life is twice as expensive as single existence. The costs of both, however, have been minutely studied, revealing that, on the average, couples live on a budget about one third larger than that of a bachelor—not twice as large, as the tax laws assume.

One factor in this less-than-reasonable cost differential is that a married man is usually spared the bachelor's expense of paying a maid to do the housework. Thus, if the bride renders maid service that used to cost the bachelor \$30 a week, she is, in effect, earning the maid's former salary. But the kindly Internal Revenue Service does not count these "earnings" as part of the couple's income.

Bachelors and bachelor girls who tend toward acute paranoia may imagine that this conspiracy against them is the conscious policy decision of Congressmen and Senators, 94 percent of whom are married. But those made anxious by such a thought may be soothed in the knowledge that the discriminatory Section 2 and its income-splitting feature, like so many other examples of tax legislation, was dictated by political convenience rather than by deliberate policy.

Ironically enough, the deed was done in the name of ending tax discrimination. Prior to 1948, married couples in eight states were blissfully and exclusively enjoying the tax advantages of income splitting, because under the community-property laws in their states, half of each couple's property legally belonged to the wife. The legislatures of other states, pained at seeing their residents discriminated against in their Federal income taxes, began enacting their own community-property laws. Congressional action was necessary to prevent an epidemic.

Conveniently enough, the 1948 community-property uproar happened to
(continued on page 96)



PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

*the definitive statement
on the coming trends in
menswear and accessories*

attire **BY ROBERT L. GREEN**

A LITTLE OVER a year ago, PLAYBOY announced, "There is a full-scale revolution taking place in men's fashions." Our forecast has proven uncannily correct. Since then, the locked-in look of sartorial traditionalism that repressed—rather than developed—the wearer's individual fashion image has rapidly faded from the urban scene and a bold new breed of American and European designer-inspired styles is becoming the clothing order of the day. For the warm months ahead, we see a continuing trend toward bolder shades, trimmer tailoring and lighter, more luxurious fabrics. Categories of clothing are disappearing; once-sporty accessories, such as the turtleneck, now can be coupled with suits and formalwear for a sophisticated yet casual look.

This spring, begin sprucing up your wardrobe by selecting suit styles that are both close-fitting and colorful. You'll find that jackets now extend an inch or two longer, with more shape at the waist; lapels are broader and the chest is trimmer but not tight. Trousers are slim and slightly tapered. We prefer styles that offer an angled cuff that covers the back of the shoe. This keeps the ankles out of sight while you're walking. In any fashion picture, details play an important part. This year, suit manufacturers have taken their tailoring cue from the custom shops by offering slimmer sleeves and higher armholes that give coats a smooth, fitted look across the back.

If you're a staunch supporter of Ivy-inspired suits with three buttons, center vent and conventional pockets, try a colorful change of pace. Conservatively cut styles are now available in a rainbow of hues, including green and yellow. They look best when worn with a medium-spread-collar, deep-tone shirt.

Double-breasted styles in suits, sports coats and blazers have taken shape in the best of fashion traditions. Four- or six-button models with deep side vents in solids, bold plaids, chalk stripes or color-on-color stripes are the established ground rules to follow.

The Mao coat, with straight stand-up collar and lapelless button front, is a good-looking substitute for a sports coat or a blazer. We predict that it will open new fashion directions and, by next season, will have strongly influenced suits, sports apparel and formalwear styles.

Slacks in a multitude of colors and fabrics—from persimmon to mint green and pin-wale corduroy to velvet—are solid favorites. Colors such as royal blue, lavender or emerald green can stand alone or be mixed—say, orange with brown—for additional fashion effects. Also look for trim Ivy-style slacks in wisteria (a subtle purple) and a pure pink shade in linen blends and pin-wale corduroy.

In dress shirts, there's a sunny spectrum of shades from which to choose, including electric blue, melon, gold, purple, raspberry (text concluded on page 93)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ORNITZ



Casually ahead of the slow-moving traditionalists, our man on the opening page stylishly sets his own pace—and gets the girl—while wearing a double-breasted polyester and cotton sailcloth shaped suit, by Bill Blass for PBM, \$115, over a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Gant, \$8.50, and an Indian silk tie, by Tucker, \$7.50. Left, three intrepid men find new fashion fields to conquer. Left to right: Stalwart chap takes pride in his lightweight silk and wool tweed shaped suit, \$150, coupled with a cotton broadcloth shirt, \$18.50, both by Bill Blass for PBM, and a Thai silk tie, by Tucker, \$6.50. Upbeat outdoorsman blazes new trails in a worsted and mohair blazer with a greatcoat collar, \$120, that complements his wool worsted slacks, \$70, both by D'Avenza Roma, and flat-knit acetate turtle-neck, by Himalaya, \$10. Our third man in the field favors a hand-woven silk suit, by Linett, \$135, a cotton batiste shirt, by Excella, \$8, and an Indian silk tie, by Polo, \$10. Above: Two great dictators enjoy VIP status with their twin executive sweets. Forward-looking leader up front is toggled in a Terylene and worsted double-breasted suit, by Fashion Park, \$125, a cotton voile shirt, by Oleg Cassini, \$16.50, and a silk tie, by Ben Pulitzer, \$5. His co-captain of industry enjoys a different view, having donned a Dacron and worsted shaped suit, by Linett, \$100, a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, \$9.50, and a Thai silk print tie, by Ben Pulitzer, \$7.50.



Way out West, the horseflesh fancier on this page discovers that he's no lone ranger after being ambushed by an oll-girl band of blonde equestriennes. They dig his Arnel ond rayon twill fly-front jocket with Mao collar, by Clinton Swan, \$55, worn over Orlon and wool bonded jersey socks, by Paul Ressler, \$15, and an Indian silk neck square, by Handcraft, \$6. Hall fellows well met, the avant-gardesmen on opposite page strike o supercontemporary pose. The chop ot left favors an English mohoir ond worsted six-button double-breasted longer jocket, worn with wool worsted stovepipe-legged slacks, by Blades, \$150, a cotton broodcloth shirt with higher medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Hardy Amies U. S. A., \$8.50, ond a herringbone-ribbed silk twill tie, by Ben Pulitzer, \$5. The elegantly attired guy at center has donned a cotton ond rayon velvet shoped suit with a Mao collar, by Clinton Swan, \$100, worn with on Indian silk paisley neck square, by Hondcroft, \$3. The mon at right wears o five-button silk print shaped jacket with a Mao collar, by D'Avenzo Roma, \$140, over imported cotton velvet slacks with a satin side braid stripe ond quarter top pockets, by Dunlee, \$35.







and apricot. Collars are fuller, broader and higher; buttondowns, incidentally, simply don't make it with the trimmer, more shaped styles in suits. Save them to wear with Ivy-inspired outfits.

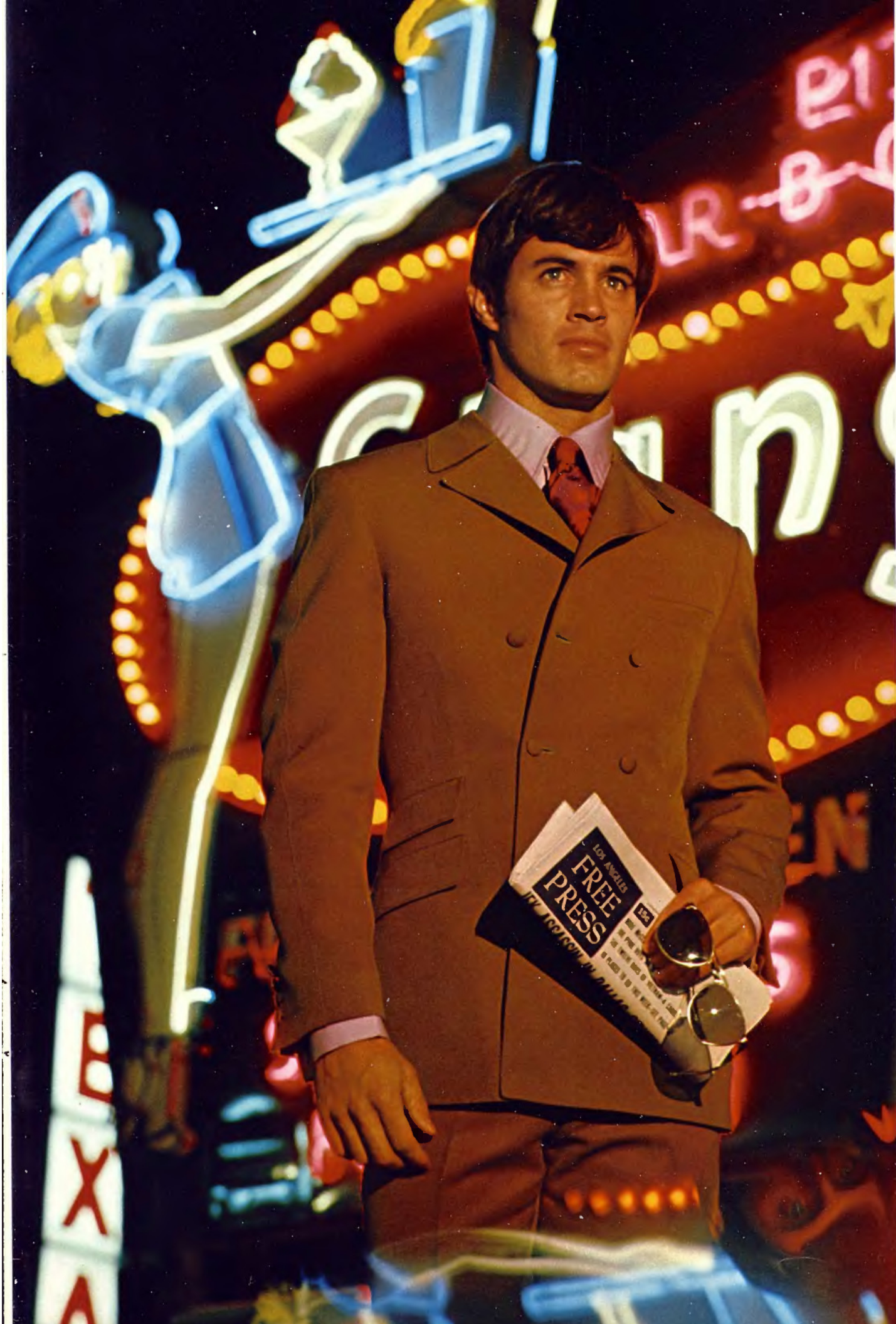
Our *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* is highlighted by the introduction of the supershirt: a casual shirt of luxurious fabrics—velvet or cotton Jacquard, for example—that's cut longer and wider, with a higher collar. For added elegance, you can wear it open, with a full scarf knotted around the neck, or closed, with a pocket square tied under the collar like a tie.

From adventurously colorful business suits to supershirts, we've outlined the coming trends toward more sophisticated urban wear. Now it's up to you to pick out the hot new items that will best enhance your warm-weather fashion image.

The fashion front-runner at far left momentarily outdistances four fast lasses making advances. His getaway garb is a flat-knit wool full turtleneck, \$30, worn with linen slacks, \$55, and a sueded-leather belt, \$12, all by Pierre Cardin for Bonwit Teller. Left: Two tastefully attired sandmen soon will be dining down by the sea in superstyle. The chap at left likes a cotton Jacquard supershirt with tapered body, by Ken Scott, \$30, worn with cotton velvet jeans, by Elegantissimo, \$18.50, and a French silk neck square, by Yves St. Laurent, \$45. His buddy goes for a cotton voile supershirt, by The Different Drummer, \$13, imported cotton velvet slacks, by Dunlee, \$35, and an Indian silk neck square, by Handcraft, \$6. Above: Wearing the latest in swimwear, three sartorially well-balanced water sports contemplate motions made by comely board members. From left to right: Expert pool player has donned a pair of cotton twill swim trunks, by Jantzen, \$8. Lad in center is striped for action in a pair of form-fit cotton and rubber knit swim trunks with a web belt, by Jantzen, \$16. Our scuba-look end man prefers a one-piece nylon twill knit wet-suit-style swim outfit that features a full front zipper and white web belt, by McGregor, \$25. Top right: Rugged individualist steals the alfresco scene in a cotton lisle pullover with squared-off neck, \$22.50, and floral-print linen slacks, \$35, both by Bill Blass for PBM.



High-stepping to a new fashion plane, guys with doll resurrect the Thirties look à la *Bonnie and Clyde*. The fast-draw artist at left makes his move in a wool worsted six-button double-breasted sports jacket with slant flap pockets and deep side vents, \$100, worn over wool slacks, \$35, both by Society Brand; a sea-island cotton broadcloth shirt with higher spread collar and French cuffs, by Sero-Margate, \$19.50, and a hand-loomed Indian silk tie, by Polo, \$10. His well-armed gunning mate looks tough to beat wearing a wool worsted four-button double-breasted shaped suit with slant flap pockets, by Oleg Cassini, \$155, an imported cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excello, \$11, and a silk tie with line overploid, by Mr. Fish, \$15. Light-show star at right heads toward where the action is in a British wool twill six-button double-breasted shaped suit that features greatcoat lapels and fabric-covered buttons, by Cecil Gee, \$150, complemented by a cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Hardy Amies U. S. A., \$8.50, and a Thai silk print tie, by Ben Pulitzer, \$7.50.



TAX AND THE SINGLE MAN

(continued from page 86)

coincide with a political stalemate in Congress. The Republicans, in the majority for the first time in 16 years, had promised substantial tax reductions for middle- and upper-bracket taxpayers; but their first two attempts, in 1947, had so blatantly favored the rich that President Truman had successfully vetoed them. The community-property problem provided the magic answer, for its solution—spreading the blessings of income splitting to married couples in all states—not only conferred far handsomer tax blessings on the affluent than the earlier, less subtle G. O. P. measures; it also carried the eminently respectable label of a "tax reform."

And so Congress ended one discrimination, in the way two groups of states taxed married couples; but in so doing, it created a new and far more serious discrimination: between the married and the unmarried in *all* states. While this new law worked to the great disadvantage of bachelors, there could be little doubt as to who profited most from it: 97 percent of the benefits went to the top five percent of the married taxpayers; while at the bottom of the economic pyramid, 80 percent of all married couples were completely denied the benefits of income splitting. So lopsided were its effects that Couple A, with 20 times the income of Couple B, could enjoy 319 times as much tax benefit.

Congress was so eager to seize upon this "tax-reform" solution to its political deadlock that income splitting was adopted with virtually no debate. But it soon became clear that Congress, in the process, had unwittingly discriminated against a large group of taxpayers: the single people who were obliged to support expensively dependent relatives and whose living costs were clearly equal to those of bridegrooms. And so, in 1951, Congress sought to right the wrong, by conferring half the benefits of income splitting on so-called heads of households—unmarried taxpayers who support their parents or whose dependent relatives live with them.

Some observe irreverently that a sponsoring relative is a vastly greater expense than an eager new bride and that Congress was niggardly in bestowing only half the blessings of marital income splitting upon heads of households. But there is an even more fundamental objection: Like the marital provision, the head-of-household tax concession confers the greatest benefits on the wealthiest taxpayers, while withholding benefits from the most sorely pressed, low-bracket taxpayers. Moreover, no income-splitting tax concession whatever is granted to the bachelor obliged to support his aged aunt (or any relative other than a parent) in, say, a nursing home, rather than in his own apartment.

Income splitting is the grossest of the tax discriminations against single persons, but there are other tax advantages that accrue to the married. A minor one is that the tax-deductible expenses of two persons are combined on one tax return. If, for example, both members of the marital combo invest in the stock market, the wife's capital losses may serve to offset the husband's capital gains—or vice versa. And if a bachelor's medical deductions fall just shy of the three-percent-of-income floor for deductibility, when he takes a bride, *all* of her medical deductions are deductible. Married couples also have the privilege of conferring on any favored friend or relative tax-free gifts up to \$6000 per year, contrasted with a paltry \$3000 tax-free-gift privilege for bachelors and single girls—a tax concession that is bound to bring cries of joy from fully four tenths of one percent of all who read these words.

Moreover, any unmarried man who feels his demise is close at hand should lose no time in securing a wife. He can leave half his worldly goods to her free of any estate tax; whereas, if he remains a bachelor, there is no one—not even his sainted mother—to whom he can make such a tax-free bequest. Even though the funds he lovingly leaves to his wife become subject to an estate tax upon *her* demise, the effect in death, as in life, is to split his hypothetical estate of \$10,000,000 into two \$5,000,000 parcels—half taxable at the husband's death and half at his wife's. The tax saving, in this instance, is \$1,000,000. Moreover, if the wife had not been able to receive that \$5,000,000 tax-free at the time of her husband's death, an added tax of \$3,500,000 would have gone to the U. S. Treasury; but under the kindly estate-tax laws, that \$3,500,000 is permitted to remain in the wife's mattress (or in her investment portfolio) as long as she lives. Assuming she survives her husband for ten years and earns only a paltry four percent on her money, this delay alone comes to be worth at least about \$1,400,000.

Also nestled in the tax laws is a cluster of blessings that attach to the happy state of home ownership. While home ownership does not automatically accompany marriage and while it is certainly not barred to bachelors, the fact is that for most bachelors, it's not worth the effort. The homeowner sacrifices his freedom of mobility. This is a great deal for a bachelor to give up, but the married man—at least in the eyes of the bachelor—has already lost it and has little left to lose. Married persons receive 93 percent of Federal Housing Authority home mortgages.

To understand the tax advantages of home ownership, consider, for a mo-

ment, the example of two gentlemen, A and B, renting apartments at \$200 a month, or \$2400 a year. Suppose that at the same instant, each of them comes into a modest inheritance of \$25,000. A, a bachelor who is happy in his in-town pad and does not need or want the bother of owning a home in the suburbs, invests his \$25,000 conservatively in the stock market and realizes a four-percent return, or \$1000. This, of course, is added to his taxable income and, in his tax bracket, he must pay an additional \$320 in taxes.

B, a new bridegroom whose union will soon bear issue, invests his \$25,000 in the purchase of a handsome \$50,000 house and moves out of his apartment. His return on his \$25,000 lies in no longer having to pay \$2400 a year in rent. True, as a homeowner, after the various tax write-offs he's entitled to, he still has to pay about \$1700 a year on the mortgage; but compared with the \$2400 rent he had been paying, he is still \$700 ahead. Although A earned \$1000, he had to claim this amount as income and paid \$320 tax, for a net income of \$680. But B's \$700 appeared nowhere on his tax return.

This anomaly may become clearer by imagining that B's company sends him abroad for a year and he rents out his house while he is away. The rental income he receives while he is gone is clearly an income return on his investment—and, indeed, he must pay taxes on it. But the minute he moves back into the house—the same structure, worth precisely the same amount and capable of commanding the same rent—the dollar yield from this valuable piece of property vanishes, as far as the tax collectors are concerned.

But the generosity—or, more accurately, the schizophrenia—of the tax collectors extends even further. Consider, again, the example of B renting out his house for a year; clearly, his mortgage-interest and real-estate-tax expenses are outlays necessary to maintain the house and realize his rental income and, as such, are quite naturally tax-deductible, as all business expenses are. When he moves back into his house and the Government stops treating his home as an income-yielding investment, it would be logical for the IRS to cease treating mortgage-interest and property-tax outlays as deductible expenses. But, as is so often the case, the ways of the Government are not logical; these deductions are part and parcel of the tax perquisites of a homeowner. He's allowed the deductions as if his home were an investment. Heads, he wins; tails, the tax collectors and the Government—and other taxpayers—lose.

These deductions are sizable, both on an individual and on a national basis.

(continued on page 179)



prehistoric hanky-panky among a cartoonic tribe of sabertoothsome lasses and their clubby casanovas

BY

Intelligence





"That little 'invention' of yours worked—I guess. . . ."



"Hi, Og! Hi, Oona!"



*"You swing a great club, Gork,
but you've got the worst taste in the world."*

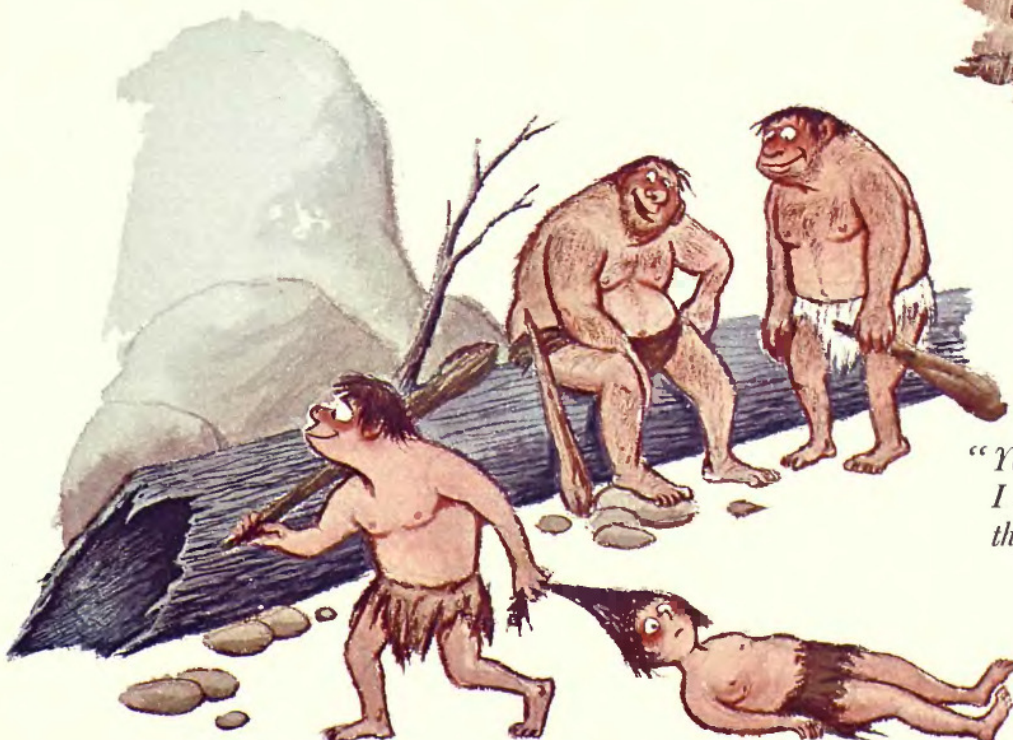


*"And don't forget—
I'm going to check for
lumps when you get home!"*



*"I think what
we're involved with
here is a switch-hitter."*

"Pssst! Feelthy cave drawings. . . ."



*"You can't say
I didn't bring
that kid up right."*

*"They're not half bad,
once you skin 'em. . . ."*



*"Hit me on the head! . . . Hit me on the head!
. . . That's all you ever think about!"*



"Hey, stupid, this one's taken!"

*"I'm laying in
a stock for the winter."*



READING OF THE WILL (continued from page 82)

over their knees, contemplate the empty Atlantic becoming every day a little more benign as they proceeded toward Gibraltar, and every day, sooner or later, most of the older people would fall gently asleep.

Seeing this was by far the worst experience he had had since the sight of his father's casket about to be lowered (or not lowered!) into the wintry ground. The old people became effigies on their own future coffins when they fell asleep, heads back, mouths slightly open, color growing waxy, postures final, ultimate, hands folded on the lap or crossed like Egyptian mummies on the chest, they lay there in these long reclining chairs very clearly, to his hypersleepless stare, rehearsing, every day after lunch, for the coming arrangement of their bodies in the horror of the plush inner lining of their caskets.

Then an old lady would stir, the eyes reluctantly open, blank at this return from the edge, re-collect herself gradually, glance at the old male body lying motionless beside her, and her slowly returning animation would communicate itself to him, he would stir, shake slightly, pull himself once more, this time, back into the living world and, two Lazaruses, they would say to each other, "Shall we have some tea?" and "I dropped off there for a little while," "So did I, I think," and then, slowly, they would rise.

But the people and the reading and the ship and the Atlantic Ocean itself could not keep his mind off the manila envelope. He was beginning to think he ought to . . . to *do* something about it. It lay at the bottom of the smaller of his two suitcases, under his accumulating dirty laundry, where he also concealed his traveler's checks and his passport. He extricated the envelope from this hiding place before dinner the third day out from New York and turned it in his hands this way and that. The envelope was quite opaque, no matter how strong the light he held it in front of. It felt rather thick, as though there were a number of sheets of paper—or, for example, stock certificates—inside, or something like a birth certificate ("Your brother was adopted from a fisherman and his common-law wife in Provincetown . . .") or medical documents ("Following my examination of Christopher Curtin, age four, I hereby certify that he is suffering from hereditary, congenital and incurable . . .") or legal documents ("In this confidential codicil to my last will and testament, I, Ernest Curtin, Senior, do order and direct that my younger son, Christopher, be disinherited upon the demise of myself and my wife, unless he will agree to enter the ministry of the Congregational Church . . .").

Ridiculous fantasies, although in the Curtin family, nothing was ever *really* impossible; and also, what could his mind do but invent such things when it didn't *know*? There might be something truly precious within the manila envelope, perhaps a confidential diary his father had kept, a record of his inner life and profoundest thoughts, of his hopes for the family's future that he wanted to communicate to his older son and only to his older son. Or was he passing on to Ernie some task, some duty, that he, and only he, the older, was to be allowed to perform for their father? Why were the survivors ordered to destroy it unopened if Ernie had died first? What could he and only he be allowed to see?

He began to wonder if there might be a jet of steam somewhere on board, around the ship swimming pool, maybe, or in the kitchens. And then he immediately put that thought out of his mind.

It was of very stiff, firm manila paper, the flap sealed in the ordinary way with glue.

. . .

The *Ausonia*, the ship he'd boarded at Naples, docked at Alexandria in the afternoon on January 20. The wild uproar on the dock, vendors and porters and taximen yelling and scrambling, established the theme of the remainder of the day and maybe, he thought, of his stay in Egypt and even of his whole future life.

For it was now to be a Life Without Father, and who knew into what confusion, even chaos, that might lead him, especially when his mother was so vague and impractical and his brother lived on the other side of the world and didn't always particularly like him?

A gaggle of porters in dirty white-and-blue striped pajamas with rags on their heads swept up to him, yelling and gesticulating, and he was immediately engulfed in Egypt. Eventually he found himself in the Customs shed and the official asked him to open the smaller of his two suitcases. As he opened it, its contents divided into halves and the manila envelope, which he had buried in his dirty laundry in the middle, came face up on top. Both he and the inspector gazed down at it.

"Personal material?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes, it is—"

"This is your name? It is not, is it?"

"That's my brother. He is a"—*spy* almost sprang out of his rattled mind—"a correspondent, *World Geography* magazine, in Cairo. This is just—I'm taking it to him. . . ."

The inspector fished around the contents of the bag briefly, and then it was over and he was admitted to the country and obtained some Egyptian pounds and piasters, tattered and smelling of camel and horse and sweat and poverty and

desperation; and with these scattered like confetti on all sides, he got himself and his two suitcases out of the shed, into the bright warm afternoon sunshine, into a corrupt taxi with a gangster at the wheel, through a ramshackle, teeming Alexandria, alive with children everywhere, to the railroad station, cursing himself regularly for his sudden phobia against flying, got his ticket with delays and difficulties, waited a long time before being able to board the train, waited another long time before the train started, and then it proceeded at a very cautious rate of speed up the delta of the Nile to Cairo, where he arrived at precisely the time he had not wanted to arrive, dead of night. Not only that, but he had gotten reservations at a hotel that was well out of town, out in the Sahara desert, apparently, a hotel that he had chosen because it "overlooked the Great Pyramid"; and in America, that had seemed very important.

Christopher seemed to be almost the only traveler, and certainly the only foreigner, in the vast and hollow nighttime station, as he made his way through it, his bags being carried by an old man in a gray dress, whose eyes were very badly crossed.

On the street, the porter began installing his bags in a taxi and Christopher was struck by the look of its driver, an assassin with pointed teeth, black hair standing on end and the blazing grin of a maniac. Spread over his knees and tied by a string to the steering column was a dark-brown hawk whose wings, spread, would have measured approximately four feet.

His bags were already in this taxi and there was, in fact, no other waiting, so he slowly gave the porter money, got into the back seat, which had linoleum on the floor and plastic-covered seats, and, its motor rattling uncertainly, the taxi set off into the blackness.

The hawk now moved to the seat beside the driver and began to open its wings, fixing one eye on the passenger in the back seat. They were passing an intersection with a streetlight on the corner and the driver grabbed the bird and shoved it onto the floor, so it would not be seen. Christopher thought one of its wings was broken by this treatment, but when they were on a dark stretch of road again, the bird climbed back onto the seat and partially spread its wings again.

"English?" said the driver, grinning back at him.

"American."

"Ah."

They were driving along a broad road lined with large trees and they kept driving on and on and on. There were almost no people and no cars anywhere. The driver continued to manhandle the hawk from time to time. The hawk had not

(continued on page 187)

A SNOB'S GUIDE TO CULTURE



how to match your life style with your favorite aesthetic diversions

satire By DAN GREENBURG

CULTURE used to be a very simple proposition. When exposed to it, all you had to do was say you didn't know much about it but you knew what you liked. It is no longer socially acceptable when speaking of culture either to know nothing about it or to know what you like. Culture has become *de rigueur*; and though it's still not necessary to actually *be* cultured, it is mandatory to look, sound and act as if you are. The following is a handy guide to building an appropriate personal image at most of the cultural events you are likely to attend.

HOW TO GO TO AN UNDERGROUND FILM

Be an unemployed actor who has never driven a cab, or a part-time coffeehouse waitress, or a *really* bad kinetic sculptor, or a nonunion film editor who works in a union shop at night, or an account executive at J. Walter Thompson who gets his kicks wearing chambray work shirts and black knit ties on weekends. If you're a girl, don't wear underwear. If you're a guy, don't wear socks. Own a coffee-stained Burberry trench coat with all the buckles unfastened and wear it like a cape. Have a scraggly beard or a scraggly mustache—even if you're a girl. Come from a farm in South Dakota. Despise your family's wealth—or lack of it.

Squint at everyone. Have an American Youth Hostel card, issued in Switzerland. Sit on floors in people's houses, drink lots of cheap chianti, chain-smoke home-rolled cigarettes—lighting them with wooden kitchen matches struck on your thumbnail and flicking your ashes directly onto the carpet. Have bad teeth. Wear cheap imitation Levis and, on formal occasions, an old baggy tweed sports coat with a T-shirt. Live in a loft with past and future lovers and/or half a dozen cross-eyed cats with names like Thanatopsis. OK comments on (1) Buñuel: "Scratch an iconoclast and find a romantic"; (2) Cocteau: "Think what heights he might have attained had he ever met Mr. Right."

HOW TO GO TO A FIRST-RUN FOREIGN FILM

Be a liberal-arts major in a Big Ten university who's moved out of the fraternity house but who still goes to meetings. Or be two well-dressed matrons from Westchester who always read the essays in *Time*. Or be a TV producer in a large ad agency and carry a fat new manila envelope instead of an attaché case. Own four Ivy suits in a tiny gray herringbone that were bought in a store located on the sixth floor of an old office building. Wear regimental-striped ties and striped butt-down shirts that don't (continued on page 214)

THE GRADUATE

a commencement-
photo shooting has
opened whole new
vistas for springtime-
young gaye rennie



WHEN GAYE RENNIE appeared at the Glendale, California, studios of photographer Bill Figge less than a year ago to sit for her high school graduation pictures, Bill decided to offer her the chance to become a Playmate. "The moment I looked at her," frequent gatefold-girl finder Bill told us, "I felt a quality that I was able to define only later. It's the Thirties' film-star quality Jean Harlow epitomized—an ultimately stylish, glamorous essence. It's a matter of face and hair and figure, of course, but also something in the smile and the voice—and Gaye has it." Soft-spoken Miss Rennie smiles at Bill's reaction while disclaiming any ambitions to make that quality more real by working for a film or stage career. "What I do want," says Gaye, "is to follow up my Playmate appearance with more modeling. I feel wonderfully at ease in front of a camera and have had an interest in fashion for as long as I can remember." Waiting for the break into fashion modeling that she hopes her centerfold stint will bring, Gaye has been employed since graduation last June as a receptionist at Marilynne's City of Styles, a Glendale beauty salon. "The job is a great way to keep

The Glendale beauty salon in which she doubles as receptionist and well-groomed model of what the shop would like to accomplish for its customers is Playmate Gaye Rennie's ticket to enjoyment of a host of activities. "After I leave the shop, I feel wonderfully free to do whatever I want the rest of the afternoon," says Gaye, "no matter how simple the fun might be." At bottom left, she joins a nephew and his friends in all-out slot-car competition; at right, she allows herself the luxury of an hour alone with her sketch pad in an out-of-the-way glen.







myself solvent and yet have time to do what I want," says our lady in waiting, for whom doing what she wants means reading, painting and leading an active social life. "I'm pretty much a fun-and-games person on dates, whether it's slot-car racing in the evening or an exhausting afternoon of tennis. The quietest moments I leave myself are those when I go off to sketch." Poised on the threshold of her career but still free enough to enjoy social evenings and afternoons alone with her pastime, Gaye Rennie makes a thoroughly model Playmate.

Gaye's introduction to regular bowling began with confusion: "Are you sure I'm supposed to be using a ball this big?" she asked friend Ed Salven. But her experience with the duckpin version of the game paid off in the strike-reflecting sequence of shots below. On more formal nights out, Gaye opts for dinner-and-jazz dates if the jazz can be had in concert or coffeeshop. "Night clubs are out," says 18-year-old Gaye, "and I'm having too much fun to miss them."





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS APRIL

Arriving at her digs' doorstep after the evening's bowling and a late snack at a nearby Mexican restaurant ("Enchiladas, *tacos*, *tortillas*—I love them all, and the hatter the food the better"), Gaye lets Ed know she's looking forward to their next outing.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Congratulate me, Pop," said the young man, "I'm in love with a girl."

"Son," observed his dad, "you couldn't have made a better choice."

Have you heard about the ingenious callgirl who found a better-paying position?

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *maiden-head* as a virgin who trips out regularly.



Within a year after marrying one of a set of gorgeous identical twins, the exec found himself in court, asking for a divorce. When the judge demanded his reasons, the exec replied, "It's this way. My wife's sister visits us a lot and I sometimes come home and make love to her by mistake."

"But surely there's some difference between the two women," the judge said.

"You bet there is," responded the exec. "That's why I want a divorce."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wiener* as the first to cross the line in a Mexican horse race.

The young college physician was bewildered by the procession of unhappy coeds regularly visiting his office for a pregnancy test. "There seems to be something in the air this time of year that causes young girls to get pregnant," he commented to an older colleague. "What is it, I wonder?"

"Their legs," replied his friend.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines a *transvestite* as a fellow who likes to eat, drink and be Mary.

Then there was the jaded bachelor who finally got married—so that he could join a wife-swapping club.

While he was struggling with a jammed cigarette machine in the lobby of his hotel, the youthful conventioneer's hand slipped off the knob and his elbow struck a passing girl on the chest.

"I'm terribly sorry," the man said. "But if your heart is as soft as your breast, you'll forgive me."

"Oh, I do," she answered with a warm smile. "And if the rest of you is as hard as your elbow, my room is 613."

It must be terrible to be lame," the woman remarked, dropping a quarter into the beggar's hat.

"It sure is, lady," he agreed.

"But wouldn't it be worse to be blind?" she asked.

"Much worse," replied the beggar. "People kept giving me slugs when I was blind."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *peer group* as a voyeurs' club.

While studying in Paris, the son cabled his wealthy father: "PLEASE SEND \$300. AM GOING TO THE COUNTRY TO VISIT A FRENCH COUNT."

Cabled his father in reply: "NOT ANOTHER DIME UNTIL YOU LEARN HOW TO SPELL."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomania* as aye trouble.

How did you like your stay at the nudist camp?" asked one bachelor of another.

"Well," responded the neophyte, "the first three days were the hardest."

During a conversation with a kindly old minister, the young man asked, "Is it really such a sin to sleep with a girl?"

"Oh, no," answered the minister, "but you young boys—you don't sleep."



I went golfing with Scott yesterday," the attractive student told her sorority sister.

"Does he use the woods well?" asked her friend.

"I really don't know," sighed the first girl. "He insisted on playing golf all day."

With their wedding date finally set, the bride-to-be smuggled up to her fiancé and said, "Darling, I want to make love *before* we get married."

"But it won't be long until July, dear," he replied.

"Oh," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "And how long will it be then?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I'm sorry, son—if I let you, they'll all want to."



fiction BY JOHN MCPHEE

"THERE IS NO SUCH THING as heat lightning," Bobby Norton told his wife. "The illuminations of a hot summer evening, flashing and flashing again, with no following sound, are actually made by lightning strokes in electrical storms so far away that the thunder dies in the air long before it can reach the ear of the observer. While a lightning stroke is destroying something somewhere, it is flickering, you see, like the aurora, somewhere else. A thunderstorm over Washington can cause 'heat lightning' to appear in rainless skies in Connecticut. A thunderstorm over central Florida can produce 'heat lightning' that brings a second of daylight to a ship in darkness two hundred miles at sea."

Bobby Norton never required much of an occasion for one of these lectures. If he had the information, it would eventually come out; and he was full of information. He was, this time, at the helm of a 12-foot dinghy, powered by a small outboard motor, moving north across Lake Howard, in Winter Haven. Over the south shore of the lake, the sky was compounded with thunderheads, supported on brilliant stilts of lightning. His wife, Ruth, sitting in the bow of the boat, was worried. Bobby waited for her to ask him a question, something to show that, despite her fears, she was absorbing what he was saying. She said nothing. He paused in his discourse. Talking over the sound of the engine



*his reassurances were based on knowledge, but even a lot of knowledge
can be a dangerous thing when a boat challenges the artillery of the gods*

caused considerable strain in his throat. She kept her eyes on the storm. The thunderheads had not yet cut off the sun. In the sunlight, only Ruth would be afraid. Other boats were moving on the water in apparent unconcern.

• • •

Earlier in the day, Ruth's fear had been the sun itself. They had rented the dinghy at the far end of a chain of lakes. Going from one lake to another in the glaring light, she had begun to worry about the possible effects of too much sun and had become so preoccupied that he—annoyed, angered, impatient to get on with the boat trip, although it had no planned destination—had stopped at a marina so that she could buy a bonnet. "Why didn't you bring a hat with you?" he had asked.

"I didn't think there would be so much sun."

"What *did* you think?"

Her voice took on some anger of its own. She said, "I didn't think there would be so much sun."

Ruth, not hurrying, chose a straw bonnet patterned in white and orange checks, filigreed with strands of

metallic thread. When she had returned to the dinghy, Bobby pulled explosively at the cord of the outboard engine and it started the first time. He shoved the throttle all the way over and they moved briskly away from the marina. Bobby had an eagle nose and eyes; and he watched everything, left and right, with an alertness that went beyond the demands of travel in a small outboard. Bobby had something of a flush in his face and was out of condition, but he did not look his age. He was 40. It pleased him that he was still called Bobby. He kept his hair shaggy. He never wore a hat; and he hoped that he would be called Bobby all his life. In the bow, Ruth seemed a little more at ease, under the wide brim of the bonnet, sitting with her arms around her knees. She sat with her legs toward the stern, toward Bobby; but, for some time after leaving the marina, she kept her eyes on the passing shore line.

Most of Winter Haven's lakes were edged with lawns, attractive houses and ornamental citrus trees bright with fruit. Emerging into Lake Eloise, the eighth lake in the chain, Bobby was impressed with its peripheral stands of cypress. The big trees seemed to wade out into the water on their thousand-legged roots. The shore line was hidden among them. They readily formed, in Bobby's imagination, an athlete's broken field, an irresistible network of dark channels. He swung the bow of the dinghy toward the shore, picked a likely opening and churned between two trunks into the cool labyrinth between the outer trees and the obscure beginnings of dry land. "Bobby, where do you think you're going? Bobby!" He swung the bow too far, missing one tree, and glanced off another. "Bobby! You're going to wreck the boat."

He found a clearer route among the trees and the dinghy moved on. They sped past the big trunks, sliding over outreaching roots. This was a series of challenges and crises, and Bobby faced each successive one with increased sureness. As the boat shoved past one giant cypress, the propeller guard struck a submerged root, the engine tilted forward and the propeller, coming out of the water, screamed in the air. "Bobby," Ruth shouted, "I am going to take the next train home."

He shouted back, "Cypresses were derived from pines during the Mesozoic era." The propeller bit into the water again. He looked at Ruth. She was clutching a gunwale. "Cypresses were sacred to Pluto. If a cypress is cut down, its stump will not put forth new stump sprouts, and the cypress is therefore a symbol of the dead." He turned suddenly, almost at a right angle, and headed toward a slot between two great trees, beyond which was open lake. He was heading for pay dirt now, shaking off the secondary. The boat picked up speed

and the hump of white water behind it increased. "Cypress knees breathe," said Bobby. The boat started to go between the two trees. The propeller hit another root and bounced up out of the water again, raging.

"Bobby!" Ruth screamed. The propeller dropped back into the water, but the boat, as it moved out of the shade of the cypresses and into the sunlight, was drifting and had no power. The engine was still going. Bobby looked over the stern. The propeller was not moving.

"Something must have knocked it into neutral," he said to Ruth. The boat was drifting farther out from the trees. He shut the engine off. "I don't know what's the matter with it," he said.

"You hit a root—that is what is the matter with it," said Ruth. "Why do you take chances only when you know you can't really get hurt?"

Bobby picked up an oar, angled its blade, slapped the surface of the lake and sent a sheet of water in her direction. It missed her and fell back into the lake. He lifted the oar, as if to try again, but this time he waved the oar at a man and a woman in a cabin cruiser that had rounded a point and was moving toward them. The couple waved back. Bobby kept swinging the oar back and forth over his head. The other boat slowed down and turned toward them, drifting to a stop beside them.

"Something wrong?" asked the man who was operating the cabin cruiser.

"The engine goes, but the propeller doesn't," said Bobby. "Do you know how these things work? This isn't my boat."

"Let me have a look at it," said the other man, who was wearing bathing trunks and had an emphatic tan. Leaning far over the rail of his boat, he reached down and inspected Bobby's outboard motor. In a moment, he straightened up. "You've broken your shear pin," he told Bobby. "I think I probably have something here that will at least hold for the rest of the day." He tossed a seat cushion to the deck of his boat, lifted a lid and began to hunt around in his tool chest. He found what he was looking for and, with a wrench in one hand, again cantilevered himself toward Bobby's motor.

"My name is Norton. I'm glad you came along."

"Mine is Johansen," said the other man. "I'm the photographer at Cypress Gardens. My wife here was Miss Florida at Atlantic City two years ago. Can you believe it?"

"Oh, Joey," Mrs. Johansen said complainingly. She was going to have a baby, apparently within the week.

Bobby looked with interest at Mrs. Johansen. Actually, Ruth was the better looking of the two women. Ruth had green eyes and dark-brown hair. Her appearance suggested aggressive health, but fears of illness and disaster rotated

endlessly through her mind. What Ruth needed most in the world was diversion, something to push aside her self-propagating suspicions. Her marriage to Bobby, whom she had met one summer in Rhode Island, had happened largely because Bobby diverted her. She was brighter than he was, but he knew more. He became a kind of intelligence in waiting for her, delivering cadences of fact while she listened. He described the solar system to her on one early occasion and, on another, explained the making of hail. He knew unbelievable things about the Six Nations of the Iroquois. Amused, impressed, distracted, she married him. At breakfast, his encyclopedic monologs were better than the backs of cereal boxes and, at other times, he replaced magazines. Bobby received as much as he gave. He not only liked to be listened to, he needed to be listened to. Unfortunately, the couple had, by now, in other respects, developed between them a friction that went beyond the reach of any kind of insight. Ruth no longer found Bobby either interesting or diverting. When he talked to her now, he often realized that he was only talking to himself; and at these moments, she sometimes enraged him.

Above their heads, a man on water skis was flying. He had a large framed-canvas sail and he had turned himself into a human kite. A Chris-Craft was towing him and people on the shore were clapping sincerely for him as he swooped and soared high above the water. Bobby's boat and Johansen's boat had drifted into view of the main waterfront of Cypress Gardens. Beyond the grandstand of the water-skiing show, college girls in ante-bellum gowns were posing on sloping lawns before the cameras of tourists, with rare blooms and Japanese ryalos in the background. Three water skiers, side by side, went up an inclined platform and sailed through the air to perfect and simultaneous landings; and the human kite descended climactically and landed with a distinguished splash. Ruth didn't seem to notice. She had, a moment before, heard the first sound of thunder.

"There she is," said Johansen, pulling himself back into his boat. "Try it now. It should be good for five or six hours' use. Tell the man who rented it to you that he needs a new shear pin."

The two boats separated with a flourish of motors. Deciding to start back, Bobby headed for the outlet that would return them to the seventh lake in the chain. Thunder sounded, and Bobby studied the cumulus formations to the south, trying to see which way they were moving. "I don't think we ought to be out on the water in a lightning storm," said Ruth.

"The sun is shining," said Bobby.

(continued on page 126)



Liqueur Legerdemain

from sangaree comforts
to tequila fresas—a colorful
assortment of
cordially concocted potations

drink

By THOMAS MARIO

"AS HE BREWS, so shall he drink." Bibulous Ben Jonson's words have a special ring of truth in the age of the side car, the stinger and the rusty nail—all typically colorful names for cocktails compounded with liqueurs. The latest, the rusty nail, is also one of the most mellow—a simple libation of Scotch on the rocks with a float of Drambuie.

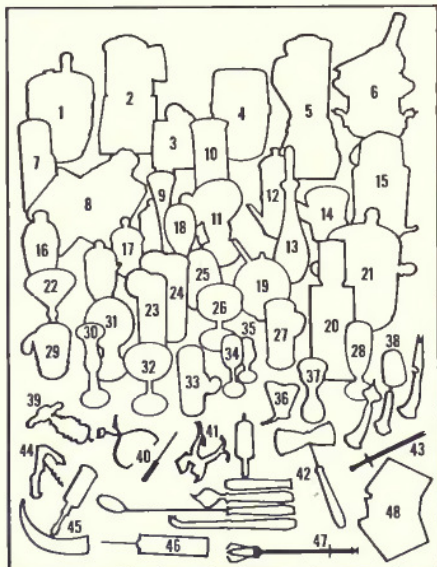
Americans searching liqueur shelves are still occasionally baffled by the two words liqueur and cordial. They mean exactly the same thing. No such bafflement

bedeviled the early liqueur drinkers in Europe, who used both words together, *liqueurs cordialis*, meaning liqueurs of the heart, to describe the mellifluous compounds invented by monks and dispensed in monasteries for all whose spiritual comfort was miraculously braced by a small potion of bodily comfort. Later, in France, the *crèmes* appeared, the creamy smooth liqueurs with the special softness and full flavor found not only in certain liqueurs but even more so in the mixed (text continued on page 120)



THE BAR FACTS. Following the numbers:

1. Cut-crystal wine bucket, from Dunhill, \$65. 2. Seven-speed blender, by Hamilton Beach, \$49.95. 3. Bar block and knife, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$13. 4. Chrome-plated ice bucket, from E. J. Coles, \$42.50. 5. Push-button blender, by Waring, \$34.99. 6. Silver-plated champagne cooler, from C. D. Peacock, \$160. 7. Brass martini pitcher, from E. J. Coles, \$12.50. 8. Wine basket on brass-finished stand, by Kraftware, \$9. 9. Crystal champagne glass, by Lenox, about \$3.50. 10. Battery-powered Drinkmaster, from Neiman-Marcus, \$10. 11. Brandy warmer with snifter, from E. J. Coles, \$6.95. 12. Espresso maker, from Bonniers, \$11. 13. Crystal decanter, from Bonniers, \$25. 14. Individual martini server, from Iron Gate, \$30. 15. Ice crusher, by Swing-A-Way, \$11.95. 16. Glass cocktail shaker, from E. J. Coles, \$4.95. 17. Glass condiment set, by West Virginia Glass, \$6 complete. 18. Tulip champagne glass, by Riekes-Crisa, \$9.60 per dozen. 19. Cocktail pitcher, from Iron Gate, \$11. 20. Crystal decanter, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$40. 21. Glass ice bucket with flask, from Dunhill, \$25. 22. Grasshopper cocktail glass, from The Reeves Co., \$9.60 per dozen. 23. Cherry cobbler in 12-oz. highball glass, by Lenox, about \$2. 24. Sloe gin fizz in 16-oz. highball glass, by West Virginia Glass, \$7.20 per dozen. 25. Brandy snifter, by Lenox, about \$2. 26. Yellow fingers in saucer glass, by Baccarat, \$6. 27-30: Apple ginger fix in 10-oz. highball glass, about \$2.25; parfait/sour glass, \$2.40; tequila fresa in old fashioned glass, \$1.30; B & B with cream in liqueur glass, about \$2.50, all by Lenox. 31. Brandy snifter, from Bonniers, \$8. 32. Gold cadillac in saucer glass, by Lenox, about \$3. 33. Irish coffee glass, by Lenox, \$2.95. 34. and 35. Two-oz. cognac and brandy glasses, \$9.60 and \$8.40 per dozen, both by Riekes-Crisa. 36. Double-barreled jigger, from Neiman-Marcus, \$8. 37. Brass double jigger, from E. J. Coles, \$2.50. 38. Stag-handled bar tools, from Neiman-Marcus, \$40 the set. 39. Brass corkscrew, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$12. 40. Ice tongs and pick, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$6.50 the set. 41. Champagne-cork remover, from Bonniers, \$3. 42. Stainless-steel and walnut bar tools, from Hoffritz, \$60 the set. 43-45: Garnish spear, \$4.25; corkscrew, \$3.75; stag-handled corkscrew, \$12.95, all from E. J. Coles. 46. Cork pump, from A. & F., \$7.50. 47. Ice tongs, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$6.75. 48. Teak coasters, from Bonniers, \$8 for eight.



drinks glorified with liqueurs. Another type, which bobbed up in the U.S.—fruit-flavored brandy—is simply a liqueur guaranteed to have a brandy base and to be of somewhat higher proof than other liqueurs.

But glossaries aside, what makes all liqueurs such effective tools in the hands of skillful barmen is the fact that, for mixing purposes, liqueurs are composite masterpieces to start with. When you crack a bottle of whiskey, you know that it's made from grain; rum comes from sugar; wine, from grapes. But liqueurs are blended from a fantastic assortment of seeds, roots, flowers, fruits, peels, berries, barks, herbs, essences, sugar, honey; and neutral spirits, brandy, rum and even wine at times. It's easy to believe, once you've carefully sipped it, that Chartreuse contains 130 ingredients. The reverently guarded formula was given to the Carthusians of Paris in 1605 and passed along by them to the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, where it was perfected in 1757. Not even the torture specialists of the French Revolution nor the enforced exile of the fathers to Spain could pry loose the secrets of their velvety liqueur. When an outsider once joined the *Pères Chartreux* with the specific goal of discovering the coveted recipe, he was nabbed just as he managed to lay hands on the withered old document. What the culprit failed to realize was that his senior colleagues were not only liqueur-making monks but Frenchmen. And Frenchmen have never been in the habit of giving anything away, particularly one of their oldest and most renowned *digestifs*. Even as presumably simple a liqueur as the blackberry-flavored brandy made by Leroux contains several different kinds of berries; each must be balanced from crop to crop each year and from batch to batch. To make the final blend even more like blackberries than blackberries themselves, a small stream of fresh raspberries with their silken flavor or rich-scented loganberries may be added as an artful overtone. All of this, in substance, means that when you concoct a drink such as a tall blackberry Collins, you're starting out with compound rather than simple interest from the very first ounce you draw from the bottle.

Mixed drinks with liqueurs are not designed for stuffed shirts but for the enlightened minority that is sufficiently mature yet young enough to welcome new taste sensations. Especially at the kind of party where the tried-and-true roast beef is being offered, or at a buffet table where the reliable curried shrimp or platters of familiar cold cuts are on display, new liqueur combinations before or after dinner will pamper the most critical palates. When we think of liqueurs as exclusively after-dinner drinks, we forget that two of the most illustrious

pre-prandial drinks—absinthe in France and the Sazerac cocktail in New Orleans—were both made with an anise liqueur. Absinthe, the green muse, contained wormwood and is now sensibly outlawed. It was the drink that not only caused the great French poet Alfred de Musset to miss many sessions of the French Academy but also brought down on his head the stricture of his fellow immortals that "He absinthes himself too much." Absinthe's direct descendant, Pernod, is a perfect example of how a liqueur can shine as well in the prolog of a party as in the epilog. It's one of those assertive high-proof liqueurs whose personality you might not expect to blend well in the mixed company of other potables. However, we know of no eye opener more soul-gladdening than the new brunch drink, the tiger tail—a jigger of Pernod and three ounces of freshly squeezed orange juice on the rocks with the juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ lime all churned in an 11-oz. old fashioned glass and topped with a slice of lime. In France, the most celebrated predinner aperitif is the semitall vermouth cassis—vermouth, crème de cassis, soda water and ice. Actually, crème de cassis, a low-proof liqueur made from black currants, is seldom if ever taken at the end of a meal. A cousin of the vermouth cassis, the *vin blanc* cassis, makes an even happier balance. In proportions of seven parts white wine to one part crème de cassis, it's known as the kir cocktail, a particularly ingratiating drink for those who want their appetites gently elevated rather than suddenly jolted.

One of the unforeseen blessings of Prohibition was the talent developed by many hosts for making mixed drinks with liqueurs. The most barbarous bathtub gin, it was found, could be made potable by the addition of just-off-the-boat crème de cacao and sweet cream dervishly shaken with ice and alchemized into an alexander (35 years after the iniquitous dry era, women's infatuation for this sweet, rich cocktail shows no sign of slackening). It was a time when a man who owned a bottle of one of the old proprietary liqueurs could pour the tiniest float on a glass of doubtful Scotch and the dram was instantly made civilized. Although necessity is no longer the mother of new drinks, liqueurs, like silken diplomats, are still smoothing the way for venturesome drinkers. Countless travelers south of the border have taken to tequila. You can lead an American to tequila, but the best way to raise the curtain on the Mexican spirit is to serve a margarita, a cocktail of tequila, lime juice and triple sec. Beginners can be assured that Mexican tequila isn't the rough-and-tumble drink it once was. It's now carefully pot-stilled from mescal, aged in wooden casks and bottled at 80 and 86 proof. When taken straight, it

bears an almost uncanny resemblance to Holland Genever gin, another flavor that's usually not love at first sip but that eventually becomes captivating. To most Americans, tequila is still a new vessel on the drinking sea, but in a margarita the modest $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of triple sec (a liqueur that you *don't* have to learn to like) is the smooth operator that puts the margarita across. Banana frozen daiquiris made with the true fruit banana liqueur, a high-fidelity flavor at its finest, are both smoother and more consistent than frozen daiquiris made with fresh fruit.

For the past several years, the dessert cocktail has gained more and more acceptance. Many an alert host has discovered that his guests prefer an impromptu gold cadillac cocktail to a thick chunk of napoleon pastry, or an icy grasshopper to a stodgy Boston cream pie. Although dessert cocktails are made at the last moment, they're not an elaborate ritual requiring you to go A. W. O. L. from your guests while the drinks are being mixed. Many dessert cocktails are lavish with sweet cream, served biting cold, in deep saucer champagne glasses or oversize cocktail glasses. Many are simple floats—a float of sweet cream on a coffee liqueur such as Kahlúa, or a float of whipped cream flavored with green crème de menthe on curaçao. Recently, bottled liqueur amalgams have appeared: Vandermint, a Dutch combination of chocolate and mint; Sabra, a liqueur from Israel made from cactus; coffee and crème de menthe in De Kuyper's Koffie Menthe.

Centuries ago, Hippocrates mixed his hydromel, a combination of wine, honey and herbs, and called it medicine. In the ages that followed, sorcerers of all stripes mixed spirits, sugar and spices and presented them to people such as Madame de Montespan, the mistress of Louis XIV, who called the drinks aphrodisiacs. Alchemists hoped that if they kept mixing liqueur combinations long enough, they'd eventually transmute base metals into gold. Hosts nowadays are more concerned with conviviality than with carats. They mix their drinks with liqueurs and hope the results are sterling. Each recipe makes one drink.

GRASSHOPPER

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. white or brown crème de cacao
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. green crème de menthe
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. cream
 Shake well with ice. Strain into pre-chilled large cocktail glass.

COFFEE GRASSHOPPER

$\frac{3}{4}$ oz. coffee liqueur
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. white crème de menthe
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. cream
 Shake well with ice. Strain into pre-chilled large cocktail glass.

(continued on page 184)

HOW TO PICK THE RIGHT MAN

SAGE ADVICE FOR THE EXECUTIVE WHO WOULD HIRE AND PROMOTE WISELY

THE PROBLEM of how to select the right men to fill executive jobs has been occupying—and, in some instances, preoccupying—many individuals in the business world for quite some time. Fully aware that no company can be any better than the people who run it, businessmen are ever hopeful of building management staffs made up of men who are paragons of all known or suspected virtues. Theoretically, there should be an ideal man for every position; but, in practice, this is seldom, if ever, the case. No one is without flaw. The perfect man—or, if you prefer, the compleat executive—may be born someday in the distant future, but I am inclined to doubt that he will make his appearance in my lifetime or in that of anyone who reads this article. Hence, the selection of executive personnel boils down, as do just about all things in life, to accepting the fact that although perfection may be a goal, it is seldom attainable. Instead, one must find the most promising compromise, seeking out the man who seems best qualified for any given opening and who is thus the right man for that job.

Business management is largely a matter of decision, and there are few decisions more critical than those involved in hiring or promoting executive personnel; for the men ultimately picked will themselves be required to make decisions that can quite literally make or break the company that employs them. In recent years, the devising of yardsticks by which an individual's qualifications and potential may be measured has become at once a parlor game, an honored profession, an obsession and an industry in itself. Businessmen, personnel specialists, management consultants, psychologists and countless others have devoted vast energies to formulating lists of characteristics that, they claim, a man should possess if he is to be a successful executive. There is some agreement on certain fundamental and rather obvious qualities (for example, most sources concede that an executive should be "intelligent"); beyond such basics, the crystal ball is clouded.

But then, there has never been anything like full agreement on what makes a man better or worse than his fellows. More than 2000 years ago, Plato theorized that human behavior patterns are controlled by three factors: appetite, emotion and thought, all of which should function in harmony. However, Plato warned, "even in good men there is a lawless wild beast . . . which peers out in sleep." Aristotle argued that when any human qualities are carried to extremes, they become vices, and that "good" qualities are those that lie midway between bad extremes. For example, ambition is the desirable middle ground between the bad extremes of laziness and avarice. Socioeconomic theorist Charles Fourier spent years painstakingly cataloging what he maintained were the 810—no more, no less—types of human character; while William James simply divided people into two groups, the "tough-minded" and the "tender-minded." Sigmund Freud injected the id, the ego and the superego—and a host of theories regarding sexual motivation—into the question of personality appraisal. William McDougall, an avant-gardist in social psychology, neatly explained human behavior with seven motivating "instincts"—flight, fight, curiosity, disgust, parental behavior, self-assertion and self-abasement.

The list of theorists and theories could be extended almost indefinitely without showing any appreciably greater degree of agreement. Nowadays, personality and aptitude testing has become a major industry, said to gross well over \$50,000,000 per year. A University of Texas Bureau of Business Research survey of 852 U. S. companies showed that 56 percent of the firms were using personality and aptitude tests in personnel selection. *Fortune* magazine placed the national average even higher. A single testing organization is reported to have more than 11,000 industrial clients on its books. Another large testing firm runs more than 35,000 job applicants—mostly (continued on page 158)

THE PLAYBOY HOROSCOPE

satire
by sol weinstein

by their signs ye shall
know them: the way to
a girl's heart is through
her zodiacal charts



ARIES

(March 21–April 19)

A charmer of Aries—whose very symbol, the randy Ram, connotes action—has a get-right-down-to-brass-beds philosophy spelled out succinctly by astrologian Carroll Righter: She is willful and impulsive; and if things don't happen *now*, a potential partner may find her ship has sailed even before he reaches the dock. Properly symbolized males know that the shortest way to her heart is a straight line—followed by a quick delivery. Governed by Mars, the fetchingly direct Arian is suffused from torso to tarsi with the energy element, Cardinal Fire. This key element makes her a creature of catholic tastes (although she is quite willing to be enlightened by ecumenical eroticism) and produces in her a natural inclination for prolonged physical activity. So it behooves the intelligent wooer to eschew the great outdoors—unless he wants to end up playing field hockey or chasing her over hill and dale in a private running of the Boston Marathon. Brainy athletes of Gemini and Aquarius stand the best chance of channeling the Arian verve into more hedonistic directions, but Cancers and Capricorns might as well hang up their gym shoes at the outset. For this girl, any hint of Oedipus wrecks the relationship, so a chap who needs mothering had better head for home immediately. The way to win her is with massive infusions of sweets—Milky Ways preferred, or any other celestial confections under the aegis of (who else?) Mars. Since Aries also rules most of the spices, the paramour of our ardent Arian would do well to engage a gastronomic guru like Maharishi Mahesh Yogi to whip up a snack for her; in any effort to aim her for the downy kip, it's an ingenious way to curry her favor.



TAURUS

(April 20–May 20)

Rock-ribbed fundamentalism is the technique calculated to extract the most down-to-earth fun from a torrid Taurine. Affected by Venus, the laziest and most amorous of planets, she masks lotus-eating indolence with the explosive strength of her symbol, *el toro*. Thus, he who would wave his cape before a Taurine should discard the brittle patter of the cocktail-party *caballero* and come on as though he'd been coached by Vince Lombardi: Lure her into an alfresco setting (the Packers' stadium would be ideal) and try for a touchdown by the most direct of off-tackle plays. Passes are unnecessary, and the man in motion doesn't have to worry about being penalized for offensive holding. This blunt tack should earn him not only Miss Taurus' cheers but a Most Valuable Player Award. It had better; for the Taurine admires green power as much as manpower, and if she's less than ecstatic when the clock runs out, she may suggest that your relationship lose its amateur standing. She is also hungry for experience and decidedly uninterested in clothes—and what gentleman would be cad enough not to appease her appetite and remove the cause of her ennui? Able to smell a phony at a single sniff, Taurines will put up with no bull. They tend to paw the ground in approval of Cancerian and Piscean gents who come on like El Cordobés; but Taurines should never be permitted to lock horns with Leos or Aquarians. Such an ill-fated encounter could bring on quinsy, glanders and dyspepsia—or even an Excedrin headache. To summarize, the game plan should call for power plays that keep her pinioned to mother earth. The Taurine girl will blushing confess, "There's no place like loam."



GEMINI

(May 21–June 21)

This owner of the Twins symbol gets her mercurial excitability from the planet (Snap Quiz: Uranus? Mercury? Mongo? Check one.) and the element of Mutable Air. A dual personality, she loves to play Bug the Boyfriend with coquettish conversational games, but she can also be a dedicated believer in passionate communication, especially with Leos and Arians who hold enormous blocks of IBM; impoverished Virgos and Pisceans need not apply. Ever stimulated by travel and brilliant authors, a Gemini would be happiest on a global junket with Norman Mailer. But she might find Terry Southern just as kicky, since Miss Gemini is inclined toward a rather perverse sense of humor—and tends to laugh at exactly the wrong time. So don't be put off if what you consider your most accomplished line is greeted with a giggle or a guffaw. Go along with the gag, because, ultimately, that's the best way to top it. One of her more attractive attributes is an ingrained fear of marital entrapment. A hip horoscoper should inform her that he intends to play their scene for laughs and not for keeps. Astrologically, a glamorous Gemini has a mechanical flair and a love for gadgetry, so play Tom Swift and invite her over to inspect your electric etchings—a collection of kinky kinetic sculpture: you'll find it goes a long way toward mixing your media. Because of the duality of her being, an affair with her should take place in an old Gemini capsule or aboard a private plane circling over Minneapolis and St. Paul. Twin Leos and Arians stand the best chance of showing her a good time, for fun-loving Gemini unabashedly believes in the old commercial ditty, "Double your pleasure, double your fun."

IF SOME ENTERPRISING CHAP were to reprise Bing Crosby's best-selling disc from the 1940s and croon into a contemporary chick's shell-like ear, "Oh, would you like to swing on a star?," her answer more than likely would be a fervent "I'll go all the way, mac—if it's in the zodiac." Astrology, that age-old quasi science, is back with a megaboom, enjoying a fantastic vogue among the fair sex. Today, dolly birds of all descriptions are definitely star-struck; they may be chic socialites riffling imperiously past such tony fashion-magazine articles as "Twiggy Paints Her Pinkies Paisley" and "Be Bold—Go Bald!" in order to get to the monthly horoscope; or they could be the pussycats among the *proles* who pore over canned features such as "Star Gazer" or "Your Stars Today" in the daily tabloids, picking out numerically coded messages of vast import, like "DYING . . . TODAY . . . CAN . . . BE . . . DETRIMENTAL." Dare we males sneer at their preoccupation with occultism when so many maidens base their earthly positions on planetary ones? Does it



CANCER

(June 22–July 21)

Potential romancers of a curvaceous Cancerian should not be dismayed one whit by her symbolic accouterments. Although this oftentimes moody moon child of the Cardinal Water element is graphically envisioned as housed in the unyielding shell of a crab, the observant male will soon discover that beneath the forbidding exterior lurks a compliant lass whom no one would crab about. Brimming over with common sense, Cancerian misses make wonderful teachers, and men lucky enough to entice these instructresses into the groves of academe readily vouch for the veracity of that old epigram "Teacher is the best experience." Her willingness—nay, eagerness—to experiment stretches from bed to board; Cancerian cooking is strictly *cordon bleu* (quite a fringe benefit for the man who usually lives for bread alone). Taurine and Virgoan gentlemen, those most welcome at the pad of a bewitching Cancerian hostess, will soon find that the way to her heart is through their stomachs; they can expect to be offered such culinary exotica as *escargots bourguignonne* and *huîtres au gratin*. Arians and Librans, on the other hand, will be lucky to come up with an American-cheese sandwich on stale bread. When the moon is at its fullest and her mind seems 238,857 miles away, Miss Cancer is actually in her most approachable phase. The horoscoper who would take full advantage of her dwindling resistance during this dreamy state should get into her orbit by crooning a few song parodies laden with suggestive lunar references—*Full Moon and Empty Bed*, *Moon Giver*, etc.—and then begin his amorous moonlighting. A trajectory such as this should assure him of a soft and happy landing.



LEO

(July 22–August 21)

A lass of Leo has literally got the lion's share of extroverted femininity—and it takes nothing less than an aware Tarzan to keep up with her unorthodox and energetic proclivities. Daughter of the sun, she is ablaze with enough Fixed Fire to incinerate all but the most unquenchable of lovers. A Leonine miss growls impatiently at humdrum routine and will never come near the lairs of paper tigers whose idea of a heavy date is a rousing rubber of bridge followed by a racy nightcap at the malt shop. The big-game hunter who would snare her must share her flair for the dramatic; try taking her fishing for piranha at the local aquarium, or teach her to roller skate on the dance floor at Arthur. Miss Leo also possesses both the stamina and the appetite of her worldly symbol, Simba the Lion. So overpowering is she that a match-up of Leos, male and female, would be an unthinkable—if not downright catastrophic—simba-osis. Miss Leo is forced to settle for nocturnal assignations with men of Gemini and Libra, who at least come close to approximating her grandiose requirements. The suitor contemplating a conjugal get-together with the Leo in his life will be wise to forgo secluded glen and inaccessible aerie in favor of the Hollywood Bowl, for lovely Leo is not one to hide her talents under a bushel. An aristocrat at heart, this lioness purrs loudest at urbane attention and affection, and is most apt to bestow her favors on a man of equally regal bearing; if your bloodline doesn't run blue, your best bet would be to put in an appearance wearing the emperor's clothes. One last word: If you ever try to boss her around, watch out—lovely though she be, she'll never take it lying down.



VIRGO

(August 22–September 22)

Regal and discriminating, the Virgoan woman proudly expects—and often receives—worshipful admiration from suitors in waiting. With her feet planted in the element of Mutable Earth and her head in the clouds (watching for Mercury, her beneficent planet), Virgo is represented *cum* spike of grain, symbolizing the promise of the new harvest. But don't expect to sow your wild oats with her, at least not without a germination period; even Cancerians and Scorpios—her star mates—will be turned out to pasture if either should attempt to reap his zodiacal reward too quickly. Only the most tempestuous Taurine could sweep a Virgoan off her feet. If you don't fit this description, be prepared to give a time-consuming Virgoan anything she wants in return for her affections; and be warned that her wants may eventually include a ring on her finger as well as on the phone. (Gemini or Sagittarians need not come a-calling, however; they'd be star-crossed off her list.) Though Miss Virgo is oftentimes as slow in making up her mind as she is in passing out her favors, she's seldom late for an appointment; so if you should decide to tie the knot with her, have no qualms about her getting to the church on time. A scholarly type, the Virgo girl is also a semantic specialist; a Phi Beta debater might have the key to her intellectual kingdom, but he shouldn't be surprised if the evening ends in a scoreless tie. One other ploy is open to Virgo fanciers. The lady has an affinity for spotlessness; if she believes a male to be pure as the driven Ivory Snow, she just might slip and fall for him. Obviously, Yale men—whose motto is "*Lux et Veritas*"—have it made. So remember: Where there's soap, there's hope!

not behoove us to uncover whatever it is that fascinates them Out There—if we want to do some uncovering Down Here? To this noble end, **PLAYBOY**, keenly aware that modern birds are viewing potential paramours from an astrological point of view, has created the concept of *horoscoring*, a call-de-sack stratagem of astrologistics based on a knowledge of the misses' horoscopic make-up. Below, we shall delve into the attributes of each girl's individual zodiacal sign, explore the special sexual preferences that are its unique attributes, describe the motivating forces (air, fire, earth, water) and even suggest what male signs are most and least compatible. Carried to extremes, astrology can become rather involved—indeed, arcane and mysterious. For simplicity's sake, we've bypassed some of the more technical



LIBRA

(September 23–October 22)

Seen usually in the zodiacal symbol carrying the scales, a Libran miss is committed to a sense of orderly balance in nature that stamps her as a philosophical moderate. She holds to the motto "Extremism in the pursuit of vice is no liberty, if you practice it in moderation." To illustrate her balanced approach to love and life, a Libran may don the miniest of miniskirts and then mitigate the effect by wearing chain-mail panties. Or she might pick you up for a nude romp at a free beach, and then spend the entire day buried in the sand. As you may have guessed, Librans delight in assuming a hard-to-get guise—a playfully coy pose that can be overcome only by patience, coolheadedness and cold showers. The influence of Venus, her beneficent planet, and the element of Cardinal Air will keep Miss Libra out of the clutches of Cancerians and Capricornians, but lion-hearted Leos and wily Sagittarians are definitely fair game—provided they remain reserved. In deference to her need for balance, properly accredited lovers should take stock of this knowledge and proffer their check- and bankbooks for an accounting. If they don't, a Libran is likely to conduct her own audit and chances are she'll leave them bankrupt. The emblem of the scales also signifies her burning love for justice, which translates itself in humanistic terms into concupiscence with lawyers, magistrates and court clerks—who will find her appealing even after the case is closed. Miss Libra's lone weakness is a tendency to overtipple, but don't let this fact leave you in your cups. The thoughtful horoscoper knows that the libation most likely to rock a Libran back on her Achilles' heels is, of course, a Cuba Libre.



SCORPIO

(October 23–November 21)

Puzzlesome Scorpio is the crazy, mixed-up kid of the zodiac. Such are the complexities of this native of the Fixed Water element that either of two planets, Mars or Pluto, run her psychic shop. The Scorpio miss can manifest herself in two vastly different guises—either as the scorpion guarding itself with a potent stinger or as the elegant eagle unafraid to leave the roost unprotected. Inordinately fond of two disparate colors, red and black, she likes to go around with men who earn their living—and her keep—at the roulette wheel, and is apt to have a pet spaniel named Checkers. From her dark side, she inherits the power of divination; a Scorpio confronted by a masked gunman leaping at her from a dark alleyway would be able to *sense* the danger. Since a love of the macabre pervades many females of this sign, you would do well to take her on a cheery midnight picnic in a cemetery. Spread your cloth on a toppled tombstone; spice the cole slaw with wolfsbane and give her an affectionate nip on the neck; it should warm her blood. Our enigmatic Scorpio also strives to surround herself with an aura of mystery, savoring little secrets; she's just liable to break the news, whilst *flagrante delicto*, that the key heard turning in her apartment door signals the arrival (Surprise! Surprise!) of her roommate and five friends for the party she neglected to tell you about. *La Belle* Scorpio's penchant for secrets also means she may have several other gents tucked away in various corners of her life, so don't expect her to be as constant as the North Star. Though Leos and Aquarians may find this Barbie doll a deadly stinger, Virgoan and Capricornian men will find her a thoroughly gratifying swinger.



SAGITTARIUS

(November 22–December 21)

Fueled by the libidinal element of Mutable Fire, a lady of Sagittarius often falls impulsively in love with whoever happens to be within reach. Her easy grasp of abstract concepts tempts her toward escapades with silver-tongued practitioners of law and religion. In the first category, she's irresistibly attracted to legal eagles, but only those with soaring salaries and well-feathered nest eggs. Perry Mason types need have no qualms about settling out of court with a Sagittarian—she is seldom innocent. Students of religion, too, will find tarrying with her a heavenly experience, since she practices the doctrine of love with an evangelical fervor and expertise that's often a total revelation. In a Sagittarian's anatomy, Jupiter holds sway over the right ear lobe, the hips and the thighs. Though sweet nothings from the lips of Virgoans and Pisceans are destined to fall on deaf lobes, Librans and Aquarians never fail to tickle her fancy with a few well-chosen words of endearment. Symbolized by the half-equine bowman, Miss Sagittarius is noted for her love of animals—four-legged as well as two-legged—so stay out of the doghouse by presenting her with a lifetime membership in the A. S. P. C. A., an LP recording of Rin Tin Tin barking *Trees* or a chinchilla turtleneck sweater for her Mexican hairless. In return, she may bestow her own estimable gifts on you. The centaurian Sagittarian often possesses the spirited impulses of a thoroughbred race horse—a characteristic worth remembering when one is jockeying for her affections while heading into the home stretch. A few gentle nudges will tell you if she digs the bit. After that, with a bit of luck, you'll be on the right track—and the feeling will be *pari-mutuel*.

terms, such as decans (ten-day forecast messages), pecans (ten-day forecast messages from nuts) and houses of the zodiac (in these we have absolutely no interest, unless, of course, they're houses of assignation). We would highly recommend a reference source we found invaluable: *Culpeper's Complete Herbal*, the work of astrologer-herbalist Nicholas Culpeper (1616–1654), which discusses the rare herbals associated with various planets—things like fenugreek, maiden-hair fern, mugwort, campbark, horehound, which no enlightened bachelor should be without. In essence, today's young ladies are telling us in a Shakespearean paraphrase: *Our fall, dear brutes, is in our stars*. Let us therefore learn the whys and wherefores of celestial navigation and follow our favorite terrestrial sign: MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR.



CAPRICORN

(December 22–January 20)

A mixed bag of somewhat stuffy co-efficients—Cardinal Earth, saturnine Saturn and the symbol of the silent, stoic mountain goat—gives the comely Capricorn a decidedly conservative nature. Thus she'll give short shrift to adventuresome Arians and liberal Librans who, in all probability, are high on the most-wanted list of New Left subversives compiled by J. Edgar Hoover (himself a Capricorn). However, the door swings wide to four-square, clean-shaven and solvent (Dun & Bradstreet reports are among her favorite reading matter) Scorpios and Pisceans who are ex-eagle scouts or 4-H Clubbers and card-carrying members of the Young Americans for Freedom and the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club. A suitor for Miss Capricorn's hand (and he may be lucky to get even that) should suit himself in a sincere long-green-colored single-breasted suit from Goldwaters department store in Phoenix, patriotic Eagle buttontown shirt and a red, white and blue rep (for Republican) tie. He should call for her in his vintage Lincoln, gift her mum and dad with a lifetime subscription to *National Geographic* and treat the whole gang to a down-home-style clam bake and rib roast at the local Howard Johnson's. On the way there, he should catechize a passing panhandler on the earning power of the dollar and how it can be stretched through careful budgeting. Once alone, a Capricornian and her date should snuggle at a Doris Day flick and then end the evening before a roaring fire of Birch logs at his country house, reading *The Wit and Wisdom of William Miller*. She may then be induced to yield 51 percent of her all, because in her chart she knows he's right.



AQUARIUS

(January 21–February 19)

Galvanized by emanations from far-out Uranus—that planetary progenitor of all things electrical, original and offbeat—the unconventional maid of Aquarius believes wholeheartedly and whole-bodily in bestowing her universal love of life on all mankind. Happily changing partners faster than a square dancer, our energetic Aquarian leaves the impression—often too true—that she's a flighty bird who won't be caged. No fragile butterfly, however, she also enjoys sparring verbally with her latest suitor—though the disagreements are usually of the “Your place or mine?” variety. Miss Aquarius works out beautifully in the business world providing her boss is a wise old Capricornian who expects no after-five townfoolery. Leos, those notorious lioness tamers of the boudoir, may discover that an Aquarian is too hot to handle and decide to throw her to the hungry Libran wolves that are forever hanging about her door waiting for a handout. Arians and Sagittarians, both destined by the zodiac to be her soul- and bedmates, can count on finding delight in the attractions of an electrifying Aquarian; but she'll short-circuit switched-on Taurines and Scorpios attracted by her light attitude to life. Avocationally speaking, the maid of Aquarius is interested in artistic, scientific and literary types; thus, her high voltage might appeal to an Arian illustrator for *Scientific American* who sparks her desires with some clever groundwork and then proceeds to turn her on with ultrahigh frequency. A sexual altruist with so much to give to so many, the sparkling Miss Aquarius is inclined to be somewhat impractical; though she's jam-packed with electricity, this G.E. whiz has seldom if ever been known to overcharge.



PISCES

(February 20–March 20)

Ruled by trident-toting Father Neptune, the playful pixy of Pisces, under the Mutable Water element, definitely has a passion for propinquity; her zodiac symbol, as you may have noticed, is two small fishes frolicking in piscatorial togetherness. Though she's star-bound to deep-six the floundering efforts of Gemini and Sagittarian mermen, Taurines and Capricornians who want to land a Pisces usually have all the right angles. A night of dancing renders Miss Pisces an easier catch, so seafaring zodiophiles should be thoroughly familiar with such dated terpsichorean crazes as the swim, or they'll be sunk. Oddly enough, our warmhearted dancing devotee's anatomical weakness is cold feet—literally, not figuratively, we might add. Smart suitors, therefore, will see to it that she has her feet off the ground and under wraps—preferably a warm, woolly blanket—at the drop of a degree. Pisceans also have a touch of the poet in them; thus forewarned, one should flash his poetic license and come armed with a couple of couplets to set her aesthetic antennae atingle. Perhaps: “Please share with me, O lovely Pisces, / A plenitude of verse and vices” or “My funny friend, You are most hip: / Let's hit the beach and skinny-dip.” Since Neptune is the controlling force of all things hallucinogenic, a clever chap will lure her into a local psychedelicatesen and turn her on with a full-course meal: No-Cal mescal, Campbell's Cream of Sacred Mushroom Soup, rye bread with morning-glory seeds, hashish kabob, coffee with LSD sugar cubes and the *pièce de résistance*—pot roast. The result will be that he'll have a high-flying fish on his hands. Then they'll get on—swimmingly. ♐

RUTH, THE SUN IS SHINING

(continued from page 116)

"I don't care. That storm is coming this way."

"How do you know?"

"The wind is blowing this way."

"Not necessarily up there."

"I don't like it."

"I suspected that."

Both Ruth and Bobby were watching the cloud front a moment later, when a lightning bolt stood out clearly against the gray. Ruth gasped. "One, two, three," said Bobby with measured slowness, "four, five. . . ." He went on counting. When he said "Fourteen," thunder came tumbling from the cumulus front. "The lightning is almost three miles away," said Bobby.

"But this boat is slow," said Ruth. "And we're out in the middle of a lake."

"Ruth, the storm is three miles away."

She remained quiet for a while and did not protest when, emerging from the canal between Lake Eloise and the lake beyond, he headed out into open water. The storm seemed to be keeping its distance. Its rumblings did not noticeably become louder until Bobby and Ruth were on Lake Shipp, the next one in line. The rumbling was harsher, more pounding. Bobby looked back at the clouds and watched them until he saw a stroke of lightning. This time, he counted silently. When he reached nine, the thunder seemed to renew itself. The storm was now less than two miles away. The canal from Lake Shipp into Lake May was a short one. There was a bridge across it and Ruth said she wanted to stay under the bridge until the storm had passed.

Churning under and past the bridge, Bobby said, "Don't be absurd. There is no sanctuary from lightning. You can die in bed from lightning. If lightning wants you, it will get you. It is the artillery of the gods. In Illinois, a barn was once hit by lightning and every living thing inside it died. If you had been there, you would have dashed into the barn. The farmer who owned the barn was not hurt, because he was still out in the open when the lightning struck."

Glancing around, Bobby saw another bolt and began to count. He got up to five before a loud detonation stopped him. "One mile," he said.

"Bobby, let me out of this boat."

"Ruth, you're unnecessarily nervous."

"I want to get out of the boat."

"Ruth, the sun is shining. A week later, lightning hit a metal hayshed owned by that same farmer in Illinois and the hayshed was shattered. Crumpled. Twisted. Wrecked. Where was the farmer? Outdoors. Two days after that, he was leaning against a fence on his property. Lightning hit the fence, danced along it for maybe seventy-five yards and knocked him flat. He lost consciousness, but he wasn't hurt. A month later,

though, he was standing inside a neighbor's barn, talking to three other men, when a bolt of lightning, striking on a slant, shot into the barn and got him. Killed him right where he stood. The three other men weren't even touched."

The canal between Lake May and Lake Howard was a short one. "Bobby, I don't want to go out on this lake," said Ruth, as they moved through the canal and once more approached open water.

"It's only a mile across," Bobby said, heading straight for the middle. Seeing another flash in the sky behind him, Bobby waited for the thunder. When he heard it, he said, "The storm is hardly gaining on us at all. We'll give it a run for its money."

"Bobby, turn around!"

"The sun is shining. There are more electric storms in central inland Florida than anywhere else in the United States. This is the home of the lightning storm. You have to learn to live with it. You can't run and hide every time there is thunder in the sky. There's thunder in the sky all the time. Look at the other boats."

"People down here don't care whether they live or die," said Ruth.

Actually, most of the other boats were beginning to head for shore. The way out of Lake Howard was diametrically across from them, and Bobby continued to head for it. "Lightning is considerate," he told her, hesitating to see what effect such an idea would produce. She said nothing and continued to look at the storm, holding her lower lip between the thumb and forefinger of one hand. "Lightning once struck a house in Pennsylvania, set the house on fire, jumped across the street to a fire-alarm box and started the alarm," he went on. "Out came the fire department and put down the blaze. Lightning is chance itself. A writer in Minneapolis was once sitting at his typewriter when a lightning bolt came crashing out of nowhere and hit the typewriter. The typewriter shot up to the ceiling with such force that it remained embedded there. The writer wasn't even singed."

The dinghy was now about 500 yards from shore. A stroke behind them was followed quickly by an explosion of thunder.

"Bobby!"

"Ruth, the sun is shining. In the summer of 1769, lightning hit the Tower of St. Nazaire, in Brescia, and the electric fluid, as people called it then, went down into a powder magazine under the tower. More than two million pounds of gunpowder, property of the Republic of Venice, exploded. Three thousand people died." The bow had gradually swung off course. Bobby studied the far shore for a moment and re-established his direction. "Some people ring church bells

to drive lightning away," he continued. "Some fire cannons. The emperors of Japan used to hide in caves hollowed out under lake bottoms. They thought the lightning would go into the lake and fizzle out like a torch in a bucket of water. People used to hide from lightning in cages made of glass. Only eighty years ago, they tried carrying metal umbrellas that had chains that dragged on the ground. Casualties were one hundred percent. Roman generals slept in sealskin tents. They thought seals were immune to lightning. How do you know what people are going to believe two thousand years from now? Last year, a man at a little-league ball park in Elizabethport, New York, ran into a ticket booth to get away from lightning. He had, no doubt, been taught to seek shelter in a storm. Lightning hit a power line, then ran along it and down into the ticket booth, where it charred him like a frankfurter."

Ruth was looking at Bobby with an unnatural steadiness. A wide spray of light illuminated the walls of the black clouds behind them. "That was sheet lightning," Bobby explained. "There were clouds between us and the actual stroke, so all we could see was the light on the clouds. Forked lightning, bead lightning, ball lightning, chain lightning—they're all the same. They were once called thunderbolts. Each bolt of lightning has component parts. First, a stroke shoots downward out of the clouds at a hundred miles a second. This is the pilot leader. The pilot leader. Are you listening? Then, one after another, brighter and faster, come the stepped leaders. Each step goes about a hundred and fifty feet farther than the one before it and they're all meshed, like a braided cable. When they finally hit the ground, they shoot upward again, all together, up the same path, at twenty thousand miles per second. Two hundred thousand amps. Four million volts. Down from the top comes another stroke—the dart leader. It hits the ground and grows as it rises again, always in the same path. Down comes another dart leader. Then another. Then another. All of these parts together make a single bolt of lightning, striking in one moment, at one place. Sometimes a single lightning stroke has forty parts. Usually it has three or four. If the parts widen out a bit, the bolt as a whole is called ribbon lightning. A lightning bolt is never jagged. It meanders in curves, like a river."

It was at this moment—about half a mile from shore—that he explained heat lightning; but Ruth's eyes had taken on a panoptic glaze and she was obviously not listening. Bobby looked up at the sun. The black front of the thunderheads was now so close to it that the sun appeared to be on the point of setting into a dark and tilted sea. Feelers of

(concluded on page 186)



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SLACKMAN

Bucking The Scientific Establishment

article By THEODORE J. GORDON *burning at the stake may be a thing of the past, but today's unorthodox theorists often see their careers, grants and reputations go up in smoke*

IN THE LATTER PART of the 16th Century, an Italian philosopher named Giordano Bruno speculated that the stars were really suns like our sun, surrounded by planets like our own earth. Bruno was accused of heresy and pursued through Switzerland, France, England and Germany. Finally, in 1593, the churchmen caught him in Venice. He was thrown into prison, excommunicated and finally turned over to civil authorities with the request that he "be treated gently and without the shedding of blood." He was burned at the stake on February 17, 1600.

Ignaz Semmelweis was the first man to suspect that disease might be carried by unclean hands and surgical instruments. He forced students and nurses in his hospitals to scrub up after dissecting corpses and treating the festering wounds of patients. He proved beyond doubt that fever deaths after childbirth were drastically reduced by these practices. He wrote papers, he taught, he cried, he pleaded. He saw his patients live while others died. Yet (continued on page 134)

IF YOU HAPPEN TO CATCH
"TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT"
AT YOUR NABE, PLEASE REMEMBER
THIS GRADE-Z EPIC WAS WRITTEN
UNDER PRETTY WILD HANDICAPS
FICTION By RAY RUSSELL

NAKED AS A JAY BIRD, Clayton Horne was shaking his head emphatically and No-ing into the phone:

"No. Oh, no. I'm sorry, but I really couldn't. No, not a chance. I'd love to help out, but it's impossible. You're asking too much."

"Asking too much??? Are my ears deceiving me? Did you say I'm asking too much of you, Clay? My dear old buddy, I am *giving*. One of the biggest, hottest, most in-demand screenwriters in the business, namely me, Chesley B. Montague, am offering to cut you in on one half, fifty percent, of my most delicious plum. Did I say plum? It's a peach, a honeydew, a watermelon! I am *giving to* you one half the loot, one half the credit!"

"Can I call you back? I'm standing here half-showered, dripping all over the floor. . . ."

"Don't call me back. Come over."

"All right. I'll be there in about an hour."

"Fine. Got a pencil? I'll give you the address."

"Chet, I *know* your address."

"I'm not at home. Too many interruptions there, too many phones ringing, too many persons from Porlock dropping in. I escaped to a motel out here in Laguna. Got a pencil? . . ."

. . . .

The L'Amour Toujours l'Amour Motor Hostelry, in Laguna, is a mixture of architectural styles. It combines the most grandiose features of Versailles, the Alhambra, San Simeon, the Taj Mahal, Forest Lawn and early Balaban and Katz. It boasts the largest swimming pool in the world, even though an even larger swimming pool, the Pacific Ocean, pounds and roars, forever fortissimo, just outside its windows. The cabins are not known as cabins, nor even as bungalows or cabanas or lodges; they are called havens. The havens are not numbered. Instead, they are named after famous sirens of history, fiction, Scripture and legend—Cleopatra, Pompadour, Semiramis, Scarlett O'Hara, and so on. There is around-the-clock room service. One can pick up the phone and order *Wiener Schnitzel à la Holstein* at three in the morning (and it will be authentic *Schnitzel*—ex-Viennese Horst Graustein has put his stamp of approval on it); at any time of





the day or night, you can have a barber, a manicurist, a stenographer, a chiropractor, a masseur, a masseuse, a fellatrice, a priest, a minister, a rabbi, an analyst or a tax expert at your beck and call within five minutes. Low-sodium, low-cholesterol, low-calorie, diabetic, Lenten and kosher diets are catered to efficiently and without a blink. It is a hotel, a hospital, a bordello, a rest home, a resort, a hide-out, a private insane asylum, a genteel prison, and occasionally it was the workshop of Chet Montague.

But they never heard of Chet at the desk. Horne spelled the name, pronounced it in as many variations as he could think of, described Chet physically, and still the girl at the desk shook her head prettily and said, "I'm sorry, sir. There's no Mr. Montague registered."

"But he gave me this address over the phone just this morning."

"I'm sorry."

"Look—is there another L'Amour Toujours l'Amour Motor Hostelry in Laguna?"

"No, sir. There's a Bonjour Tristesse Auto Lodge in Westwood, and we sometimes have a little confusion over that."

"No, he said Laguna."

"I'm really sorry."

"He's very thin, very tall, prematurely gray, wears *blue* sunglasses and probably orange socks, clears his throat very loudly—like this: HARRRAAGH!—and at least once an hour he phones down for Bromo-Seltzer."

"That could be almost anyone."

"I guess it could. Sorry I troubled you."

"Oh, no trouble, sir."

Horne wandered away, profoundly puzzled and frustrated. Then, in the geometric center of the lobby, he stopped dead. *Déjà vu* washed over him like a tropic tide. This had all happened before. When Chet had written the *Remembrance of Things Past* script. He had registered at the Bel Air Hotel under a different name, to fox producers, agents, creditors, women and others who might try to disturb him via long or short distance ("persons from Porlock," he always called them, after the infamous one who awakened Coleridge from his poetic dream). He had used his unglamorous real name in the hotel register. What was it? Horne frowned and pounded his forehead. *What was it?*

Then the smog cleared and he walked briskly back to the desk. "Sorry to trouble you again, miss," he said, "but will you please announce me to Mr. Chesley B. Slobb?"

"Of course, sir, right away." She was on the phone in a fraction of a second. "Mr. Slobb? There's a Mr. Horne to see you. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." She turned to Horne. "He's expecting you, sir."

"Where do I find him?"

"He's in Agrippina."

"I didn't ask who he's with. I asked where he is."

"Yes, sir. Haven Agrippina. Turn right as you leave the lobby, walk past Salome, Thais, Delilah, Jezebel and Sadie Thompson, turn left at Mata Hari, and you can't miss it. Dig?"

"Dig."

A bellhop who was standing at the desk with an aerosol can of Mennen shaving cream in his hand said, "Sir? This is for Mr. Slobb. Would you like to give it to him? You know, the personal touch?"

"Do I get to keep the tip? All right, I'll take it to him." Clutching the aerosol can, Horne started on his way.

Half an hour later, having taken a wrong turn ("Oops" was all he said upon disturbing a prominent actor and a stunning Negress wearing only gold earrings—the actor, not the Negress), he finally arrived (streaming with sweat, for the day had become very hot) at the door of Agrippina. This time, he knocked.

"HARRRAAAGH!" a voice responded from within, so Horne entered the haven.

Deliciously icy air buffeted him, seeming to freeze the sweat on his skin. It felt wonderful. So he might catch cold, so he might come down with pneumonia, so he might die, so what? Now, this moment, he was cool. Horne not only approved of air conditioning, he *believed* in it, as others believe in their religions.

Chet was sitting at a desk, his shoes off, his orange socks exposed like banners, writing on little squares of paper. He looked up as Horne entered, smiled a little lopsided half of a smile and said, "Hi, pal."

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume."

"Hmm?"

"I could have used a safari to find you." Horne breathed deeply of the cool air and examined the commodious, luxurious haven. He peeped into the adjoining bedroom. The bed had not been made up—the bedclothes were so twisted and rumpled it looked as if there were still someone wrapped in them. Chet slept like a rotisserie. The walls of the living room were decorated with murals depicting episodes in the life of Agrippina. Exquisitely executed panels showed her giving herself to the powerful freedman, Pallas; seducing her future husband, Emperor Claudius; incestuously embracing her son, Nero; poisoning Claudius; and being murdered, in her turn, by Nero—all in the very best of taste. The artist had strived to make her resemble Sophia Loren as much as possible. A small plaque assured the historical accuracy of the murals by claiming they were based on Pierre François Hugues d'Hancarville's *Monumens de la Vie Privée des Douze Césars*.

"Inspiring, what?" said Chet. "They

put me in Messalina first, but I wasn't enthusiastic about the paintings of her castrating her ex-lovers, so I had them move me in here. Much more restful."

Horne looked down at the deskful of paper squares. "What the hell are you doing?" he asked. "Is this the way you work now, with a pencil, on little slips of paper, like Nabokov?"

"Nabokov uses index cards. No, I'm doing this for my business manager. He wants a complete accounting of everything I spend on postage—I'm a writer, it's tax-deductible. You know. So every time I go to the post office to buy stamps or send off a manuscript, I have to bring along a hunk of paper and write down the amount of postage myself and then the post-office character bangs the slip of paper with a rubber stamp. That makes it official."

"Christ, I know all that. But why are you writing on them *now*?"

"Look. At the post office, you send off a manuscript and it comes to maybe a dollar and a quarter airmail. You write down a dollar and a quarter in your own handwriting and the guy stamps it. Then, when you get home, you stick in an extra 'one' in front of it and it's eleven and a quarter. That's what I'm doing now. The best part of it all is that I'm using one Federal agency to screw another Federal agency."

"Beautiful. But I thought you were writing a script."

"Waiting for you, pal. What's that in your hand?"

Horne looked down at the aerosol can. "Your shaving cream." He tossed it to Chet. "I thought you used an electric shaver."

"It's not for me. So: You decided to join up with me, did you? Good boy."

"I'm here to talk about it, Chet. That's all. I felt I owed you that, as a friend. But I don't like collaborating. It's pure agony. I prefer to work alone."

"Who doesn't? But the thing is this. I'm supposed to turn in this draft on Thursday—"

"What??? That's less than a week away!"

"Don't you think I know that? I couldn't get at it before, because I had a couple of TV jobs to finish. You've got to help me, buddy."

"Well, I don't know, Chet. . . ."

"I'm depending on you! If you let me down, I'm sunk. The studio will sue, the Guild will drum me out."

"What's the project?"

"*Tamburlaine the Great*."

"The Christopher Marlowe play?"

Chet nodded. "In two parts, like my ass."

Horne groaned. "Oh, no, Chet, I couldn't. Not another sword-and-sandal opera. Have a heart. I just got through with that *Invader of Moscow* thing. If I write one more battle scene—"

"Buddy, that's why I need you. Hell, I

can handle the dialog myself. It's all there in Marlowe—all I have to do is thin it out a little. But while I'm taking care of the gum-beating department, you've got to handle the battle scenes for me. I've never written a battle scene in my life. Wouldn't know how. But you've been there and back, you can do it in your sleep."

"Chet—"

"Is it going to hurt you to get a credit on another major movie? We'll be up there together—screenplay by Chesley B. Montague and Clayton Horne—hand in hand, like Kaufman and Hart, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Laurel and Hardy. . . ."

"Chet—"

"And the money. I'm getting a flat hundred Gs for the job. I split it down the middle with you—that's fifty grand. You're still in a moderate bracket, so even if the Feds take out a third, and ten percent for your agent, one percent for Motion Picture Relief Fund, one and a quarter for the Guild, minus Social Security and state tax and the rest of it, you'll still wind up with almost half of that fifty—that's twenty-five grand *clear*. For six days' work."

"I'll do it."

"You've got a heart as big as all indoors." Chet reached for the phone. "Dear? This is Mr. Slobb in Agrippina. Will you please send up typewriters for two? And a couple of reams of paper. Thanks, doll."

"Isn't this pad a little on the expensive side?" Clay asked.

"I'm making the studio pick up the tab. It's one of the few places in town where I can get a little peace, undisturbed."

As if that were her cue, a sleepy-eyed girl with tousled black hair blossomed slowly in from the bedroom, yawning, dressed in a transparent black brassiere and nothing else.

"Oh," she said, "I didn't know anyone was here." She turned around, not with particular speed and certainly not in panic, and started to return to the bedroom, giving Horne a long glimpse of a sweet, perfectly made, lyrical ass, as symmetrical as an inverted valentine heart. "I'll put something on," she said, through another yawn.

"Come back here," Chet ordered. "There's no need for formality. This is an old, close, dear friend of mine." She meandered back into the living room. "Sweetie, this is Clayton Horne. Clay, Prudy Tippet."

Clay soberly shook her hand. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Tippet."

"Call me Prudy. Very glad to know you, Clay. Chet's told me a lot about you. He says you're very witty. Can you make me laugh?"

"That depends," said Clay. "Are you ticklish?" He groped for her ribs. She pulled away, giggling.

(continued on page 192)

OF THE LATE Harrington Hunter Hollister it must be said that he was very rich, that he had sired a beautiful man-chasing redhead and that he was a Hemingway fanatic. When he died, in 2068, I ended up with his money, his newly divorced daughter and his Hemingway collection.

"As my latest and absolutely *last* husband, I want you to have everything," Cecile Hollister told me, wrinkling her attractively freckled nose. "Daddy adored you."

"I adored Daddy," I said, trying for sincerity.

She handed me a rolled parchment.

papa's planet

their small world was dominated by one of the most fascinating men who ever lived—but there is no predicting just what will turn a woman on

fiction By WILLIAM F. NOLAN

"What's this?" I asked.

"A deed to Papa's Planet. I've never been there, but Daddy told me all about it. That's where we're spending our honeymoon."

"We are?"

"You want to see your property, don't you?"

"I guess so."

"We'll leave tomorrow."

Cecile had a way with men.

We left tomorrow.

. . .

Five million miles out from Mars, we turned sharp left and there it was: Papa's Planet—a big (continued on page 182)



*"Well, if you're afraid you'll hate
yourself in the morning, Mr. Thornton,
we can always sleep till noon."*





The Scientific Establishment

practically no one believed him. He died in 1865 from a wound on his hand, victim of the very infection against which he had fought so hard.

In the early part of the 19th Century, man faced indescribable pain during surgical operations and had only the barest chance of survival. There were no anesthetics. Surgeons cut through the flesh and bones of patients who could see and feel the tearing saw teeth. When Dr. Horace Wells, a Hartford dentist, proposed that nitrous oxide could mask the pain of tooth extractions, the establishment laughed. After arranging a demonstration of his discovery in the most famous hospital in the East, he was introduced to the gallery as an inventor of anesthesia (*snickers*). He could, said his sponsor, make the patient fall into a deep sleep while the surgeon operated (*laughter*). Wells called for a volunteer from the audience. A heavy-set fellow with a bad tooth stepped up. "Breathe deeply," said Wells. And soon the patient seemed to be asleep. Wells reached in and pulled. "Ouch!" shouted the patient. "Humbug!" The audience exploded into raucous laughter. Wells didn't know that a heavy person required a larger dosage of the gas. The world was not yet ready for anesthesia.

History? Not at all. To this day, any concept that smacks of scientific revolution is destined for trouble. Radical innovators can still be ostracized, prevented from speaking about or publishing their ideas, cut off from research money, fired, even jailed. Today, the burning continues only figuratively, but the means of rejection are as effective as in the Middle Ages. Concepts that challenge the mother beliefs of the scientific community are usually dealt with harshly. The inertia of the scientific establishment protects its dogma from all but the most insistent intrusion; it works to preserve the *status quo* of its hierarchy with what occasionally amounts to militant and abusive dedication. Take Velikovsky, for example.

In 1950, Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, an obscure scholar, completed his book *Worlds in Collision*. His premise was that the ancient writings and folk tales of the people of the world might describe true events and that perhaps we should take them literally. Everywhere he looked, from Mexico to China, Velikovsky found folklore about oceans leaving their shores, rains of fire, darkness that lasted for years, parting of the seas, catastrophic death. He established a chronology that indicated not one but a series of calamities that occurred in relatively recent historical times.

Suppose these cataclysms really happened. Velikovsky speculated: what could have caused them? If we rule out superstition and the supernatural, there is only one explanation. In its endless

(continued from page 127)

travels around the sun, the earth had been approached by other celestial bodies. These near collisions raised the waters of the earth in floods, caused earthquakes and either slowed the earth's rotation or shifted its axis. The book of *Exodus* and other writings of the same period tell of such a near miss. The body that nearly hit the earth in the time of Moses, Velikovsky believes, was a massive comet torn centuries earlier from the planet Jupiter. It had swung in a highly elliptical orbit, then passed near the earth with devastating results. Its partially opaque tail caused the 40 years of darkness the Israelites suffered in the desert. The comet's atmosphere was rich in hydrocarbons, which fell to the earth as great sheets of fire. The manna of the Israelites was a form of this hydrocarbon, perhaps carbohydrates or proteins. The comet also approached Mars and disturbed its orbit. Mars, in its turn, came close to the earth before it was shifted into its present orbit. The destructive comet then settled into a path between the earth and the sun and is known today as the planet Venus.

This explanation led Velikovsky to certain astronomical predictions. In 1950, most astronomers believed that Venus was cold. Velikovsky wrote that the surface of Venus must be quite hot, since it is such a new planet. The sun, the planets and comets must be electrically charged, he said, and extended magnetic fields must permeate the solar system. Jupiter, because of its size, must emit radio noises; Mars must be a dead planet.

The American and Russian probes to Venus and radar observations have since confirmed that Venus is, indeed, very hot. The temperature appears to be above 500° Fahrenheit on both the dark and the light sides. In 1955, astronomers B. F. Burke and K. L. Franklin announced their discovery of radio noise from Jupiter. Our space probes have confirmed that magnetic fields and plasmas extend throughout the solar system. Our probe to Mars, Mariner IV, showed the surface was pock-marked and moon-like—to all appearances dead.

With this kind of performance, you might expect that Velikovsky is now a renowned and respected astrophysicist. This is not the case. *Worlds in Collision* was first published by Macmillan and became an immediate best seller because of the publicity that preceded it in popular-magazine accounts. Velikovsky's theories so outraged scientists and educators that a tremendous amount of pressure was brought to bear on Macmillan. Some scientists and educators even went as far as to threaten boycotting the firm's textbooks unless the book was dropped. Even though it was a best seller and certainly one of the big money-makers on

Macmillan's list, the firm agreed to transfer the book to Doubleday. The threatened boycott has been defended by scientists as the "democratic privilege of organized protest." Macmillan fired the editor who brought the book into the company.

A distinguished panel, at an annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, discussed with publishers the means of ensuring that such "crackpot" literature was properly reviewed before being foisted on the American public in the name of science. Suggestions at this meeting included the formation of a scientific board to weed out the wrong kinds of scientific books before publication.

Velikovsky did, in fact, submit his work to scientific review before publication. Professor H. M. Kallen, then dean of the graduate faculty of the New School for Social Research, read the manuscript and wrote to astronomer Harlow Shapley that Velikovsky "had built up a serious theory deserving of the careful attention of scholars." John J. O'Neill, who was then the science editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, called the work magnificent. Gordon Atwater, director of the Hayden Planetarium, recommended publication of the manuscript. But before Mr. Atwater could conduct a special showing at the planetarium devoted to Velikovsky's theories, he was dismissed.

Velikovsky was roundly denounced and refuted after the book appeared. The arguments were many and varied. The most telling was this: If Venus was, in recent times, on a highly eccentric orbit ranging beyond the earth's, why is its orbit today almost circular and within the earth's orbit? Either the Mars-Venus-earth collisions produced an extremely unlikely cosmic billiard shot that left the three bodies in almost circular orbits, or forces that we have not yet recognized are at work in the solar system to produce rapid circularization of planetary orbits.

As to Velikovsky's predictions, "Lucky guesses," say his detractors. In December 1962, astronomer Lloyd Motz and physicist V. Bargmann, in a letter to the journal *Science*, accorded Velikovsky that rare scientific tribute—priority in predicting correctly that Venus would be very hot, that Jupiter would be a source of radio noise and that the earth's magnetic field extended well above the ionosphere. They recommended that his other ideas be objectively re-examined, even though they disagreed with his basic theories. Three months later, the magazine contained a letter that said, in part: "While one bad apple spoils the rest, the accidental presence of one or two good apples does not redeem a spoiled barrelful."

New data is still being collected.

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FROZEN STIFFS



satire By LEN KHOLOS

the deepfreeze preservation of bodies for future revivifying is a red-hot growth industry, what with do-it-yourself kits and new, low prices

THE PRACTICE of preserving the dear departed by deepfreeze is causing a number of unanticipated political, legal and moral problems. Originally considered a boon to mankind, the process was developed to give medical science time



to find cures for the various debilitating and often terminal diseases that currently afflict mankind. It is expected that in another 10 to 100 years it will be possible to defrost the subjects and perform the necessary therapy that will restore them to a long, perhaps indefinite life.

When the process, known familiarly as cryogenic interment, was introduced so enthusiastically only six years ago, there was not even a hint of the resulting problems that now plague us. Originally, the cost of cryogenic interment was approximately \$10,000 and it was not expected that anyone but the most wealthy would be able to take advantage of the potential benefits of this form of temporary death.

However, due to the enterprise of two men, mortician Fred Smythe of New York City and Herbert Rubinfeld, a refrigeration repairman of the Landsdale Quick Freeze Food Company, a family deep-freeze kit has been developed and has been placed on the market at a price most middle-income families can afford.

The first evidence that the mass expectation of a future life right here on earth was not an unmixed blessing was the recent announcement by the Queens



County Eye Bank that there had not been a single cornea bequeathed to it in the past three years. Similar reports have begun to filter in from eye banks, kidney banks and other depositories of organ transplants throughout the nation. It has become evident that the nation's dying plan to be defrosted in the future with all their faculties intact.

The next problem to be felt was that many of the nation's private colleges, research foundations and charitable and religious institutions are running into unprecedented financial difficulties. The reason for this, according to a recent study, is an almost complete halt in bequests in the wills of would-be donors. Uncertain of their financial resources in the world to which they expect to awaken, former philanthropists are electing to take their assets along to the cooler with them.

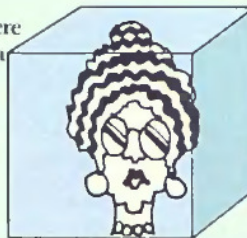


Another ramification of this trend was brought even more startlingly to public attention when Arbuckle H. Pontiac III, son of the multimillionaire toy manufacturer who died following a lingering illness a year ago, applied for welfare payments from the state of Michigan. He explained that his father had liquefied all the family interests and had hidden the cash, pending his future awakening. Frustrated after a year-long, unsuccessful search, and never having learned a trade, young Pontiac has become a public charge.

Probate courts now report that the common practice of the dying wealthy whose family devotion is somewhat stronger than the elder Pontiac's is to provide that their heirs receive only the income from trusts, with the principal to be returned to them when they resume their own active lives.

To the consternation of welfare authorities, a growing number of less-affluent decedents have taken all their assets with them, leaving their widows and orphans destitute.

The Federal Reserve Board and the President's Council of Economic Advisors have asked that, in the spirit of patriotism, temporary decedents utilize the trust system rather than the asset-hoarding technique of providing for their future. In the meantime, Federal legislation



to require this method is being prepared. Included in the legislative package is a bill forbidding banks to accept prepayment on safe-deposit-box rentals for a period any greater than five years.

Some of the more progressive states are in the process of modernizing their penal codes to meet with the new re-life expectancy of condemned prisoners. Alabama, for example, now allows that prisoners sentenced to death for the less-serious categories of capital crimes may, upon recommendation for mercy by the jury, have their sentences commuted to temporary death. Cost of the cryogenic interment would be placed upon the families of the condemned.



New York State, recognizing the new technology, has eliminated the term "murder" from its criminal code, changing the charge to assault with intent

to kill. The penalty has been set at 150 years in the cooler.

As the knowledge of the frozen immortality has reached the masses in greater degree, a number of distinct trends have been noted. There have been more heroes on the battlefields and there has been a marked increase in reckless driving by timid husbands. Medical doctors have become considerably more daring in their experiments with human patients and malpractice suits now automatically include the costs of freezing their mistakes for solution by tomorrow's more knowledgeable and experienced experts.

Meanwhile, the cryogenic industry has not been without problems of its own. Smythe and Rubinfeld's original company, Frigidead, was forced to sell out to General Mortuaries Corporation, following a cutthroat, sealing-and-dealing price war. It ended with delivery at only \$3000. G. M. had the added advantage of its financially unlimited lending subsidiary, General Mortuaries Corpse Acceptances (G. M. C. A.). Thousands of units have been sold with the attractive slogan "Die now, pay later!"



Financing contracts stipulate that if the purchaser of the kit should die before it is fully paid for, his family must be (concluded on page 197)





"What are you putting under 'occupation' this year?"



MIKHAIL ANDREYEVITCH and Boris Polykarpovitch were merchants in the same town and the closest of friends. In addition to that, these middle-aged men were married to a pair of pretty sisters, Sonya and Fenichka. Sometimes the two men had a joking argument as to which sister loved her husband better. "It's simple enough," said Mikhail one day. "Tomorrow we go to the fair at Makaryev. Whichever wife weeps the harder as we say goodbye is surely the fonder." And so they wagered five crowns.

The next day, as Boris was leaving his house, Fenichka stood in the doorway sobbing, her face wet with tears. "Do hurry back to me, *dushenka*," she wailed. But Sonya only smiled cheerfully as Mikhail left the house.

Mikhail was loath to admit his defeat and to pay the money. After remaining silent for many versts, he said, "The only true test would be to return home and see what our wives are doing in our absence. If they show the same faces, I will pay what I owe." And so it was done; they arrived just at dark.

First they crept silently to Boris' house and peered into the window. Whom did they see but a fat, jolly captain of artillery, with his bottom in the best chair, his feet on a stool, a glass of brandy in his hand and his arm round Fenichka!

"Now I am all yours, my darling," she was saying to the captain as they sipped their brandy.

"All mine? Nonsense," he said. "There's still quite a bit of you that belongs to your husband."

Fenichka jumped up and raised her skirts high, so that her charming buttocks showed pink in the firelight. "That is all that belongs to my husband," she said. "It's all the son of a whore deserves."

Boris made choking sounds and clapped his hands to his head; and Mikhail only just prevented him from bursting into the room—to be impaled, no doubt, on the captain's saber. He led Boris away, made him drink some brandy and, finally, they went on to

Mikhail's house to see what Sonya was doing. The room was almost dark—only a lamp burned before the altar. When the scene became clearer, they saw Sonya on her knees praying and saying aloud. "Oh, Lord, grant my husband a safe return from the animal-and-produce fair at Makaryev. Vouchsafe that he does not cross paths with any of those town girls who put red paint on their faces and smoke cigarettes."

Thus, in a sad and sober fashion, the two merchants went on to the fair. With tears in his eyes, Boris offered Mikhail five crowns and, with tears in *his* eyes, Mikhail refused them.

On the day they were to return, Sonya and Fenichka were drinking tea together. "I wonder what presents they have brought us this time," said Fenichka. "They always bring the most beautiful things from the fair at Makaryev."

"Well, we shall see," said Sonya. Just then, they heard the approaching footsteps of the husbands, who, a moment later, came into the room. "Ah, there you are, *dushenka*," said Sonya to Mikhail, laughing gaily.

"My dearest, you are home safely at last. Praise be to God," said Fenichka, weeping all the while.

Then Mikhail undid his bundle and he brought forth a dazzling length of rich blue brocade, enough to make Sonya a handsome cloak. Both girls exclaimed over it. After they had expressed admiration, they turned to Boris, who stood by the door with a sulky look.

"And now, show me *my* gift!" said Fenichka. Boris reached into his pocket and brought forth a small oblong of the very same blue brocade and held it out to Fenichka.

"This is your portion," he said.

"What?" said Fenichka, quite startled. Then she said angrily, "Why did you buy such a very small piece?"

"From now on, I'm willing to clothe only the part that belongs to me," said Boris. "This piece of brocade is big enough to cover your buttocks."

—Retold by Nicholas Gabayev



society's increasingly permissive moral climate ushers in an era of unprecedented nudity and sexuality on screen



BY ARTHUR KNIGHT AND HOLLIS ALPERT

WITH THE ONSET of the Sixties, a *détente* of sorts was arranged between the film and the television industries, and both mediums managed to thrive in peaceful economic coexistence. The major studios, while continuing to turn out feature films, also used their assembly-line know-how to mass-produce series fodder for home-screen consumption. In the meantime, however, an ever-increasing proportion of film production was being shifted to foreign centers—London, Paris, Rome and Madrid—where, inevitably, control over the moral content of films became harder to exercise; and with this came a shift in the power center. Increasingly, the reins were being held by New York-based financial wheeler-dealers—individuals such as Joseph E. Levine, or titans such as Gulf & Western or M. C. A. that gobbled up whole studios. Cannily assessing the state of the world market and aware of the eventual bonuses that would come from the sale of features to television outlets, they loosened up production purse strings. By the early Sixties, big budgets were back with a vengeance. With huge investments at stake—as much as \$40,000,000 in the case of *Cleopatra*—the problem of censorship became a vital consideration for the American film industry. The Motion Picture Association of America, representing the major companies, now found it a matter of sheer self-interest to fight for greater freedom for film makers; and this included not only legal battles against acts of censorship but, eventually, the need for loosening the restrictive provisions of its own Production Code.

To appreciate this development requires a brief recapitulation of certain trends of the Fifties. During that decade, the studios, unwilling to invest heavily in film production, had re-trenched on contract talent, thus allowing individual film makers (stars, writers, producers, directors) to operate virtually independently of studio control. Actors, as a result, now represented by (or in partnerships with) profit-motivated agents, no longer trotted meekly into executive offices to be told what to do but, instead, initiated their own projects. The studios, in order to stay in business, were forced not only to negotiate with the stars, directors and producers who only a few years earlier had been their hirelings, but often to grant them a share of the profits as well. Albeit grudgingly, they also often found it necessary to go along with projects they did not wholly approve of, simply to get the stars. Thus, by 1960, the studios' control over content had slackened considerably—which meant that the industry's Code was well on the way (text continued on page 142)



CODE BROKEN: Finally free of the Production Code's puritanical strictures, American film makers began exhibiting the explicit candor traditionally reserved for art-film imports. Top: In a tasteful version of "Lolita," Nabokov's best seller, Sue Lyon starred as the nymphet who kept Humbert humming. As blatant—and as popular—as its sexpotboiler source, "The Carpetbaggers" offered Carroll Baker making unmotherly love to stepson George Peppard. Center: Because the nudity was native, Catholic censors awarded "Hawaii" an A rating but condemned "The Pawnbroker" for showing a prostitute's bare breasts. Bottom: Adult dialog abounded in "Ulysses," with Molly Bloom's erotic musings, and in the vitriolic word games of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"



SPECTACULAR SEX: Ever since De Mille dunked a nude Claudette Colbert in a tubful of milk for the 1934 version of "Cleopatra," sex in the superspectacles has centered on the bath. Above left: Jean Simmons, displaying the glory that was Rome, slips into a convenient pool for a sedate splash in "Spartacus." Left: In another bath scene from the same picture, effete aristocrat Laurence Olivier makes a pass at slave Tony Curtis, but it falls incomplete and Curtis soon escapes to join the gladiators in their battle for freedom. Above: Elizabeth Taylor doffed everything but her kerchief for the famous bath-and-massage scene that ran uncut in most American theaters and helped save this multimillion-dollar remake of "Cleopatra"—and 20th Century-Fox—from financial disaster. Right: While Omar Sharif as "Genghis Khan" was off trying to conquer the world, chief sideman Telly Savalas and cohorts enjoyed the laving cave of comely maidens undaunted by the Mongol hordes. Most of their frothy fun ended up on the cutting-room floor.



WATER SPORTS: Embarked on an au naturel dip, Elsa Martinelli and friend discover in "Rampage" that Robert Mitchum is ogling their antics. After a surfside sprint in "The Seventh Dawn," Susannah York is similarly surprised by William Holden.



PREMINGER: Most of Hugh O'Brian and Barbara Bouchel's seashore embrace was snipped from "In Harm's Way," but director Otto Preminger fared better with Michael Caine's manhandling of Jane Fonda in "Hurry Sundown"—which remained intact.



BIZARRE SEX: As American films continue to mature, arcane and hitherto unexplored regions of erotica have begun to come under cinematic scrutiny. Left: Jonathan Winters, the lascivious Blessed Reverend in "The Loved One," throws an offbeat orgy calculated to raise the dead. Below left: "The Balcony," Genet's stark off-Broadway play about a bawdy-house majoring in the freakiest of pleasures, lost little impact in transition to the screen. A client clad in magisterial robes engages in fetishistic fun and games with a docile doxy, while the girls at right kill time between customers with a card game.



to becoming a dead-letter document. Ostensibly, it was still in force; but seldom could it be meaningfully applied.

The Code's principal *raison d'être* was as a supposed bulwark against state and local censorship; but after 1962, this plaguing nuisance was definitely on the decline, as court rulings went more and more in favor of cinematic freedom of expression. New York's strategically important censor group gave up the ghost in 1965, after a U.S. Supreme Court ruling declared unconstitutional the statutes on which its power was based. That same year, and for the same reason, Maryland's censors went out of business. And in January of 1968, the High Court disarmed the guardians of movie morality in prim Chicago by declaring that city's stringent film-censorship ordinance unconstitutional on administrative and procedural grounds. Still remaining to be dealt with was the Catholic Legion of Decency; but its condemnatory ratings began to ring hollow, especially when applied to the prestigious and provocative works of such film makers as Ingmar Bergman, Michelangelo Antonioni and François Truffaut, which ran unmolested in an ever-increasing number of American art-house cinemas. American-made films that incurred the Legion's wrath could also be shunted off, with profitable results, to this area of exhibition.

Despite the pronounced atmosphere of tolerance that now prevailed, however, American film makers were not entirely able to eradicate old, ingrained habits of caution (text continued on page 148)



BARE BACKSIDES: Cast as a hot-blooded wife in "Reflections in a Golden Eye," John Huston's controversial grab bag of sexual hang-ups and aberrations, Elizabeth Taylor vents her contempt for impotent husband Marlon Brando first by goading him with her ample womanhood, then exiting as a nude ascending a staircase—though a stand-in actually did the climbing for her. In a bottom-heavy accent on male nudity, 1967 saw Kirk Douglas sans pants in "The War Wagon" (far left); Robert Forster taking a sylvan stroll in "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (center); and Burt Lancaster skinny-dipping in "The Swimmer" (left).





BEAUTY AND THE BEAT: As far back as the days of Busby Berkeley's rococo musical extravaganzas, production numbers provided an excuse for the animated display of pulchritude—and films of the Sixties have kept the tradition alive and kicking. Above: Juliet Prowse and fellow danseuses shocked visiting Premier Khrushchev with their interpretation of the title song from "Can-Can"; though he pronounced it "immoral," it was tame in comparison with more recent terpsichorean sequences, such as Cyd Charisse's sophisticated strip (right) in "The Silencers," first of Dean Martin's Matt Helm series, and comedienne Paula Prentiss' crowd-pleasing take-off (below) in the far-out farce "What's New, Pussycat?"





SLAPSTICK SEX: Although coy morality plays of the Doris Day-Rock Hudson ilk typified Fifties sex comedies, Hollywood in the Sixties began treating affairs of the flesh in a frank and freewheeling way—with ribald results. Left: Peter Sellers, the intrepid Inspector Clouseau of “A Shot in the Dark,” trails a suspect into a nudist camp’s undraped precincts. Noting that someone has done in a shapely nudist while he wasn’t looking, he opts to continue his sleuthing with Elke Sommer—from behind a bush. Above left: “Casino Royale” was a James Bond parody that threatened to end the genre. As the evil Dr. Noah, Woody Allen ponders the fate of Daliah Lavi. Temporarily in out of the cold, David Niven (above, top), as one of the film’s many 007s, takes a sudsy soak with Angela Scoular; above and above right, capitalist and Communist generals—convened for a conference—find a sensual summit meeting in bath and boudoir more to their liking. Right: Sue Ann Langdon sends out a demure distress signal when cornered by Sean Connery during office games in “A Fine Madness”; and “The Rounders” found her and Hope Holiday gallantly protected by the hats of cowboys Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford after a nude swimming spree left them with nought but backless waitress aprons.





SEX IN THE SACK: Having come full circle from the decorous decades when married couples couldn't share a movie bed, film makers in the Sixties often spice even the most casual of relationships with some horizontal loveplay. Left: Wayward waitress Kim Novak has a bedside confrontation with Laurence Harvey in "Of Human Bondage." Below: As the Red Baron prototype of "The Blue Max," George Peppard proves with Ursula Andress that the Kaiser's boys can handle Fräuleins as well as Fokkers. Right: As a war-wise Mädchen in "The Victors," Elke Sommer leads apprehensive birdman George Hamilton toward the feathers; James Coburn shows more Yankee know-how in "The Americanization of Emily"; and a bare-bottomed Carroll Baker has a tête-à-tête with Edmond O'Brien in "Sylvia." Below right: Geraldine Page, as an actress on the skids, pursues Tennessee Williams' "Sweet Bird of Youth" with impassive Paul Newman; soldier of fortune Kirk Douglas samples civilian pleasures before going off to save Israel in "Cast a Giant Shadow." And, far right, Playmate Susan Denberg (August 1966) poses fetchingly before aiming bedward for a nude embrace with Stuart Whitman in Norman Mailer's "An American Dream"—but censors snipped most of her performance.

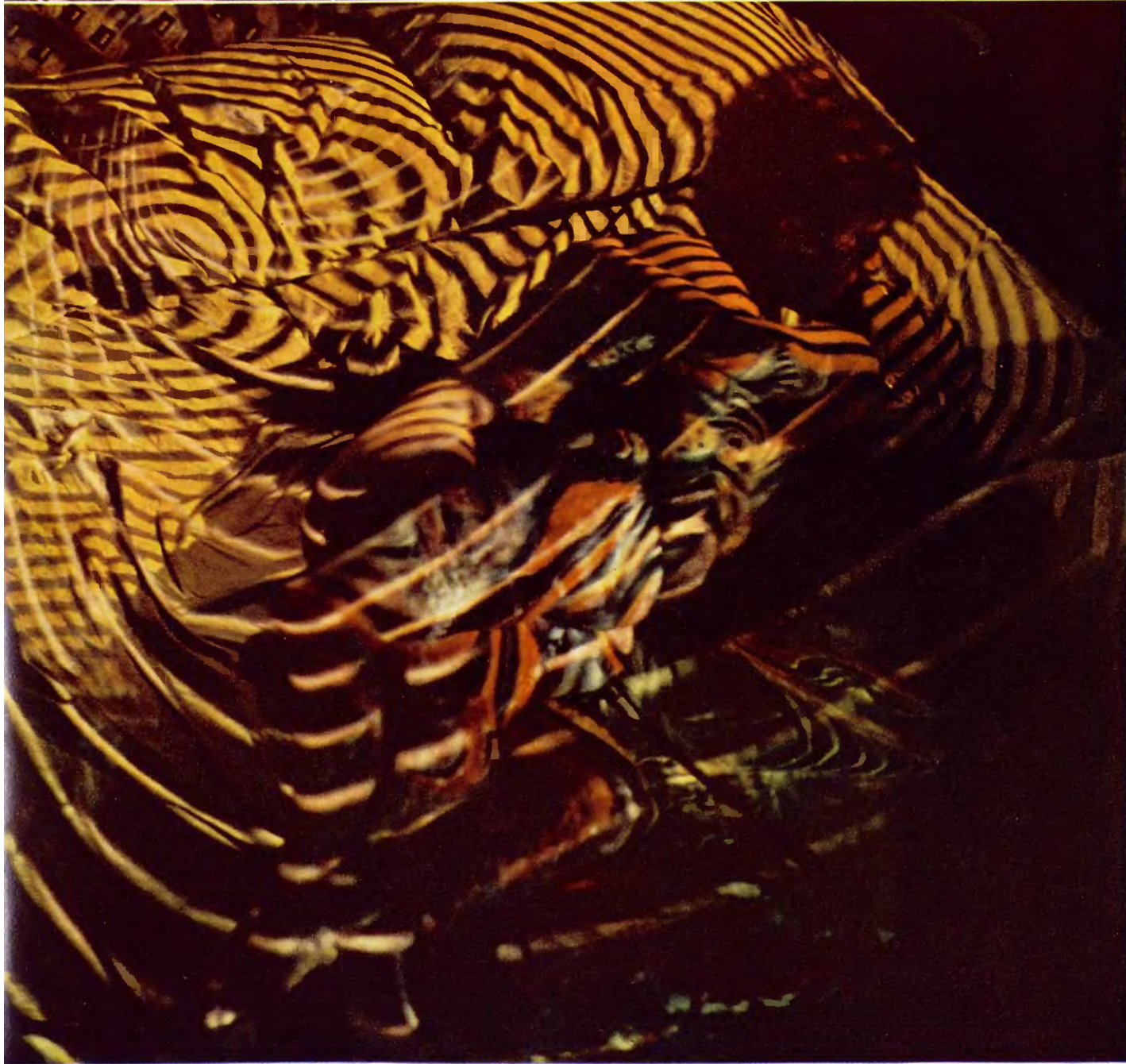






and discretion in the treatment of erotic material on the screen. Some, instead of growing up, merely managed to flower into a retarded adolescence. In one sense, at least, the Sixties provided us with some of the cleanest movies ever made. Everyone was forever taking baths! In such spectacles as *Spartacus*, *Cleopatra* and *Genghis Khan*, the stars dunked in *extenso*, their bared torsos only partially concealed by the waters—and never a bar of soap in sight. Indeed, when Telly Savalas and his fellow warriors sorely needed bathing after their long march into China in *Genghis Khan*, both cleanliness and godliness were quickly forgotten (particularly in the prints intended for foreign exhibition, as previewed in these pages) as a bevy of Chinese beauties leaped into the pool-sized tub to assist them at their ablutions. Readers of *PLAYBOY* will also recall the informal alfresco bathing arrangements of Elsa Martinelli and Robert Mitchum in *Rampage* and of Susannah York and William Holden in *The Seventh Dawn*—although both became decidedly more circumspect in the versions released for domestic distribution. But perhaps the most specifically sexual bathing scene in American movies was Sean Connery's in *A Fine Madness* (1966). Momentarily out of Bondage, Connery was shown splashing merrily in the king-sized ripple bath of a swanky sanitarium—in less than decorous company with Jean Seberg, wife of the institute's director. It can be stated quite axiomatically that the bathroom, while often a (text continued on page 198)

PSYCHEDELIC SEX: When the popular press discovered the turned-on subculture of the hippies, movies that explored—and exploited—that world weren't far behind. Top left: For *"The Swinger,"* a film purporting to show what life is like in hippie-land, Ann-Margret put body as well as soul into her art by using her torso as a brush. Left: As an American physicist turned unwilling CIA courier in *"The Defector,"* Montgomery Clift was subjected by East German agents to a hallucinogenic brainwashing that included this op-inspired dalliance between Lesbians. But the surreally erotic torture finally failed to blow his cool—or make him defect to the Soviets. Top right: Supposedly giving audiences the scoop on the anatomy of an LSD hallucination, *"The Trip"* turned Susan Strasberg into the ultimate flower child by showering her with the projected swirling images of daisies. Captured by a cameraman, the frenetic action at a mixed-media discothèque reaches its climax when a topless go-go girl gets carried away with it all and finishes her act on the shoulders of a male patron. Right: Peter Fonda, star and psychedelic traveler of *"The Trip,"* experiences an acid-escalated embrace amid throbbing light patterns that suggest the state of his freaked-out mind.



PLAYBOY The Scientific Establishment

Radioastronomy studies of Venus have recently shown that the planet rotates on its axis in a direction opposite to its motion around the sun. Today, the most popular theories of the creation of the solar system do not permit this type of motion; all such antirotating bodies are regarded as captives, which came into the solar system after the planets were already in orbit around the sun. Furthermore, Venus is rotating on its axis at a unique speed; it turns the same face toward the earth every time the planets are closest. Though not fully understood, these two new bits of data also appear to confirm Velikovsky's ideas. Velikovsky waits impatiently for the world to catch up with him. The embattled astronomer now lives in a gray-stone two-story house, vintage 1930, on a quiet street in Princeton, New Jersey, not far from the campus. He does not teach there; universities were closed to him until quite recently. Now, because of the series of remarkable confirmations, he is being invited to debate his ideas at some universities. He says, "The large portals of science are slowly but widely opening before the nonconformist of yesterday."

Others before Velikovsky had postulated a chaotic universe, but their ideas also were rejected, in favor of the satisfying, predictable, unchangeable solar system. Velikovsky taught disorder in our solar system; our space probes have found disorder there.

Little green worms, a half inch long, find themselves in the middle of another scientific controversy. Dr. James McConnell of the University of Michigan trained a group of flatworms known as planarians to contract their bodies whenever a strong light was turned on them. He used a classical conditioned-response situation: Whenever a light flashed during training, the worms were given a mild electric shock. After about 150 trials, the light alone was enough to make the worms contract. Planarians, like many other worms, can regenerate from worm pieces. Cut one in half and two worms will grow back. Cut one into five or six pieces and each will grow into a complete worm, with all organs properly placed and all worms indistinguishable from worms that mature naturally from eggs.

McConnell cut his trained worms in two. The trained head grew a new tail and the trained tail grew a new head, as expected. Then he placed them one by one in the training trough. After a few reminder shocks, the old-head, new-tail worms remembered to contract to the light. This is not so surprising; the old heads could have carried the memory. But when the old tails with their brand-

(continued from page 134)

new heads were tested, they also showed memory and required about the same number of reminder shocks as the old heads.

Planarians are sometimes cannibals. McConnell chopped up trained worms and fed them to their untrained cousins. The cousins, through some mechanism not explained, learned the light trick in a significantly shorter time than other untrained worms.

Confirmation that memory can be transmitted in the reproductive process—and that learning can be chemically enhanced—would, of course, be of enormous importance. Later experiments performed by McConnell and others seem to indicate that the cellular chemical RNA, ribonucleic acid, is linked to learning. RNA produced in trained animals seems to transmit some of that training to untrained animals when it is injected into them. In other experiments, chemicals were injected into laboratory animals to retard their production of RNA; these animals proved to be underachievers.

But it hasn't been all beer and skittles for Dr. McConnell. The pattern of opposition is familiar: antagonism, refusal of publication space, difficulty in funding research projects and the close protection of established reputations. McConnell freely admits that when he started his experiments, he was not using the jargon of invertebrate physiology or of biochemistry. He is a psychologist by training. More detailed knowledge in these fields might have made life easier, not because his experimental results would have changed but because failure to use the right scientific slang is a red flag to the experts. It says: "Look out. Here comes somebody who didn't study what we studied. He must be a kook." But if McConnell had been well versed in these fields, he might not have gone into this pioneering work, because one of the established tenets in the field is that worms can't retain learning. As one zoologist said of McConnell's early reports, "It can't be true: If it were, a zoologist would have done it years ago."

Few scientists are independently wealthy. A scientist's career and income depend largely on the reception accorded his work. In order to develop a reputation, he must present his work at symposia or in scientific journals. When opposition to his work has formed, particularly when that opposition stems from respected scientists, publication becomes less likely and funding continuing experiments becomes vastly more difficult. When the criticism comes from a Nobel Prize winner, catastrophe may be imminent.

McConnell told me this story: In 1962, Dr. Melvin Calvin, winner of the Nobel Prize for chemistry, invited Mc-

Connell to the University of California campus at Berkeley to talk about worm research. McConnell lectured there and Calvin soon undertook his own worm-learning experiments. McConnell furnished two graduate students to help set up the Berkeley laboratory and demonstrate techniques established in his own laboratories at the University of Michigan. But something happened to turn the work sour. There were personality clashes. Data was less convincing than that gathered at Michigan. McConnell thinks the Berkeley group was discouraged by slow progress. Finally, when the students left, the technicians they had been training took over. McConnell said, "With no psychologist around, with no one who had a feeling for the worms, the results became even worse. The research wasn't planned well, their attitude in the laboratory was negative to start with and the interpretation of the data they did obtain was wrong."

The Berkeley studies were published in the *Neurosciences Research Program Bulletin* for July-August 1964, and carried the message: "Experimental planarians could not be distinguished from naïve." Beyond that, the article implied that only a few reports of positive test results had appeared before, and most of these were authored by McConnell and his co-workers. If this report were correct, McConnell would be, at best, a misguided scientist; at worst, he would be a fraud. McConnell asks: "How do you fight someone with a Nobel Prize? When there are biases anyhow, doesn't authority always win?" McConnell felt that he should have been permitted to rebut in the same journal, but the *Bulletin* wouldn't take his manuscript without some rewriting. As a result, he printed his manuscript himself.

He pointed out that a 1964 survey showed 50 articles in print on worm learning—only about ten of them were by McConnell and co-workers and, of the 50, only six were negative reports. As for the poor learning demonstrated by the Berkeley worms, McConnell said that Calvin had interpreted his data incorrectly. In some of his experiments, "even a crude [mathematical] test shows that the improvement is significant."

McConnell has carried on his work at the Mental Health Research Institute on the campus of the University of Michigan. He has received personal recognition and awards in the midst of proposal rejections, money limitations and criticism. He is clearly annoyed at the scientific experimenters who fail to duplicate the results of his experiments and then launch personal attacks against him.

McConnell has often faced reluctant journal referees. Referees are scientists who advise editors whether or not a proposed article has scientific merit and should appear in print; if the thumbs go



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"That's fascinating. Then what does the boa constrictor do to its prey?"

down, the article will not appear. These review boards usually have their own prejudices. Members of these boards may have staked their careers on positions challenged by the very pieces they review.

McConnell publishes his own journal, *The Worm Runner's Digest*. (A "runner" is an experimenter who runs an animal through a maze; a psychologist who puts rats through a maze is a rat runner. McConnell and his associates are worm runners.) Half of the journal contains serious articles about worm training; the other half is composed of spoofs and cartoons about planarians and science in general. One sketch shows a male and a female worm. She says: "I'm sorry, Irving, but it would never work out. I'm trained and you're not."

Science and humor don't mix well. Howls of protest went up when some readers couldn't distinguish between the serious pieces and the lampoons, so McConnell began printing the serious pieces right side up and the humor upside down. Some scientists refuse to contribute to a journal with a funny name. Editors of other journals have sometimes requested that their contributors delete references to articles published in the *Digest*. McConnell says that there are librarians who don't place the magazine on their science shelves, because they distrust journals with odd names. So the *Digest* has now been renamed—it's *The Journal of Biological Psychology*. McConnell has even added referees. But if you turn the magazine upside down and open the back cover, Irving is still there, under the banner of *The Worm Runner's Digest*.

. . .

Even impeccable scientific credentials are no guarantee against trouble if the new ideas run counter to the accepted theories of the day. Dr. Albert Schatz was trained as a soil biologist and soil chemist and, with his colleagues at Rutgers University, discovered the antibiotic streptomycin. At the University of Chile, he was a professor on the faculties of chemistry, pharmacy, medicine and agronomy; he is currently a professor at Washington University. He has received honorary degrees from three universities. A list of his published scientific articles covers 12 pages.

With a co-author, Joseph Martin, D. D. S., Schatz presented a theory about the way cavities form in teeth. Most dentists believe that cavities ("caries" in the professional jargon) form when acid in the mouth attacks tooth enamel. This theory dates from 1880. Fledgling dentists, drilling intently on their first molar, still memorize it; the toothpaste industry is based on it.

The Schatz-Martin theory goes by the imposing name of "proteolysis-chelation." Schatz and Martin contend that

bacteria, acting on the protein in tooth enamel through a process known as proteolysis, produce not only acids but many other compounds as well, including a group of chemicals known as chelates. The word "chelate" comes from the Greek *chēlē*, which means a crablike claw. Chelating agents act on a molecular level—they grab metal atoms into their structure. In its chemical definition, calcium is a metal, and chelating agents in the mouth go after the calcium in tooth enamel to fill in holes in its molecular structure. It is the chelators, not the acids, say Schatz and Martin, that initiate the attack on the enamel.

Why all the fuss? The theories sound almost the same. But acid inhibits chelation; if the advocates of the chelation theory are right, when acid is removed from the mouth in an effort to stop cavities, chelation is aided and cavities may actually be promoted.

Schatz and Martin have met nothing but hostile opposition to their suggestion. First, they have found it difficult to publish in the big-name American dental journals. The editors of these journals are known authorities on caries, from the acid point of view. For this reason, Schatz and Martin had to publish in small dental journals, such as the *Pakistan Dental Review* and the *New York State Dental Journal*, where—as Schatz says—"the editors are in a position to be open-minded."

One of the main criticisms of Schatz and Martin is that they have failed to offer experimental proof of their theories. In his early work on caries, Schatz obtained research funding from the U. S. Public Health Service and the New York Academy of Dentistry. He did not oppose the acid theory at the time. When his antiacid views became clearer, he was asked to change his approach, then threatened with removal of funding. When he did not back down, funding disappeared. That was in 1956. In the same year, 40 consultant specialists in proteolysis and chelation, outside of the dental profession, were asked to complete a questionnaire about the Schatz-Martin theory. The great majority indicated that the proposed process was possible and theoretically valid. Funding remained unavailable. Some young researchers have attempted to obtain money to probe the proteolysis-chelation theory but have been consistently turned down. Schatz advises them to stay out of the fight. Young careers can be withered by lining up on the wrong side of a controversy.

. . .

Dr. Bartholomew Nagy of the University of California at San Diego has looked into the interior of certain meteorites and found microscopic bodies that appear to be fossils of once-living animals. Nobody knows the origin of these

meteorites—or of any meteorites, for that matter—but wherever these came from, Nagy and his colleagues said, there must have been life.

The opposition finds the whole idea absurd. "There's no indication that those meteorites were under water for long periods of time, and everybody knows there must be water for life. Nagy must be looking at museum-shelf dust, or his own fingerprints, or spores that came into the meteorite when it passed through our atmosphere."

The leader of the opposition is Professor Edward Anders of the Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies at the University of Chicago. He and his associate, Dr. Frank W. Fitch of the department of pathology, tried to duplicate the microscopic forms detected by Nagy and his associates, using only terrestrial organisms. They did prove fairly conclusively that one of the forms found by Nagy was nothing more than stained ragweed pollen. The implication: If one of the molecules can be of terrestrial origin, why not all?

Prior to their ragweed explanation, Anders and Fitch favored the view that the shapes detected by Nagy and his co-workers were produced by some inorganic process. Said Anders, "In my opinion, at least, the only connection between meteorites and life is that an article on meteorites appeared in a magazine called *Life*."

Papers and sharp rebuttals, addenda and debate have ricocheted between the group led by Nagy and the group led by Anders. One writer called this dialog "a strange game of surrealist tennis." Within the papers, sometimes hidden in the technical jargon, are innuendoes about carelessness, insufficient research, inadequate attention to detail and lack of objectivity.

The suggestion of poor laboratory procedures is as damaging to a scientist as the claim of dirty instruments would be to a surgeon. Unless experimental procedures are beyond criticism and laboratory results unequivocal (a fortunate combination that seldom occurs), traditionalists can always decry a new hypothesis.

Nagy and his co-workers knew they were sticking their necks out. One biochemist said, in a popular-magazine article, "Unless they're pretty darn sure of their results, they can ruin their careers with something as sensational as this."

The meteorite research was carried in another direction by Dr. Fredrick Sisler, a microbiologist with the U. S. Geological Survey, and by Dr. Walter Newton, chief of the germ-free laboratory at the National Institutes of Health. They sterilized the surface of a stone that had fallen in Murray, Kentucky, in 1950. Then, in the germ-free tanks at Bethesda,

Maryland, they pulverized a few grams of the meteorite's core material and placed it in a culture media. Within several months, Dr. Sisler found small particles the size and shape of bacteria but unlike terrestrial organisms. Many scientists do not believe that inert bacteria could survive after millions of years in space. Even though Sisler's approach has been a model of experimental caution, Nagy told me how the scientific community responded to Sisler's work: "He was battered."

• • •

Dr. Joseph B. Rhine and his wife joined the psychology faculty of Duke University shortly after Rhine received his degree from the University of Chicago in 1925. He was fascinated by the possibilities of clairvoyance, telepathy and precognition, and resolved to devise experiments that would prove or disprove their existence. The first tests showed that strict precautions and sophisticated statistical analysis would be required. In the fall of 1933, the researchers felt they had something important. One of their subjects, after a specified trial of 300 card-reading clairvoyance tests, produced a score of twice the number of hits expected by pure chance. The mathematical probability of such a

score being due solely to chance was absurdly remote. These tests were the subject of the first paper published by the group. "Extra-Sensory Perception" was published in 1934 by the Boston Society for Psychical Research.

The New York Times printed the story and Rhine was an overnight sensation. He notes, "A few men . . . boiled up for a time in a towering rage of denunciation of the national craze they thought must have been deliberately generated and whipped up by irresponsible sensationalism. It was an atmosphere so acrid and clouded by the smoke of dissension as not to permit a calm judgment of the real merits of the findings presented. Criticisms were overdone, phrased in intemperate language and published far too easily and incautiously." Rhine has since become exceedingly conservative about popularized reports of his work. He now permits reports on previously published data only.

In 1937, poorly printed parlor-game ESP cards were sold to the general public. These cards, approved by Rhine, gave heat and apparent substance to his opponents' arguments. But, as he pointed out, the ESP experiments conducted at Duke did not permit either the "receiver" or the experimenter to see the cards during the tests. In 1938, the

American Psychological Association conducted a round-table discussion between supporters and opponents of belief in ESP, to probe the possibility that sensory cues were somehow involved in the tests. These debates were emotion-charged sessions that Rhine recalls as a test "of the very right of these ESP workers to continue their researches." There appeared to be general agreement that the precautions being taken were adequate; nevertheless, added safeguards were suggested. Once these safeguards were implemented, the test results were less impressive but still very much above chance levels. There was the implication that further tightening might make the results completely random, but no one could suggest further refinements. To Rhine, all of the tedious precautions removed some of the spontaneity, some of the fun from the work; but the results of the experiments, according to him, can hardly be doubted.

Over the years, the two major criticisms of Rhine's work have been that lack of clinical control permitted the correct answer to be known somehow by the subjects or allowed the experimenters, perhaps subconsciously, to alter the data, and that the mathematics used to evaluate the statistical significance was not handled properly. In December 1937, there was a meeting of the American Institute of Mathematical Science in which the mathematical techniques used in the ESP analysis were examined. Conclusion: Rhine's treatment of the numbers was proper.

Not long ago, Drs. Thomas Duane and Thomas Behrendt, of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, published an article in the prestigious journal *Science* about the apparent telepathic transfer of electroencephalographic rhythms between identical twins. A storm of criticism arose in letters to the magazine that attacked the experimental techniques employed.

Some of the criticisms were apparently well taken, but others were tinged with hysteria. One writer said that he had received a letter asking, "Ought I not to resign from the American Association for the Advancement of Science [the organization that sponsors *Science*]?" In an answering letter, Duane and Behrendt admitted some shortcomings in their procedures; nevertheless, they felt they were on the right track. "Only hard, quantitatively acceptable results will prove or refute the hypothesis. We intend to seek such data and it is our hope that others will do likewise."

Rhine is now devoting his energies to the establishment of the Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man. This private institution is dedicated to the exploration and discovery of the ultimate



"Would a hate group of twenty-five qualify?"

capabilities of man. The Duke Parapsychology Laboratory has been closed: *The Journal of Parapsychology*, once published by the Duke group, will be published by the new foundation; the Duke files will also be transferred. One of the first responsibilities of the organization will be "the bridging of the gap between the firmly established results of decades of parapsychological research and the existing professional groups of scientists to whom these findings should have significance."

There are far more would-be geniuses in the world than real ones, and the guardians of public funds and the editors of scientific journals must use some criteria to judge the relative value of papers offered for publication. But it is sometimes difficult to tell the difference between a crank and a contributor. A crank may have grand visions of himself saving the world. He may be prohibited from publishing in recognized journals and may start his own. He may even start his own research institute. Worst of all, he may take his case directly to the public instead of to his scientific peers. But so may a contributor. Clearly, anyone should be heard *before* judgment is pronounced.

Suppose that technical journals were to publish a supplement each year, in which articles were selected not for contribution while conforming but for maximum possible impact on the discipline. The more controversial an idea, the more likely its inclusion. Reputable scientists might shun this issue of the journal unless one other ingredient were added: a generous honorarium, or perhaps a promise of research funds. That would make all the difference in the world; it might even become fashionable for a scientist to publish a "special" piece.

Agencies that provide cash for research might establish an analogous "kook" fund, available to qualified applicants not on the basis of the probable success of their proposed projects but, rather, on the basis of possible impact if their ideas eventually prove successful. A single success could justify many, many miscarriages.

Our lives depend on change. Economically, we depend on demand for new products to fill our productive capacity. Our national security requires innovation to provide a technological edge that, in this Cold War world, is equivalent to political superiority. Old mores become socially unacceptable because they grow boring; new thrills are challenging, exciting. We are committed to innovation, the mother of the future. To fear and suppress the radically new idea, as the scientific establishment generally does, is childish, wasteful and ultimately dangerous.



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PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 66)

warnings, written warnings and traffic summonses. There are good police officers all over the country, but this is never mentioned until an officer is killed in the line of duty. Then he was the greatest guy that ever lived.

(Name and address withheld by request)

THE FUZZ TALKS BACK

As a chief of police who is proud of his profession, I feel I must reply to Kenneth Rexroth's article *The Fuzz* (PLAYBOY, July). I find the article filled with bias and, therefore, worthless as a criticism of law enforcement.

Although professional standards and the caliber of policemen are higher today than ever before, law enforcement has become a center of controversy. Mr. Rexroth thinks that this is primarily due to the effort of the police to uphold community morals. He says that widespread breaking of laws governing drug taking,

sexual behavior and other matters of morality indicates that the public no longer wants these laws on the books. Yet it is society that has developed these moral concepts and has empowered the police to enforce them. I do not think the solution to the problem is requiring the police to abandon this responsibility.

A solution would be more easily found if the public understood the nature of police work and supported the policeman's desire not to have his hands tied in the performance of that work. Crime is increasing in this country at an incredible rate. A murder, forcible rape or assault with intent to kill occurs once every two minutes; a robbery occurs once every four and a half minutes; an auto theft each minute and a burglary every 27 seconds. But the tools a policeman needs to do his job are being declared illegal. As Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles has pointed out, "Supreme Court decisions . . . have limited law enforcement

in the fields of arrest, interrogation, search and seizure, and admissible evidence. You simply cannot produce a sanctuary for the criminal element without equally depriving society of protection against criminal acts."

Another area of misunderstanding is the frequent allegations of police brutality and corruption within police departments. If one percent of the 400,000 policemen and -women in this country were dishonest or given to brutality, it would amount to 4000 persons. Yet any profession would be glad to boast that 99 percent of its members are a credit to the group. In actual fact, only one fourth of one percent of all complaints of this nature are ever shown to be valid.

Another false assumption, stated with approval by Mr. Rexroth, is that civilian review boards will improve the quality of police work and benefit police-community relations. Actually, there is no need for such boards, because complaints against police can be handled by existing agencies within the municipal governments. The evils of such proposed review boards are that they would disrupt the disciplinary relation between superior and subordinate police officers; they would tend to represent special-interest groups; being composed of laymen, they would inevitably misinterpret the facts before them; they would damage police morale by subjecting the department to criticism by an agency having no responsibility for department actions and by making police officers fearful and hesitant that their actions in emergency situations would be second-guessed by the review board; and the review-board procedures would deprive officers of such minimal safeguards as the right to confront their accusers, of protection against double jeopardy, of representation by an attorney and the right to remain silent.

I grant that Mr. Rexroth's article makes some valid criticisms of the police; however, it saddens me to see him take an unrelievedly negative position. A man of such talent ought to advance positive programs that could be used by police departments to help make society better for all of us, including policemen.

Edward S. Kreins

Chief of Police

Sausalito, California

We recognize the difficulties that attend police work in this country today. Many communities pay the police less than they pay garbage collectors and expect wisdom and skill beyond that required of highly trained professionals. The police must handle our drunks, our traffic, our vagrants, our treed cats, our parading dignitaries, our gamblers, our urban riots and the conditions that breed them; and they must enforce an overload of morally pretentious laws. In the time remaining, they must protect us from serious crime.

Yet we cannot agree with your defense of current police attitudes. For



"Here's our written consent. Are you joining the Army?
Getting married? Leaving the country? Or what?"

example, you assert that since the community has set up laws governing private morality, the police must accept without protest the burden of enforcement. But you and other police officials fiercely criticize the Supreme Court interpretations of other laws—namely, the Bill of Rights. Wouldn't it make more sense for the police to campaign against the repressive statutes related to private sexual behavior, drug taking, gambling and other matters of morality—which are true obstacles in the fight against serious crime—rather than against Supreme Court decisions that are aimed at protecting the most important principle in American life, individual liberty? Don't you agree that the police would be better able to do the work of tracking down the guilty, while protecting the innocent, if they did not have to waste time, energy and manpower chasing gamblers, potheads and fornicators? (Paradoxically, you complain that review boards would deprive policemen of many of their constitutional rights, while you resent the Supreme Court's affirmation of the constitutional rights of all citizens.)

Your contention that corruption and brutality occur in a relatively small number of cases does not make public protests about brutality and corruption any less valid. The nature of police work is such that a single action can have enormous significance. A single arrest, beating or shooting can touch off a conflagration of social disorder in today's strained urban situations. To state that only one fourth of one percent of all complaints are validated is to evade Rexroth's point, which is precisely that the absence of independent scrutiny is the reason for the apparently impressive figures. All that your objections to civilian review boards show is that they would be inefficient if the regulations governing them were unwise or unsound. Wouldn't your own statement be more positive if you made some constructive suggestions about the operation of these boards?

Much of the blame for the controversies in which our policemen are embroiled lies with society, which denies the police adequate pay and status and burdens them with fuzzy, contradictory and virtually unlimited demands. Rexroth suggests that these controversies could lead to Armageddon; certainly they can only be resolved through long and agonizing effort. But a beginning can be made if the police will simply try to understand what their critics are talking about, rather than defend the status quo by talking around these complaints.

MAKING HUSBANDS PAY

I think it silly of you to say that the Detroit woman's solution to her money problems is "not one we'd universally recommend" ("Stepping Out for Fun



"Bwana, what are your views on civil rights, integration, open housing and black power??"

and Profit," *The Playboy Forum*, October 1967). The only thing wrong with what she does is that she gives the money to her husband. It is right and commendable that she require payment from the men she meets outside marriage. Even if a woman likes her partner and enjoys his sexual performance, it is a great morale booster to be paid, because then she knows he is willing to make a sacrifice to have access to her.

I was born in Germany of a very rich father, but I always made the boys with whom I went to bed pay me for the privilege. I continued to have lucrative affairs during my first marriage. When I came to the States, I divorced my husband to marry a wealthier man who had been my lover (I prefer my first husband as a bed partner, but my second husband knows it and doesn't complain). My former husband is now my favorite lover, but I still make him pay for it and he loves to.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

Someone once said that for every sadist there's a masochist; you're fortunate to have found two of them—your former and present husbands.

ANOTHER PHALIC FALLACY

The *Playboy Forum* discussion of "The Phallic Fallacy" prompts me to ask about a legend I have heard many times. Ac-

cording to the story, John Dillinger had the largest penis in history and it is on exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. True or false?

Joe Altieri

Morgantown, West Virginia

False—although this does appear to be a tenacious and widespread myth. In some versions of the story, Dillinger's weapon is alleged to have measured 22 inches at the ready and he is said to have killed several women with it. Actually, there is no evidence that Dillinger was endowed in any extraordinary way. His penis has never been enshrined at the Smithsonian, although a spokesman for the Institution told us that they receive a large number of inquiries on this subject every year.

"The *Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The *Playboy Philosophy*." Four booklet reprints of "The *Playboy Philosophy*," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The *Playboy Forum*, *Playboy Building*, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



HOW TO PICK (continued from page 121)

for executive or supervisory jobs—through its test sieves each year. Whole schools of thought and even elaborate mystiques have grown up around the question of personnel—especially executive personnel—selection. Some business firms, it is said, have even turned to phrenology, physiognomic analysis, handwriting analysis and astrology in their frantic search for a sure-fire means of picking the right men.

Still, with hundreds of theories, systems and tests, no one has discovered a fool-proof and universally applicable method for matching men to jobs. Invariably, we return to the basic question: What are the qualifications that serve to make a man a successful executive? This is a question that has never been fully answered. For over a century, American business leaders have been outspoken in their opinions on the subject, though often their opinions don't agree.

"It is heart service that counts," declared Andrew Carnegie. "You must capture and keep the heart of the original and supremely able man before his brain can do its best." "Above all, you must have tenacity," was Daniel Guggenheim's view. "That is the greatest quality. Without it, no man can possibly succeed." Cyrus H. McCormick maintained that the successful executive must love his work and remain in sound physical condition. J. P. Morgan's partner, George W. Perkins, claimed that the successful businessman should look upon his work as play. IBM's Thomas Watson held that the main thing was to "aim high and think in big figures." Charles P. McCormick of the McCormick spice company stated that he considered "loyalty the greatest characteristic trait needed in an executive." Alfred Sloan of General Motors said that understanding how to work with people, along with personality, represented "75 percent of the necessary equipment." Sears, Roebuck's Charles Caldwell defined the qualifications for an administrative executive as: "mental ability, sociability, administrative skill, stability, predictability, drive, a sense of personal competitiveness and breadth of interests."

The controversy over what, precisely, makes the right man continues to rage. A few years ago, *Steel* magazine listed the "27 traits most common to good executives." These included "a superior level of intelligence," "creative ability," the fact that he "must have no special pressing problems with his wife" and that he "must have no serious health problems."

Fortune has reported that there is some consensus that "six dimensions" distinguish the executive elite from the "least good managers." The six traits are:

2. Job knowledge and skill
3. Dependability, thoroughness and follow-through
4. Getting along with people
5. Stability under pressure
6. Fine personal qualities and work habits

On the other hand, *Nation's Business*, having surveyed "America's top business decision makers and thinkers," cites five "most needed" executive skills:

1. Ability to be flexible and adapt to accelerated change
2. Ability to be imaginative and to innovate
3. Proficiency in controlling and reducing expenses
4. Ability to mobilize and motivate men
5. Skill in coordinating and correlating forces within and outside your company

All these points are well taken and valid to some extent in selecting management personnel. All the traits mentioned are valuable for an executive to possess, but their relative importance will vary from one situation to another. And, obviously, there cannot be very many men who possess all these qualities in abundance. But such guidelines are by no means the end of the trait-listing game.

A widely selling book on executive selection lists "Five Hidden Traits That Shape a Man's Career," plus "Ten Magic Keys to a Man's Character." Another book, written by a management consultant, offers a "57-point check list" to determine a man's qualifications for an executive position. Yet another book gives a "simple, easy 101-point personality inventory guide" that, the author claims, will "bring the margin for error in executive selection down to an irreducible minimum."

All in all, if I may be permitted a somewhat skeptical observation, an applicant for an executive position who underwent all the available tests and interviews would be well past the retirement age before he completed them. Executive-personnel selection is far from an exact science.

I do not mean to imply that I consider all forms of personality, psychological and aptitude tests worthless. Properly used, and held within reasonable limits, such tests may provide a certain amount of valuable information. How valuable depends on many factors. For example, I rather imagine that familiarity has a strong bearing on the results of any test; an individual who has taken the same test or very similar ones earlier will be

likely to score much differently from the man who takes a test for the first time. Even if the tests can be helpful, I am dubious that the average assembly-line personality or aptitude evaluation can invariably prove or disprove an individual's qualifications for a job. Tests should hardly be the sole criterion by which an applicant is judged. Surely, his previous record and other pertinent data could conceivably outweigh almost any test scores.

In light of present trends, my views may be anachronistic, but I believe that responsibility for selecting personnel should rest primarily with those holding authority over the department in which there is an opening. The men who will be an applicant's superiors should be the ones to determine whether or not he measures up. These men are not infallible; but neither are the psychologists, management consultants and testers. The seasoned and successful executive usually achieves a fairly high batting average in hiring and promoting; his knowledge of the company's problems and his experience in dealing with people enable him to choose the right man at least as well as an outsider. If anything, the executive will be more careful, for he realizes that the efficiency of his own department—and thus, to some extent, his own success—will depend on the performance of his subordinates.

I know that I have long made it a policy to observe how the men an executive hires and promotes prove out, for this offers a usually reliable insight into the quality of the executive himself. If he consistently hires good men and if he is able to recognize and reward the most deserving among his subordinates, this is an indication of his own sound judgment and ability. If, on the other hand, a manager has a record of picking losers, I'm inclined to doubt his qualifications for the job he holds.

The selection of executive personnel divides naturally into two separate categories, each with its own particular problems. The first involves choosing a man from outside the organization to fill a vacancy; and this includes the recruitment of young men, mainly college graduates, for executive-trainee or junior-executive positions. The second involves the selection of men already in the organization for promotion to higher positions.

Whom to hire, which man to pick from among a dozen or a hundred applicants is, like so many other business problems, very much a matter of using common sense, drawing upon accumulated experience and instincts. No matter what check lists are used, the final choice of the man to fill an executive vacancy is still a question that should be settled by management decision. I believe that each executive should, within

the framework of company policy, evolve his own standards for the men he has to hire.

To depend blindly on tests or arbitrary criteria set by some outside "expert" is to shirk management duty and to risk overlooking valuable human material. Certainly, a conscientious manager should exercise great care against the possibility that a tester's personal bias might influence his interpretations. For example, one much-publicized management consultant insists that an executive should have "no less than two and no more than three" children. Others feel constrained to ferret out the most intimate details of an applicant's sex life. And there are some "experts" who turn positively purple if an applicant displays the slightest sign of eccentricity in his dress.

These seem debatable criteria. I have known entirely too many crack executives who had no children or half a dozen. I can't really see how the answer to the question, "Do you ever go to sleep at night without saying good night to your wife?"—which, by the way, is considered a key question on one widely used personality-evaluation test—helps determine whether or not a fourth assistant vice-president can do his job properly. As for eccentricity of dress—well, it strikes me as extremely unlikely that long hair or a penchant for Argyle socks can drag an otherwise competent executive into the sloughs of inefficiency. The oil business, for example, has always had its share of rugged individualists. I've known more than a few crack managers in the industry who went straight to the top, even though they were types as likely to show up in the board room wearing Levis and coonskin caps as gray-flannel suits and Homburgs.

Of course, many of the standards involved in choosing a man to fill a job vacancy depend on the job itself, the character of the company and other variables. As an obvious example, one would hardly try to make a Middle Eastern oil manager out of an individual who had spent his entire career as a staff man in the candy industry. Once the person responsible for hiring has a complete and detailed knowledge of the position that is open, he knows what particular qualifications are needed. The hunt for the right man thus is narrowed to a search for the individual who most closely meets the given requirements.

In hiring young men without previous experience, usually those who have just graduated from college, there are certain standards upon which one is almost forced to rely, because there is no actual work record to indicate the applicant's capabilities. I agree that even an executive trainee should be intelligent, he should be able to grasp the ideas expressed by others and to formulate and

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express his own. A beginner's *character* is also important; it would be folly to try to make a junior executive out of a young man with a long record of car theft. On the other hand, I do not subscribe to the theory that an applicant should be refused consideration because of a minor teenage transgression or two. I myself played hooky from school when I was a youngster; but, of course, in those days, truancy was punished in the woodshed and not in the courts.

The tyro's scholastic record is also important—but, again, not decisive. A straight-A average does not guarantee that a young man will be a good executive, nor is it proof positive of his intelligence or ability. I have known many efficient, even brilliant executives who received only mediocre marks in school; and I have also known men with dazzling scholastic records who achieved only mediocre business success, because they were tenacious but uninspired plodders.

An example from my own experience may help emphasize the point. Some years ago, the president of a company in which I hold a controlling interest waxed highly enthusiastic about a new executive who had been hired largely on the strength of his dazzling scholastic record. The new man was a Phi Beta Kappa, the winner of scholarships and awards and the showpiece product of a graduate school of business. By chance, I happened to meet the man soon after he started to work for the company. Although I found him unimpressive—a bland, neither-here-nor-there type—I remembered his sparkling academic record and said nothing that would in any way hinder his progress. I didn't have to say anything. Less than a year later, I learned he had been allowed to resign. The reason? A fault not really his own and not really to be counted against him. He was simply too much the scholar, too much the academic theoretician. His brilliance and knowledge were not spiced with the necessary touch of the hardheaded and practical—prosaic virtues, perhaps, but essential for getting things done.

Alertness, imagination, enthusiasm, ambition, business acumen—these are among the characteristics that help make a beginner a desirable applicant. And I might hazard to say that they are characteristics that seasoned executives can recognize during the course of a personal interview at least as well as testers can spot them from questionnaires.

In recent years, some companies have conducted large-scale campus-recruitment programs that, if published statistics are correct, have largely defeated their own ends. The turnover rate of young men recruited during these campaigns is said to be inordinately high—up to 75 percent during the first five years, in some companies. Also, according to a recent article in *Nation's Business*, many of the companies have apparently sugar-coated the

pill to an incredible degree. Discussing the recruiters' brochures that are distributed to students, *Business Week* reported: "Practically no brochure even mentioned the subject of work or otherwise indicated that the students would have to contribute something."

The desire to work and work hard is one of the most important of all qualifications a beginner can possess. I believe that the young man who seeks a business career wants to work hard—and this can compensate for many other shortcomings. The companies I own or control do not conduct campus-recruiting programs. Young men who apply for jobs with my companies are impressed with the fact that they will be expected to work very hard, indeed—and my companies have never suffered from any shortage of job applicants.

Certainly, anyone who is being considered for an executive or junior-executive position is entitled to have all the facts, the bad along with the good, laid on the line. He should be told frankly what problems he will be inheriting if he gets the job—and what other problems he is likely to encounter if he continues up the ladder. The man with the potential for success will accept even the worst news as a challenge to his own ability.

The fledgling executive's personality is also a factor in establishing his relative desirability, but, in my mind, to only a limited extent. I agree that executives should be able to get along with people, that they should work in harmony with subordinates, equals and superiors. But an executive is hired to do his job and to get others to do theirs, not to reap high honors in a corporate popularity contest. Mr. Personality Plus is all too likely to worry more about what people think about him than about what they must accomplish on company time.

Needless to say, there is always a large element of chance involved in hiring a young and previously untried man. He is picked almost entirely on the basis of promise. On the other hand, the tyro can be more readily trained than the man who has already been employed and who has, in many instances, learned how to do things in ways that may not necessarily be preferred by his new employers.

But in hiring men with previous experience, the prospective employer does have concrete evidence of an applicant's ability—his past performance. What a man has done in the past can generally be taken as a fair indicator of what he will do in the future. From the employer's standpoint, there are only two types of men with previous experience: those who are unemployed and those who are working for another company and wish to make a change. If the man is unemployed, it is a sound idea to find out

why. Was he fired for inefficiency or did he quit because he felt he wasn't getting anywhere? If an efficient executive with a good record becomes the victim of a merger or a change in top management and suddenly finds himself jobless, it is entirely reasonable to assume that he will be an equally efficient executive in a new position for which he is otherwise qualified. A sales executive who doubled the sales of his company and then quit when he found himself locked in with no opportunity for further advancement is likely to remain an energetic executive who will continue to produce when he moves to another firm.

Questions also need to be answered if the applicant is still employed elsewhere. It is important to know why he wants to make the change or to learn, if possible, if he is actually being eased out. Usually, an employed executive seeks a new job because he wants to make more money or have more opportunity. These are understandable motives, on the face of things. But, again, the astute businessman will probe a little further. There is always the chance that a man who wants more money may have an auction-block mentality and that he will soon be seeking yet higher bidders for his services. If he wants more opportunity with another firm, it is wise to make sure that he hasn't bungled the opportunities that his current company offered.

Beyond the question of hiring is the problem of selecting men for promotion. Here, I prefer to use what I call the "weight lifter's approach." It is by no means a quick or an easy way to tackle the problem, but I feel it's well worth the time and effort necessary—and it certainly achieves the highest percentage of right decisions. Put yourself in the shoes of a weight-lifting coach. If he wants to find out how much a new man can lift, he does not ask the newcomer to heft a 300-pound bar bell at the beginning. The man is allowed to warm up gradually. He starts with, say, a 100-pound bar bell. If he handles that without too much trouble, the weight is increased, by 20- or 40-pound increments, until the 300-pound mark is reached.

Now, just suppose that the man in question was told to start out immediately by trying to lift all 300 pounds. Even though it might be within his capabilities to lift it eventually, the chances are he would not be able to do so without a preliminary warm-up. Thus, he would have failed, even though he could have succeeded if he'd received a fair opportunity to prove himself.

The same principle applies to the problem of readying men so that they will be fully qualified for promotion. All too often, this principle is ignored in business. In fact, one of the most common corporate errors is to promote a man who, although he possesses the basic



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"But, dearest, with all your money, you surely didn't think for one minute that I'd let you do the housework!?"

equipment, has not had the necessary warm-up before being thrust into a higher position. It is manifestly unfair to the man, and risky for the company, to suddenly give an executive far more responsibility than he is accustomed to having. The common-sense way to give a man an even break and, at the same time, to minimize risks for the company is to gradually and progressively increase his authority. And what holds for the tyro at the bottom of the ladder holds for all management personnel at all levels. The men who have better equipment and show more ability should always be trained and ready to take over a job on the next level.

When it comes to picking the man who gets the promotion, tests seem even less relevant than they are in hiring. Whether or not a man should be advanced to a bigger job should, I think, be decided largely by how he has performed previously in the company. How his proficiency is to be judged is a matter for management to decide. Local conditions and variables must necessarily influence the nature of the criteria used. Still, there are certain basic guidelines. For example, Charles W. Foreman, vice-president of United Parcel Service, has provided one succinct and, in my opinion, universally applicable yardstick for measuring which men are best qualified for promotion. Foreman holds that the true test lies in how an individual has handled the three basic materials with which all executives must work: money, time and people.

The executive's attitude toward the company's money is all-important. He must be acutely profit-conscious, unequivocally dedicated to the principle that every task, if humanly possible, should be translated into a profit. The executive who is promotable is the man who views the company's money as something that he is obliged to administer wisely and well, to see it spent with maximum care to achieve maximum results. How he handles company money is all the more significant because, after all, the higher he goes, the more money he will control.

During World War Two, at the request of Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, I took over active management of the Spartan Aircraft Corporation. It was a time of considerable stress in all industries and good personnel were scarce. There was one executive in the company who, according to his immediate superiors, deserved promotion. I was about to approve a boost in both salary and responsibility for him when I happened to learn, purely by accident, that he made a habit of bringing his personal letters to the office and having his secretary run them through a company postage meter.

I immediately discarded all idea of promoting the man and, indeed, let him know diplomatically that his resignation

would be most welcome, the sooner the better. I explained my reasons to his superiors who had plumped so hard for him. True, the total amount involved was small—ten dollars, perhaps fifteen dollars over many months. But the amount isn't what counted. The money was not only a loss to the company but, since we were working on Government war contracts, a loss to the taxpayer. And, of course, I mentioned—quietly and *en passant*—that the man's acts constituted petty larceny.

All of us had reason to be glad that we had gotten rid of this particular man. He went to another company, where he received several promotions during the next few years; and then, not long after V-J Day, someone brought a newspaper story to my attention. It was an account of how this penny-ante postage pilferer had been arrested and had pleaded guilty to charges of embezzling more than \$200,000 from the company for which he was working.

In the business world, time is scarcely less important than money. The eminently promotable executive is always one who knows how to budget his time. He does not squander time any more than he squanders money; and he does not cheat the company of the time he should devote to his work. The man who is most likely to move up the ladder is seldom tardy on the job and he is not likely to be the type who habitually leaves early. The good executive is also aware that time is important in other ways—that deadlines must be met.

As for people—well, management has been defined as "the art of directing human activities." The manager's principal task is not so much to do things himself as to direct other people in performing their duties. An executive who is unable to direct people is unable to do his job. The better he is at handling people, the better he is as an executive.

However, it's advisable to slice the evaluation even finer, to take into consideration other factors, tangible and intangible. For instance, there is the quality that some prefer to call resiliency—the ability to accept setbacks and criticism manfully, without going into a brooding blue funk. The outstanding man will accept the setbacks, take the criticism and, learning his lessons from both, will energetically strive to do better the next time. Also, the promotable man will certainly be an executive who does not hesitate to accept responsibility for any of his actions. As far as I am concerned, nothing eliminates an individual from consideration for promotion faster than the knowledge that he is a buck passer. And the higher a man rises in the organizational line-up, the more essential it is for him to be an individual of absolute integrity. If he does not stand by his decisions, accept his responsibilities, where necessary admit his mistakes and

otherwise prove his honesty, an executive cannot move up; he can, at best, only remain where he is or—even better, from the company's standpoint—move out.

The man destined to climb the ladder of success most nimbly will also value knowledge, all knowledge, not just that which pertains directly to his specialty. He wants to learn—and he does learn. The more he knows about more things, the better his equipment for meeting the requirements of higher posts. Maturity—of judgment and of action—is another key asset that should be taken into consideration when promotion time rolls around. The mature executive can live without panicking in an atmosphere of stress; he is stable and capable of handling emergency situations and problems. A company hard put to decide whether Jim or Tom should fill the assistant vice-president's opening, because in all other things the two men are equal, can decide the issue quickly by comparing their maturity. Which of the two men reacted best under stress?

While I obviously do not believe there are any hard-and-fast rules for executive selection, I do have my own ideas of what basic qualities a good executive should possess. These are intelligence, initiative, interest, integrity, imagination, leadership ability, loyalty, energy and enthusiasm—plus, providing the man has a previous employment record, the knowledge and experience necessary to do the job.

Such a man will naturally want reasonable compensation—in salary, commissions, stock options or other emoluments; and he will want assurance that his earnings will be increased if he does his new job well. However, if he is really good executive material, money alone will not be enough to make him leap at the position. He will want to be shown that he can use his imagination, talents and initiative, that he will be given the chance to show what he can do and the opportunity to advance further.

Whether he's concerned with promoting or with hiring, the seasoned businessman or executive will weigh all the data available on an applicant, size up his man and then make his management decision. By so doing, the businessman is proving his own ability. Jonathan Ogden Armour, once chairman of the meat-packing firm, summed it up many years ago, when he was asked what traits he thought contributed most to a man's success in business. "The most valuable ability of all is the ability to select the men of ability," Armour declared. And therein lies the key to successful executive-personnel selection. Good executives can recognize other good men; and from these they can pick the best man, the right man for the job.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 78)

tax or other direct cash payment. Do you think this would be effective?

PERCY: More income alone isn't going to solve anything—we can't just hand people a check and say we've discharged our obligation. I've met and talked with enough slum families to know that a very high proportion of the extra income might go into things that would not exactly be for the enrichment of family life. Much of it would be wasted. A slum family doesn't know how to buy properly at a store. They are frequently overcharged. They don't know how to plan the use of their funds. Just a modest investment in social-welfare work to train people to budget their time, their energy and their funds more intelligently would provide a tremendous return for society.

PLAYBOY: Then you'd put the emphasis on Government services rather than on Government subsidy.

PERCY: Yes, that's right—though it doesn't have to be done only on the Federal level. Again, I think it's an alliance for progress by Federal, state and local government and, to the greatest extent that we can, by private enterprise. In addition to consumer training, of course, we've got to provide incentives for ghetto dwellers to undertake some course of action other than the one they're pursuing. We've got to motivate them to, say, watch television only two hours and go to class three hours, instead of watching TV five hours. In the New Illinois Committee, we pushed adult literacy for minorities, offering the incentives of edu-

cation and a job. We had no trouble getting classes filled night after night. But it has to be done in a friendly atmosphere. We found it didn't work in a school. That was degrading the adults in the eyes of their children; school was a place where children went, not grownups. So we put the classes in churches; that was fine; that was where adults went anyway. When they finished these courses, we got them jobs. This is the kind of program we've got to undertake on a national scale.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it unrealistic to propose costly new antipoverty projects at a time when many of your Republican colleagues have become so disenchanted with the Administration's War on Poverty that they've suggested abandoning the entire program?

PERCY: I don't think so. But the fact that the director, Sargent Shriver, spends 85 percent of his time in Congressional relations and 15 percent—by his own estimate—helping the poor is certainly symbolic of the fact that Congress is not convinced that this program is well conceived, that the haste with which we went into it was justified and that the promise it offered, which has fallen very short in performance, has been a good thing for the country. I myself feel that, whatever its shortcomings, this kind of effort is badly needed. Though there are many programs that can and must be improved, I think some good has been accomplished. But we must do much more than we have if our cities are to be saved and the promise of a decent life

for all our citizens is ever to be fulfilled.

PLAYBOY: Most observers feel that the lack of such legislation and the nonenforcement of civil rights laws now on the books are largely responsible for the riots in many of our big-city ghettos. Do you agree?

PERCY: Yes. I think there's a growing awareness on the part of Negroes and the other minority groups that for all the discussions, all the reports, all the committees, all the laws, all the fine-sounding words, equality of opportunity remains unfulfilled in this country. They went through the period of demonstrations and nothing happened. They paraded for laws and, when they finally got their laws, *still* nothing happened. Year after year, they continue to live in the same despicable conditions. Now, we've had ghettos in American life ever since we've had a country; but in the type of ghetto developed by the immigrants coming in from abroad, they always had the feeling that they were there with a culture, a background, ties that held them to the community. Now we've taken those communities and filled them full of people who don't have the same background, the same cultural ties, the same heritage of family, the same loyalties to one another. Poor whites and Negroes have migrated from the rural South into the alien environment of the urban North in such numbers that society isn't equipped to help them—or those who already live there—adjust to the conditions of their new life. Every night, in their dismal living rooms, they see on installment-plan television sets what the world is like outside the ghetto. Before TV, they really didn't know much about it; but now this world of glamor is poured every night into a tenement slum and all they know is that they can't get their share of what everyone else seems to have *more* than his share of. There isn't any escape from the ghetto—the kind of escape that's been possible for every other immigrant group that's come into the city. They realize that they're locked in—so they want to break out and *grab* what's coming to them. And finally, that's just what many of them do. Their growing frustration has been such that they engage in criminal acts—and that's what they are—that a few years ago they never would have dreamed of committing.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the Federal Government should do to prevent new outbreaks of rioting this summer—and to stop those that do break out?

PERCY: The first thing we have to do is recognize that the frustrations that cause riots don't exist just in the summer; they exist all year long. We've got to find answers to the problems of housing, jobs and education that will last from January first to December 31st; and we've got to start implementing those answers now—



"I handle creative inspiration and he helps with ideas for promotion, serialization and subsidiary rights."

on a massive scale. But it's going to take years to undo so many decades of inaction and neglect. For the immediate future, we've got to face the likelihood of more riots—and to equip ourselves to deal with them more effectively than we have. If there's any lesson we learned from last summer's riots in Detroit, it's that the National Guard will have to undergo a great deal more training before we can expect it to cope responsibly with such a disturbance. We've also learned a valuable lesson about riots in general—that a civil disturbance turns into a riot when the looting begins. The moment it becomes apparent that you can go in and grab a television set and a police officer might turn his back and not interfere—as has happened in several cities—that knowledge becomes so widespread so rapidly that the local disorders soon turn into full-scale rioting. We're going to have to have swift, firm and decisive police action with whatever riot-control devices may be necessary to curb these outbreaks in the early stages—with a minimum of bloodshed and property damage—before they escalate out of control. We may find these devices distasteful, but the alternative is anarchy.

Most of our energy, however, must be put into preventing riots rather than quelling them. The hatred and suspicion that exists between the white policeman and the Negro ghetto dweller, for example, which has been the spark that has ignited some of the riots, must somehow be defused.

PLAYBOY: The hostility between white police and ghetto Negroes seems to reflect a larger alienation between white and black throughout the country. Some time ago, a *Chicago Sun-Times* poll of Negro and white racial attitudes concluded that whites were less in favor of integration than they had been a year earlier. According to other polls, whites also feel very strongly that Negroes have to move much more slowly and to "prove" that they are entitled to more. Do you think that this failure to understand the Negro's legitimate needs and aspirations is generally true of white people throughout the country?

PERCY: Yes, I'm afraid I do. And it's not just a problem of general white and Negro attitudes. It's getting more and more difficult for established leaders of the civil rights movement within the white communities to communicate with the new leadership in the Negro community.

PLAYBOY: Why?

PERCY: I guess it's simply the inability of the white person—even a sympathetic civil rights worker—to walk in the shoes of the American Negro. The Negro just can't believe that a white person can ever understand his problems and his handicaps. And when any person feels another person can't understand his problems, it becomes difficult to communicate.

PLAYBOY: What can be done to open the lines of communication?

PERCY: I think it's a two-way street. There has to be a better understanding on the part of the white community that the American Negro is paying a price for centuries of neglect; but this goes hand in hand with an effort to cultivate in the Negro community a better understanding of the responsibilities of citizenship in a free society. It's not a question of just one community solving its problem and then the other community will have its problem automatically solved. Both have to be worked on simultaneously. In the context of dealing specifically with the problem of riots, I think we could take a giant step toward mutual understanding and peaceful coexistence between the races if the militant new Negro leaders would face the fact that they're not going to win freedom now—or ever—with bricks and Molotov cocktails, that the white support they need to win the black revolution can be regained only with nonviolent perseverance.

Whites, on the other hand, must be made to understand that it's not "the Negroes" who are wreaking havoc in the streets. Those who foment and participate in riots are a tiny minority of the Negro population. Most Negroes, in fact, fear crime in the streets even more than most whites—and with good reason. More than 80 percent of all crimes are unracial: that is, perpetrated on Negroes by other Negroes and by whites against other whites. Since the crime rate among Negroes is higher than among whites, this means that the Negro community is suffering more from crime than the white community.

PLAYBOY: As you know, the crime rate among both races has risen markedly, in proportion to population growth, in the past few years, and many law-enforcement officials—Federal and local—blame recent Supreme Court decisions protecting and extending the rights of defendants in criminal cases. Do you agree with that assessment?

PERCY: Yes, I do, to a very large extent—and I think that these decisions have



"... Hello, Audubon Society ...?!"

been in force long enough to prove I'm right. In New York City, for instance, the number of murders the police have been able to solve has dropped about five percent since the new regulations went into effect. They're unable to really question adequately someone whom they strongly suspect was deeply involved in a crime. Unquestionably, the new rulings have eliminated certain bad practices that the police themselves engaged in, so that it's not been a totally negative thing; it's brought some improvement. But I think the time has come—without sacrificing sensible safeguards against police malpractice—to move back in the other direction.

PLAYBOY: How far?

PERCY: Far enough to enable law-enforcement agencies to arrest—and, if possible, reverse—the rising spiral of crime. First of all, I think we've got to institute a nationwide program of better police training and education. I think, for instance, that the investigative procedures developed by the FBI are sufficiently superior to those used by many of our state and local agencies that FBI training of state and local officials, and more money put into training, would perhaps help rectify the situation. Secondly, I think we need a program of legislation designed to facilitate the job of responsible but effective law enforcement that the courts, in their zeal for civil liberties, have unintentionally made so difficult. It's for this reason that after a great deal of soul-searching, I have cosponsored and put my staff to work with Senator Hruska in developing what I consider to be a sensible wire-tap bill—one permitting the use of wire tapping by law-enforcement officials in the investigation of major crimes but outlawing any kind of wire tapping other than that sanctioned by a Federal court and done under the jurisdiction and authority and regulations of that Federal court. The legal pendulum has swung so far in the direction of individual freedom and liberty that the individual has less freedom or liberty to walk the streets today. Measures like the wire-tap bill will help bring the pendulum back to where we can really operate more effectively against crime. Too much has been done to protect the criminal against society, and not enough to protect society against the criminal.

PLAYBOY: If wire tapping were legalized even with the restrictions you specify, wouldn't there be a danger that the extensive illegal wire tapping now in practice—not only by detective agencies, corporation spies and private citizens but also by many law-enforcement agencies—would continue and perhaps even increase?

PERCY: I think not; because in this bill, we would make it a serious Federal offense to manufacture or transmit any

wire-tapping device across state lines to be purchased and used by any individual or company or organization or anyone other than those authorized by a Federal court. We even make it a crime for any local law-enforcement agency to do this without Federal court sanction and supervision. Actually, we stiffen the penalties for private use and make it permissible only under the most stringent types of court control.

PLAYBOY: As documented by Frank Donner in last month's *PLAYBOY* article *Spies on Campus*, extralegal electronic surveillance has been among the many weapons employed in the mounting campaign of official prosecution and unofficial persecution of those who protest against the Vietnam war. As you know, this trend has been seen by some not only as a concerted attempt to suppress dissent but as an ominous sign of resurgent McCarthyism. Do you think they may be right?

PERCY: We always stand in danger of that, of course, but I doubt if we'll ever get back to the bitterness of the McCarthy period, where you had wholesale resignations from the State Department and other Government offices, and where no one was willing to take a stand on anything that involved any controversy. But I think there has been a good deal of unwarranted condemnation of dissent from the war. And yet, even when the President made his famous "Nervous Nellie" speech, there was enough condemnation of that, too, that the pendulum swung back. And when Robert McNamara went to the campuses to defend the right of dissent in a democratic republic such as ours, I think that helped a great deal; so that I don't see the grave danger that we had during the McCarthy period.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about the implications of the Government's indictment of war protesters such as Dr. Spock and William Sloane Coffin for counseling resistance to the draft?

PERCY: I feel that when a charge has been brought, we should leave it to the courts. It's not the American style to try a man ahead of time in the press. Anything officially before a court must be judged in accordance with law, and it is really not proper, particularly for those in the legislative branch, to prejudge a case. Clearly, if the Justice Department believes anyone has broken the law, it has a responsibility to prosecute. Now it's up to the court to decide.

PLAYBOY: Many conservatives have expressed their concern that "Communist influences" are responsible for turning the country's college campuses into hotbeds of protest against the war. Do you share that view?

PERCY: I don't think communism has any more to do with the peace movement than it does with the civil rights move-

ment. It was the young, remember, who were the first to go into the civil rights movement. They were the ones who moved down to Mississippi for voter-registration drives in the summer. They had become disillusioned with the promise of American life for a people for whom they had a deep sense of compassion. They had been struck with the brutality of Little Rock, with the fact that the militia had to be used to protect the safety of a few black children. They saw for the first time—in television films of Southern white police brutalizing helpless women and children—the violence of racial hatred and injustice, and the impact, I think, was very great. Now they have seen what they consider to be the same kind of inhumanity—the mightiest power we can muster raining terror down upon a small nation, forcing a people to submit itself to our will—and they feel ashamed to be associated with it.

PLAYBOY: A number of commentators argue that the Vietnam conflict has somehow polluted the quality of American life today. They report a growing feeling among a large proportion of the public—ranging from uneasiness to the shame you mentioned—that the U. S. shouldn't be involved in the war, and a concomitant decline in national pride. Do you think they're right?

PERCY: I'm afraid I do. You can't have so high a proportion of our young people, so high a proportion of our clergy, so high a proportion of our academic community feel as strongly as it does in condemning what we're doing in Vietnam, and not have an effect on the rest of the country. But this same sense of disenchantment is even more pronounced overseas. No American could travel anywhere in the world today and receive the same feeling from other people that was expressed toward the United States, say, during the time of Eisenhower or Kennedy. In an opinion poll recently taken in western Europe, I think only two percent of western Europeans said that America has achieved greatness under Lyndon Johnson. There is no question that Vietnam is tending to isolate America in terms of world opinion—not only because of our involvement but because we've put our prestige on the line in a conflict that looks increasingly to many people as though it's an unwinnable war. I think the most tragic mistake of this Administration has been its desire to swoop in, take this war over, turn it into an American conflict and promise the American people victory.

PLAYBOY: In order to make the Vietnam conflict less an American venture, you have called for more troops from other countries to fight alongside U. S. troops. But the Administration says that it's appealed in vain for such support. How do you propose to persuade sovereign



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nations to do something that they clearly don't want to do?

PERCY: Well, first of all, I don't think the Administration has tried hard enough. I was disturbed when I heard the statement made by General Taylor and Clark Clifford that they had not asked, on their trip to Southeast Asia last summer, for extra forces and troops from the other Asian countries. It's incredible that this Administration would send two high-level people on a mission and not use it to take a small step toward making this less an American effort and more an Asian effort.

PLAYBOY: What sort of pressures would you propose to put on other Asian countries to get them to join us?

PERCY: I think the President should "reason together" with them. One of the members of the Administration told me, "The reason we can't get them to do it is that politically it's unacceptable back home, back in their home." But I said to him, "When they say that to President Johnson, the President should tell them, 'Our Congress is raising all kinds of hell about it, and so are many others. I said in 1964 and in 1966—and in 1968 they're going to use my words against me—that I was not about to send American boys to do a job that Asian boys should be doing. Time and time again, they're going to remind me that I've since sent 478,000 American boys over there. Well, it's time to call a halt; we've gone as far as we're going to. We're not going to send any additional forces. You've got to start sending more of your own boys; we can't fight this war alone.'" I'd say this very strongly to the Japanese, for example. Their constitution keeps them from contributing combat forces, but they have the highest literacy rate in the world; they could help organize schools. They're fine farmers; they could help with the agricultural program. Even General Maxwell Taylor has said that if these problems aren't solved, we can't possibly win the shooting war.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the shooting war, you have been increasingly critical of U.S. bombing of targets in North Vietnam, but you have also said that you wouldn't halt the bombing without some *quid pro quo* from Hanoi. Yet the Administration says that it has had no indication whatever that Hanoi is willing to give any such *quid pro quo*, and that's why it keeps on bombing. Doesn't your criticism ignore the official facts?

PERCY: What I've said is that we should confine the bombing to supply and infiltration routes. It's been my position—and I've expressed it a hundred times—that the bombing of cities and civilian targets will not weaken the will to resist, which is stated as one of our objectives; it will *strengthen* morale. It will not dis-

unite the country; it will *unite* the country. It will give the North Vietnamese people visible evidence for the belief—however unjustified—that we want to overthrow their government and occupy their country. In any case, with an economy that is only 15 percent dependent upon industry and 85 percent on agriculture, it's impossible for me to conceive that we could destroy their ability to wage war through bombing. The cost-price ratio is so great that I can't see what we're accomplishing by it. So I have long stated that I would limit the bombing to the infiltration and supply routes, and stop bombing population centers, and most certainly stay away from the borders of China. We must stop giving any provocation to China, which for its own reasons may at some point elect to come into this war and need only a provocation such as many of those we have provided in just the recent past.

PLAYBOY: Hanoi indicated in January that it would be willing to undertake negotiations within a few days after the U.S. stops its bombing of the North. As we go to press, the U.S. has not yet responded officially to this offer. If it is accepted, what negotiating terms do you feel would maximize the chances of an armistice?

PERCY: I would agree to negotiate directly with the Viet Cong as well as with the North Vietnamese—which the South Vietnamese have so far refused to consider. Even if the North Vietnamese did sign an armistice with us, the V.C. would carry on anyway, in my judgment; so we've got to deal with them. We've got to offer them assurances not only that they won't be exterminated but that they will have a chance to gain some degree of political support in free elections. You certainly cannot expect them to think that we are making serious negotiating suggestions when we say that six months after you withdraw all of your forces, we will withdraw our forces. It's *their* country, after all. Can you imagine what our reaction would be if Ho Chi Minh said to us, "You draw all your forces out and six months later we will draw ours out"? When we put forward such proposals, is it any wonder that they laugh at us in Hanoi and take it as a further indication of our insincerity? We know from people who have gone in and talked to them that high North Vietnamese officials have said, "How do you expect us to believe the Johnson Administration in its representations to us when most of the people in your own country don't even believe it?"

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the many correspondents and foreign diplomats who have said that the Administration has rejected peace feelers from Hanoi that might have carried some hope of success?

PERCY: All you can do in a situation like this is to listen to the responsible people who have special knowledge on the sub-

ject. In Adlai Stevenson's famous conversation with Eric Sevareid, that belief certainly came through strongly. There was a more recent exchange between the Administration and Harry Ashmore, a vice-president of that wholly disowned subsidiary of the Ford Foundation [the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara—*Ed.*], that presented the same feeling. Norman Cousins, the distinguished editor of the *Saturday Review*, also holds very strongly to that view and has written long articles about it. But I have no *personal* knowledge of any rejected peace feelers.

PLAYBOY: On your recent fact-finding trip around the world, you certainly acquired firsthand knowledge of the war during your stopover in Vietnam, where you were caught in a Viet Cong mortar attack while inspecting a native village about 70 miles north of Saigon. There have been various versions of just what you were doing there and of what actually took place. Would you care to tell us about it?

PERCY: First of all, let me say that this was not an unescorted flight. No one charts a plane in Vietnam and flies all over at will. I had requested to see a refugee camp at Laithieu, a camp set up for displaced Vietnamese whom our military had told to clear out of the area they lived in. I also wanted to see one where the people were refugees as a result of Viet Cong action and was particularly interested in Dakson because it had been the scene of a Viet Cong massacre of 255 natives. We took off for Laithieu from Saigon on schedule; and on the way there, I asked the captain of the plane if he could get clearance for us to see Dakson also. He said he'd check while we were inspecting Laithieu; and when we finished there, he told us we had been cleared for Dakson, that we had time to go there and still get back to Saigon for our next appointment.

As far as I knew, Dakson was a secured area. The armed refugee officer with us said he'd taken other groups there. It was broad daylight and there is a huge U.S. military installation just a few kilometers away. We circled the village five or six times and felt quite sure there was no one there. But just the same, when we took the helicopter in, we left Loraine in the helicopter, with the blades going, while five of us went out to see the burned-out areas and some of the bunkers where women and children had been killed.

I was just getting out of one of the bunkers when the first mortar shell hit. I didn't know where the helicopter was, but I started to run toward where I thought it was; apparently I ran in the wrong direction—toward the jungle. Dennis Smith, the refugee official assigned to us, steered me back and we



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started running and crawling toward where the helicopter had been. It had taken off with my wife as soon as the firing started. Dennis had an M-2 rifle and he passed me a .38-caliber snub-nosed pistol. We took five mortar rounds—though I counted only three, because I was so busy trying to learn how to operate this snub-nosed pistol—and about 15 rounds of ground fire. I don't know whether we were in greater danger from the mortar shells or from me carrying a pistol—or from my garters. I was wearing an old pair of red garters I'd had about 15 years; they were very comfortable. Well, we were running along after the first shell, and when the second came, Dennis Smith yelled, "Flatten," and when we got up then and started running again, the garters came undone and were flapping around. And I said to myself, "You're going to be pretty sorry if you trip over your own garters because you were such a tightwad you wouldn't buy yourself a new pair." So the next time we hit the dust, I ripped them off; for all I know, Ho Chi Minh is wearing them today.

In any case, I never got lower to the ground than I did then. We didn't know where the ground fire was coming from. I didn't realize the accuracy with which they could zero in on us, nor did I realize that we were that visible or that they would really have under observation a village that had been totally wiped out. Anyway, the shooting was over in about five minutes, and then there was deathly silence and we just lay there looking around, trying to figure out where the firing had come from, and waiting.

The helicopter with my wife had gone over to Song Be to alert them; and within 15 or 20 minutes, they had four or five helicopters providing cover for us; and our own helicopter came back and picked us up and left—with us hanging in the open door. It was the most comforting feeling I've ever had, seeing those other whirlybirds hovering around as ours came in.

PLAYBOY: Did you have time to be frightened?

PERCY: Oh, sure. There was plenty of time to realize you could get killed. I can assure you I didn't have to do this to get a feel for the war.

PLAYBOY: Congressman Wayne Hays of Ohio charged that the entire incident was staged in order to attract publicity and make you look like a civilian war hero. What was your reaction to that?

PERCY: I'd be happy to try to stage one for him sometime, or for anyone else who thinks that. My relationship with Ho Chi Minh just isn't that good.

PLAYBOY: Ho has been president of North Vietnam since 1945. In 1954, President Eisenhower acceded to a request from the

Diem regime to assist the South Vietnamese government by sending in a team of military advisors. In retrospect, do you feel that the U.S. was wrong to become involved even to this extent?

PERCY: No. I think our first mistake was when Jack Kennedy, after meeting Khrushchev in Vienna, decided to show the Russians that he meant business by gradually escalating our involvement in Vietnam from a few hundred advisors to a military force of more than 15,000 at the time of his death. That took us from a position of being advisors and helpers to the status of semicombatants. I think that was a difference of kind as well as of degree. And the next mistake came when President Johnson sent in a force of 50,000 that soon became a fighting force. I'd be very interested to know whether this decision had the full support of the entire National Security Council. Then we began that intensive bombing of the North after the Gulf of Tonkin incident. I'd like to be much more certain than I am that the circumstances surrounding the shelling of our two ships were as they were depicted to us; I wonder whether we might not have been wiser to have waited, as the Soviet Union prudently did after we mistakenly bombed their ships in Haiphong Harbor, to discuss the circumstances that surrounded that shelling, rather than to have used the incident emotionally to extract from Congress a resolution that was not thoroughly understood, certainly in the implications of unilateral and almost unlimited authority it vested in the President.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that the Tonkin shelling might have been a contrived incident or a pretext to escalate the war?

PERCY: No, but I think we reacted much too hastily and rashly in the succeeding months by steadily escalating the war.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider our justification for being in Vietnam at all?

PERCY: We've stated so many different purposes and objectives that it's hard to know what our national objective really is. Originally, the Administration argued that our purpose there was to help another people—but now we've moved in and taken over. Then it was to give them the right of self-determination, to ensure them the form of government they wanted—but the arguments outlined recently by Secretary Rusk, and some of the dialog on the Senate floor, indicate that the Administration regards Vietnam as an outpost for the United States in the struggle against China. Maybe it's a combination of all these factors—but it would be nice if some of them coincided.

PLAYBOY: Do you think our present China policy of hard-line exclusion, isolation and nonrecognition is sound?

PERCY: As far as exclusion is concerned, I hope that someday China's 800,000,000

people—maybe a billion by then—will be represented in an international organization and will have a voice and will be heard, but not under the conditions they now lay down, such as the expulsion of Nationalist China from the UN. Even though Taiwan is not a large country, it does have a population much larger than the populations of many member countries in Africa, Asia and the Middle East. Nor can we accede to China's demand that the United States be branded as an aggressor in Korea. Those are conditions that are unacceptable to us. Nor do I really see that we would gain much even by recognition of China; I don't see why we should put an American embassy in Peking for them to use as a target for scorn, why we should put our prestige on the line and have bombs thrown at it and the embassy sacked as the British embassy was. But I think we *could* take a modest step toward improving relations with China—by removing the breach between us and certain of our allies who now trade with her, by withdrawing from them the implicit threat that they will be considered our enemies as long as they trade with China. We have nothing to gain, and possibly a great deal to lose, by trying to isolate China completely from the rest of the world.

PLAYBOY: Administration spokesmen argue that if we fail to pursue our policy of isolating and containing China, it will export Vietnam-style "people's revolutions" throughout Asia, Africa and Latin America. Do you think the U.S. has the right, even if it has the ability, to police the world as self-appointed protector of the oppressed from Communist subversion?

PERCY: No. I think the line has to be drawn where we see that there is sufficient resolve on the part of the people themselves in any given country to wage an all-out resistance against an aggressor—if it really is an aggressor—and to go only into situations where conditions are stable enough to hold some hope of success, much like the tremendous investment we made in western Europe and its recovery program. We were investing in a known quantity—dealing with people who had a history of stable government, people with a will to work and build themselves back up; that's why our helping hand was sufficient to put them over the top. I think we have to gauge very carefully where an assist from the United States can turn the tide from defeat to victory, and that judgment would be based, in my mind, very much upon the demonstrated ability and desire of the people to help themselves.

If the Communists were to present a real threat in the Philippines, for example, I think we could feel justified in offering our assistance and support; we'd

be building on something more solid than we are in Vietnam. The British built on something fairly solid in Malaysia; the Malaysians really tenaciously fought that war with the Communists. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Thailand would, too, if the threat were to become serious. Years ago, I felt that Thailand would sway whichever way the wind blew, but I've been impressed by its continuing stability and independence. If the Thais can solve their problems with Communist infiltration in northeast Thailand—really go after it aggressively—I think they can ward off trouble with the Chinese. I'm not really convinced, as many people are in this country, that China is in a position to wage a great many massive efforts even in that part of the world. Take Burma, for example. Though it shares a 1200-mile frontier with China, for 17 years the Communist Party has had to remain underground in Burma.

PLAYBOY: Are you as sanguine about the threat of Soviet intervention and subversion in Africa and Latin America?

PERCY: Certainly not sanguine, but the degree of the threat depends on where you're talking about. In Cuba, for example, I think the Russians have had a good object lesson; it's costing them \$1,000,000 a day. I think they'd like a way to extract themselves from that situation if they could. And they haven't gotten the return they expected on their investment in the Middle East. They've put two to three billion dollars in there, and I think they're pretty disillusioned about what they've gotten in return. Even with respect to the Aswan Dam, I noticed on the part of the United Arab Republic almost a desire to disassociate itself from the Soviet Union, which leaves the impression that it was almost entirely responsible for the dam's construction. There was a desire to minimize the Soviet role and scoff at it and point out the faults—the lack of spare parts and the broken equipment. So the Russians have run into the same problems with their aid program that we've gotten into with ours.

PLAYBOY: If you feel that Russia and America share some of the same problems, do you agree with those who think that the American and Soviet systems are slowly converging, as the U.S. becomes progressively more socialistic and the U.S.S.R. more capitalistic?

PERCY: That's a rather oversimplified view, I think, because there is still a vast difference in kind as well as in degree between our two systems. But I was encouraged, when I went through eastern Europe and the Soviet Union in 1966, by the number of questions that came to me about business techniques and management, about how the cost system works and how you price your products. They're starting to run their own businesses more and more in eastern

Europe; they're developing more "socialistic incentives." I'm encouraged by that, but it's still a long way from private enterprise. I'm more encouraged by the turnback of small shops and farms in some eastern-European countries to private ownership and management, going away from the collective farms. But I don't think you can really say we're working toward their system and they're working toward ours. We're both simply responding to changing conditions. They're responding because their system doesn't work and it's obvious to them that it doesn't and it's stagnant—but that doesn't mean they're necessarily going to give up and provide freedom of speech and freedom of elections, and so forth. That's a long way off in most of those countries.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the changes in Russia's economic system offer any prospect that it will become less hostile toward the West?

PERCY: What these changes do is shift power gradually; as of now, the political leadership still controls the economy. Just as in this country, we had a quiet revolution when the entrepreneurs and the owners of enterprise—the Mellons and the Morgans—were gradually replaced by professional management. I think the same technological group inside the Communist countries will gradually gain more control over the economy, will realize that the political hacks don't have the comprehension and understanding to run a sophisticated economy. This is really one of the reasons Khrushchev was booted out—and a high-ranking Soviet official told me this himself: he lacked a sophisticated understanding of modern enterprise. He felt you could get people to produce more simply by exhorting them to production.

PLAYBOY: Is there any hope that more economic sophistication in the Soviet Union will make them more sincere believers in peaceful coexistence?

PERCY: Well, as you separate the economy from political control, you begin to put new forces and new pressures to work inside the Soviet Union. They start to divert a percentage of the available raw materials and labor away from space spectacles and military and anti-ballistic-missile systems toward the production of consumer-type goods. The pressure of the people is already going to work in that direction. I saw Russians stand in Moscow's GUM department store, 15 and 20 deep, waiting to see the display of a wire recorder that was obsolete in this country 20 years ago. I think that kind of pressure, over a period of years, is going to find a responsiveness in the political leadership.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss the responsiveness of the political leadership in this country. Reflecting the view of those who feel that the Republican Party has

lost touch with the people, most public-opinion polls in recent years have shown the G.O.P. becoming a smaller and smaller minority party. Can this trend be reversed?

PERCY: Yes—by making the G.O.P. a more appealing, broadly based party, a party that's attractive for young people because of the excitement of its ideas and its ideals; exciting for ethnic and minority groups because they feel comfortable inside the party; exciting for responsible leadership in the Negro community because they feel that a stronger two-party system will be a way to advance the cause of human rights.

PLAYBOY: That might sound to some like an echo of the Democratic Party program.

PERCY: I think it's the essence of responsibility for a national party to want to become a composite of the ideals and aspirations of the entire country, not just certain economic or social or cultural segments of it.

PLAYBOY: Is there a place for hard-core conservatives in that kind of party?

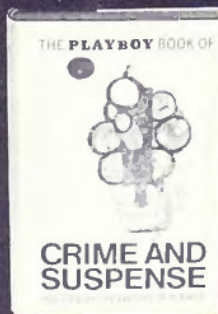
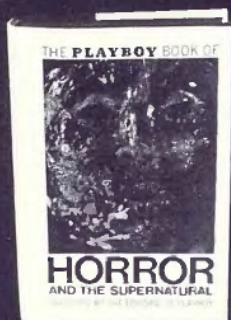
PERCY: I think there is a place for conservatives in the Republican Party, just as the conservatives of the South have found a place in the Democratic Party.

PLAYBOY: Though your views on law enforcement and fiscal responsibility are decidedly conservative, your position on most public issues—from civil rights to Vietnam—is more liberal than that of many Democrats. Doesn't this place you in conflict with a majority of your own party?

PERCY: I don't think so—not in the deepest sense. I'm a Republican because I believe in the primary thrust and emphasis of our party—which is to strengthen government from the bottom up rather than from the top down. I tend to think that the over-all effort of the Democratic Party has been to place greater faith in Federal Government and centralized authority, and less faith in state and local government.

PLAYBOY: Many moderate and liberal Republicans deplore the fact that you gave your tacit support to the nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964. How do you reconcile your liberal-leaning philosophy with your failure to oppose him?

PERCY: I made an advance commitment to support whoever might be the nominee favored by a majority of the Illinois delegation. It's as simple as that. If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't have made that commitment. But I did and I felt bound to honor it. I don't think you can begin a public career by breaking a public word that you have given. I supported a man whose integrity and decency I believed in. I didn't agree with many of his views, but at least I knew where he stood. I couldn't vote for a man, Lyndon



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Johnson, who I felt would say one thing in a campaign and do the opposite after he was elected. That is exactly what happened.

PLAYBOY: Let's ask the question in another form: Do you think the Republican Party should have nominated someone other than Barry Goldwater in 1964?

PERCY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to say who?

PERCY: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you vote for Mr. Goldwater?

PERCY: I voted a straight Republican ticket.

PLAYBOY: Rather clearly, Goldwater's poor showing in Illinois helped defeat you in your bid for the governorship. Do you believe that some other Republican Presidential candidate—such as Scranton or Rockefeller—would have helped you win?

PERCY: I lost the governorship because I deserved to lose it. I made certain commitments that I shouldn't have made, and I wasn't as good a candidate as I should have been; I'm rather glad now that I did lose, because I think I learned more in defeat than I would have in victory. And I'm certainly enjoying my work as a Senator.

PLAYBOY: Despite your support for Goldwater and your hard-line views on law and order, you've been the target of a number of highly critical pieces in such conservative journals as the *National Review* and *The New Guard*, a monthly magazine published by the Young Americans for Freedom. How do you account for this conservative hostility?

PERCY: Possibly a lack of understanding on their part of what true conservatism is. Many of them, for instance, are hostile toward me for my espousal of "radical" laws such as state FEPC and open occupancy; but I consider those to be conservative measures—measures to conserve American institutions and fulfill the promise of America. I also think it's conservative for us to have enough faith in the free-enterprise system to oppose tariffs imposed abroad on American products or imposed here on products coming in from abroad, and to let the free market run. But that's looked on by some as a liberal interpretation, simply because so many of the economists in this country agree with me on this principle. I also think it's conservative to say we have enough faith in our system that we want to export our ideas, and that the only way to get those ideas across is to be willing to trade in goods. The conservatives—at least those you mentioned—oppose East-West trade because they want to draw the Iron Curtain shut between us and the Communist world and engage in a holy war. But it all boils down to a matter of semantics. Whatever the label—liberal or conservative—none of us is less loyal as an American, though some might cast aspersions in that direction.

PLAYBOY: President Johnson has a reputation as a man who seeks to find a broad consensus of left and right and then shapes his solutions accordingly, rather than one who makes up his own mind and then tries to lead the nation according to the policies he thinks are best. Which do you feel is the proper role for a President?

PERCY: Before he establishes a policy and sets the country on a course, the President has to decide how far ahead of the people he can be. Every President must take into account that he can't get so far ahead that they won't follow him. But the role of any public official is to formulate his own judgment on the major issues and to fight, and fight hard, for the principles for which he stands, even if this sometimes means defeat.

PLAYBOY: There have been almost daily stories for a long time now about the personality of the President: his temper, his love of secrecy, his use of profanity, the way he browbeats his staff and so on. How relevant do you feel his personality is to a judgment of his general performance in office?

PERCY: I think the most important things are his judgment, his capability, his integrity and his qualities of leadership, which must establish a tone and inspire a people. Certainly he's an immensely capable man. He's an exceedingly intelligent man. And he's a hard-working man; no one's ever accused him of being lazy. The problem is that he lacks that intangible ability to inspire people, to give them confidence. The tone of Government has suffered as a result of it and the image of America abroad has suffered, as well as the attitude of the people toward their Government and even toward their country and themselves. Now, this inspirational ability is an important quality in a President. Jack Kennedy had it in his best days, and so did Eisenhower. Even President Truman, who was maligned a great deal, had high moments when he inspired the people with his guts and his determination. But we haven't seen much of that in this President, unfortunately.

PLAYBOY: Whether because of his personality or his policies, or both, Johnson's popularity dropped so drastically a few months ago that some pundits began to speculate that he might decide not to be a candidate for re-election this fall. Though he's since regained a few points in the polls, some still feel that he may not run. On the off-chance that they're right, do you think Hubert Humphrey or Robert Kennedy would be tougher for the Republicans to beat?

PERCY: If the voting level were 18, Bobby Kennedy would be very tough.

PLAYBOY: Only because of his appeal to young people?

PERCY: Not only that, of course—also

because of his ability to organize, the experience he's had in running a national campaign, his ability to be concise in his answers to questions, the support he has from an important segment of the academic community and the empathy that would still exist because of the recent tragedy of the death of his brother. There would be many liabilities he'd have to overcome, too, of course.

PLAYBOY: Such as?

PERCY: The greatest is certainly a reputation—perhaps an undeserved reputation, but one he has to live with—for ruthlessness, for using people to serve his purposes. And, of course, he's always being compared with his brother. Maybe some of his liabilities become his very assets. For example, because he is who he is, there is a large group of people who are willing to offer ideas and to help him, and he can sift through them and discard all but the best. He is an extremely good organizer, a man who demands the best performance. So people are going to keep on saying he is ruthless. On balance, though, I would say he is a very formidable factor in American politics, one the Republican Party is going to have to contend with for quite a number of years. And behind him is Teddy, who possesses many unique qualities of his own. Republicans and the country are not going to be permitted to forget the Kennedy name.

PLAYBOY: Would you say one of Bobby Kennedy's strengths is that he is less closely identified with President Johnson and his policies than Hubert Humphrey would be?

PERCY: It's not clear yet whether Kennedy's disassociation from the President has been identified in the public mind as one of deep conviction or just political expediency. It's not clear, either, whether the presentations that he has made on Vietnam would be acceptable to the general public. But there may be the feeling—and this would also be true if a Republican were elected—that the enemy might be more inclined to negotiate with a new Administration and a new President. Humphrey, able as he is, would offer more of the same; he'd feel honor bound to carry on the same policies as Johnson, because he would owe his allegiance and his nomination to the support Johnson would give him. Bobby Kennedy might offer to the country the hope that a new approach would be taken to solving Vietnam; and for that reason, he would perhaps have an advantage—especially since, by then, an even more compelling desire to end the war would be prevalent throughout the country.

PLAYBOY: If Johnson runs, do you think he can be beaten?

PERCY: Yes, I think he can—if the circumstances in which we find ourselves



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then are no better than they are now: a continuing Vietnam conflict, a huge deficit, an increase in taxes, lack of national prestige abroad and lack of unity at home. And Johnson's personality is not such as to weld the country together in times of adversity; there is no cause for inspiration, no apparent ability to create a sense of unity or even a feeling of complete confidence and trust.

PLAYBOY: If the President is able to end the war by November—either by winning a military victory or by negotiating a peaceful settlement—do you think the Republicans can still beat him?

PERCY: In either of those events, I would guess that he'd be re-elected—unless the crisis of the cities and the crisis of the economy are so severe that the country is still in turmoil despite our progress in Vietnam. But if the war is still going on, if we have a continuing inconclusive situation—draining not 25 billion dollars but possibly 30 billion dollars a year from us here—if we have a huge deficit, mounting dissension within the country and mounting casualties abroad, I would say he'd have a very difficult time getting re-elected. This is, of course, assuming we offer a progressive alternative program and constructive, credible alternative candidates on the Republican side.

PLAYBOY: If the war is still unsettled in November, do you think the Republicans can win with a candidate such as Governor Reagan or Richard Nixon, both of whom favor a step-up in the bombing?

PERCY: I think the candidate has to present a logical alternative and a course of action that holds promise of being more successful than that of the existing Administration. And I, for one, would not feel that a program of just continuously escalating the military effort holds any promise of bringing about a settlement of this war. I was pleased when Dick Nixon came out against broadening the war and assigned number-one priority to the crisis of our own cities.

PLAYBOY: Despite the public-opinion polls showing Governor Rockefeller running ahead of both Nixon and Reagan, do you think it likely that the Republican convention will nominate him, in view of the deep hostility of so many conservatives in the party toward him for his stand against Goldwater in 1964?

PERCY: I think it depends very much on the mood of the delegates in 1968—whether they will cling to the past and feel that someone should be punished for his conduct of four years ago or whether they will look to the future and decide that their function is to nominate someone who can win. I think we can have the kind of convention that looks toward the future.

PLAYBOY: So you think that Governor

Rockefeller is not necessarily ruled out?

PERCY: No, I don't think so at all.

PLAYBOY: How about yourself? In November 1966, right after your election, you said, "I can foresee no circumstances under which I would be expected to do other than be a good United States Senator for the next six years." Do you now foresee any such circumstances?

PERCY: No. I see a sufficient number of candidates in the field who have the capability of being a good candidate and a good President that there would not be any requirement on my part to enter a Presidential campaign.

PLAYBOY: Still, most politicians seem to regard you as a compromise candidate on whom almost everyone in the party could agree if the front-runners fail. Do you think you might come into the Presidential picture that way?

PERCY: I haven't changed my opinion a bit that the best thing I could be doing to fulfill my existing responsibilities is to be a good United States Senator. I am not one to detract from the present by worrying about some future time.

PLAYBOY: When you talk of some future time, are you referring to some time later than 1968?

PERCY: I think the best thing is to live day by day and do well the job you've been given to do. I can't see that the 1968 nomination will go to someone other than a candidate—and I don't intend to be a candidate.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with the analysis of some commentators that your only real chance for the 1968 Presidential nomination will come if Nixon and Romney knock each other out in the primaries?

PERCY: I don't know about that, but if either man were to go all the way through the primaries and win all of them and were also able to convince the party that, having won the Republican primaries, he also had sufficient appeal to win a general election by attracting the independent and Democratic votes that would be necessary, I think that that candidate will be the nominee. I don't think it's necessarily true that just winning Republican primaries—with the Republican Party being only 26 percent or whatever it is of the total electorate today—guarantees his nomination, let alone the election.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered entering any of the primaries yourself?

PERCY: I have no intention of going into any primaries.

PLAYBOY: Will you sign the affidavit—saying that you are not a Presidential candidate—that's required to take your name off the ballot in Wisconsin, Nebraska and Oregon?

PERCY: If someone put the affidavit in front of me today and said this is the day it has to be signed, I would sign it.

PLAYBOY: This interview will be published

in April. Will your answer be the same then?

PERCY: Well, I made one commitment that bound me in the future [his promise to support the candidate favored by a majority of the Illinois delegation in 1964—*Ed.*]. I'm not about to do the same thing again.

PLAYBOY: Without specific regard to 1968 or even 1972—would you like to be President someday?

PERCY: I've heard it said that I've always had a desire to be President, and I've really wondered where that came from. I even heard someone—an anonymous landlady of mine—quoted as saying that I had told her one time that this was my ambition. Well, I can certify that there is no one living or dead who has ever heard me say I wanted to be President of the United States, including any member of my family. I've talked about wanting to be in public life, but even that was only in recent years. Though I've long wanted to go into government, I wasn't sure that it would be the elective route. However, now that I have gone that route—and won—and now that I've begun to be mentioned in some circles as a prospect for national office. I will someday have to give that possibility very sober consideration; for I think it would be irresponsible to simply want to be President of the United States if you didn't have confidence that you could handle the burden of the office. I think you have to develop that sense of confidence as you start working and grappling with the problems of government. I should think that anyone in public life would feel that he might be qualified to solve some of the problems that would

be involved in the Presidency—and yet would also feel a profound sense of inadequacy at the enormity of its responsibilities. But I would not know today of any reason that I would shirk those responsibilities if my party and my country should ever ask me to assume higher office. But I do not seek it and I have a sense of immense satisfaction in the work that I'm now doing in the Senate.

PLAYBOY: Could we put that down as a qualified yes?

PERCY: Yes, perhaps that.

PLAYBOY: You've been mentioned as a likely prospect for the Vice-Presidential slot if you don't get the Presidential nomination this year. Would you accept it?

PERCY: I think it would depend to a great extent upon who the Presidential candidate was, and whether I felt that I could perform best for the country and the party as Vice-President or as a Senator.

PLAYBOY: Then you wouldn't foreclose the possibility?

PERCY: No. I wouldn't feel that there'd be any basis by which I had the right now to say it should be accepted or rejected. It would depend entirely upon the circumstances and the conditions.

PLAYBOY: During the primaries in 1960, John Kennedy's Catholicism became a campaign issue when critics expressed their concern that his administrative judgment as President might be prejudiced by his religious persuasion. He said it wouldn't, and it is generally agreed that it wasn't. But if you were to become a nominee for the Presidency, it's likely that the religious issue would be brought up again. Would your commitment as a practicing Christian Scientist influence your attitude toward the allocation of



"I refuse to pay that portion of my tax that does not go for war!"



"Gosh, Miss Whitbeck . . . I thought you said you were a nudist!"

Federal funds for medical research, heart-cancer-stroke centers, Medicare, and the like?

PERCY: Not at all. For 17 years, I've been a trustee of the University of Chicago, which operates one of the greatest medical centers in the country. I've also been a strong advocate of cancer research and heart-disease research. In fact, I support a strong Federal program in these areas, because I think it's much more effective and less expensive to have a central source for much of our research rather than have the 50 states each engage in separate research programs. I've never tried to impose my own religious views upon anyone else. And I've never found the slightest inconsistency in my saying to those who put their total reliance in medicine that they should have the best medical attention, the best medical care, the best doctors they can possibly have.

PLAYBOY: Do you use doctors or medication yourself?

PERCY: I've always gone to a dentist and I have a good eye doctor to whom all the members of the family go regularly. And I have always had physical examinations—for the Navy and for insurance. When I came to the Senate, I went over and met the doctor who is the Senate physician. But I don't take medicines or drugs and have not found it necessary to go to a hospital, though on occasion my wife has. When she broke her ankle, she had it set in the hospital; and when she's had a baby, she's gone to a hospital. But I've never found it neces-

sary to take drugs, and I seem to be surviving in good health.

PLAYBOY: But if you or one of your family became seriously ill, would you consult a doctor?

PERCY: I wouldn't hesitate to, if I weren't able to handle it any other way. But I have never known of a family that faced a critical health crisis, the potential death or loss of a member of the family, that did not resort to prayer as well as to medicine. It's just a matter of to what degree you rely upon prayer—in the first instance or in the last instance. I do it in the first instance.

PLAYBOY: Many Christian Scientists have led local fights against water fluoridation. Do you share their attitude?

PERCY: No, I don't. I feel that the position of the Christian Science Church is wrong in this regard. I don't look on fluoridation as a medical additive; I think it's a mineral additive. I feel that if a community decides—in whatever way it makes its decision, through a city council, through a plebiscite, through the directive of the health authorities—that fluoride should be added to the water, if someone doesn't want to drink the water with the fluoride in it, he can always buy bottled water. But since 99 percent of the people want it and are convinced of its proven beneficial effects, I think they should have it. That's why I've supported fluoridated water through the years, despite the official position of my church.

PLAYBOY: You yourself do not smoke and are reported not to drink anything more

than an occasional Dubonnet. Do you serve liquor to your guests or permit them to smoke?

PERCY: Yes, of course. I don't try to impose any of my beliefs upon any of my friends or guests.

PLAYBOY: When you were at Bell & Howell, you reportedly started the morning at home with Bible study. Do you and your family still start your day this way?

PERCY: Yes, we try to. I think you have to take time out for the things you think are important—and not just on Sunday.

PLAYBOY: We realize that this is a painful subject, but has the murder of your daughter Valerie changed the way you and your family live? Do you take any special precautions for their safety?

PERCY: Yes.

PLAYBOY: You've had more than your share of misfortune during your life. Has it made you fatalistic about the future, or have you managed to retain your optimism?

PERCY: No, I'm not fatalistic. I've still got a lot to be thankful for—and a lot worth working for. I don't think my life is really any different from anyone else's life in that sense. Everyone has some success and everyone suffers some setbacks; the peaks and valleys may be deeper as you get into something like politics, but every individual story I've ever known in life has a chapter that has both the good and the bad side to it. Along with everyone else, I've simply had my share of both. Both provide an opportunity and a challenge.

PLAYBOY: You said you feel that there's still a lot worth working for in your lifetime. What do you hope to accomplish?

PERCY: I hope that in the course of my lifetime in politics I can contribute to a restoration of the confidence that the American people have a right to expect in their Government—the Executive branch as well as the Legislative—and the confidence the people of the world have a right to expect in American leadership. All the problems this nation faces—Vietnam, urban renewal, law and order, racial equality, fiscal and monetary responsibility—all are subordinate to the overall question of whether leadership can be restored in America. The nation needs a sense of confidence that we in government have the perception not only to recognize these problems but to shape solutions for them, and the courage to take whatever steps are necessary to bring about these solutions. The only way for a nation to be respected—by itself as well as by the rest of the world—is to be respectable, in thought, action and deed. I hope to contribute to the process of restoring that respectability—and to the revival of America's belief in its own destiny and in itself.

TAX AND THE SINGLE MAN (continued from page 96)

For taxpayer B, for example, with \$10,000 of taxable income, his mortgage interest means a tax deduction of \$1500 and a tax saving of about \$330 a year; and his real-estate taxes represent a further \$700 deduction and a \$154 tax saving. This is why his actual cost of maintaining the house is so low. Taxpayer A, who still rents an apartment, is also paying for taxes and mortgage interest on his apartment building—these are part of the \$2400 rental payments he makes each year. But he gets no tax deduction for his outlay. That happy privilege goes to the owner of the building.

On a national basis, the discrimination between renters and homeowners is massive. In 1960, homeowners enjoyed a tax-free net return on their investments totaling an estimated 6.8 billion dollars. The cost to the Treasury (meaning the cost to the nonhomeowners who had to pay higher taxes as a result): 1.2 billion dollars. In addition, in 1960, homeowners were able to take property-tax deductions on 6.6 billion dollars of mortgage interest and 5.9 billion dollars of property taxes. Cost to the Treasury (i.e., to non-home-owning taxpayers): 2 billion dollars. So, all told, the tax advantages of home ownership carry a 3.2-billion-dollar

price tag, all of which must be made up by other taxpayers.

There have been some attempts, of late, in Congress and elsewhere, to ease the discriminatory treatment of unmarried taxpayers. Essentially, there are two ways to lessen or eliminate a tax discrimination. One is to end the preference enjoyed by the favored group. But this involves the risk of political retaliation by those who have grown accustomed to the benefits of discrimination. So Congress has traditionally shunned this method, preferring, instead, the more painless method of broadening the favored treatment to include those to whom it is presently denied.

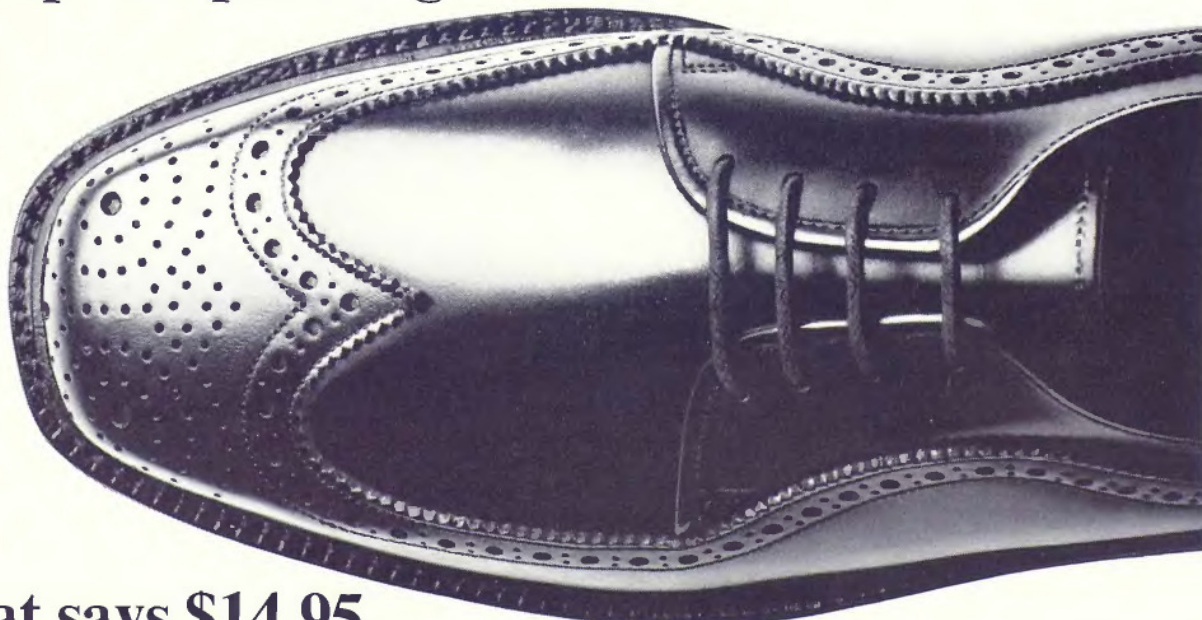
The current legislative efforts on behalf of the unmarried are no exception. They are reflected in measures introduced last year by Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy and 12 of his Senate colleagues and by Republican Congressman Theodore Kupferman in the House of Representatives. But even these proposals fall far short of what most bachelors would consider an equitable solution, since they would simply extend the tax privileges of heads of households to all single persons over the age of 35, including the divorced, the legally separated and the widowed. The eligibility

requirement is debatable, but far from arduous: All that an over-35 unmarried person must do is "maintain his own household as his home."

According to Senator McCarthy, this legislation would benefit about 18,000,000 people—of whom 13,000,000 are women. Since married taxpayers would continue to enjoy their advantages, the McCarthy-Kupferman legislation would be entirely painless—except, perhaps, for those entrusted with trying to balance the Federal budget. To them would fall the unhappy task of finding a way to make up for the estimated \$300,000,000 that the McCarthy-Kupferman measures would cost the U.S. Treasury. Assuming no other tax legislation, the burden would fall most heavily on single persons under 35—though they, in turn, would get their reward, when they crossed the magic age barrier.

In their compassionate concern for the plight of the over-35 unmarrieds, the sponsors of this legislation omit any mention in their press releases to constituents of this \$300,000,000 price tag. This group is deserving of tax relief, reasons Congressman Kupferman, because it is usually the burden of supporting a dependent relative, during the prime marrying years, that keeps a person from snagging a mate—or getting snagged—prior to reaching 35. By the time this financial obligation is reduced or terminated, the single person has often, in the

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Congressman's tactful words, "reached the age at which his or her marriage prospects are not encouraging." Even so, says Representative Kupferman, such a person usually maintains living accommodations similar to either a head of household or a childless married couple, who enjoy, respectively, either half or all of the tax rewards of income splitting. Moreover, Kupferman says, the demands on over-35 unmarries "to provide for their future financial security are, in many cases, more pressing than in the case of other individuals who receive more favorable tax treatment." Ergo, he says, spread the tax blessing.

Senator McCarthy paints an even more public-spirited picture of the unmarried taxpayers over 35. "Often at this age," he says, "they are expected to—and do—make special contributions for the support of relatives and for social and civil welfare." Moreover, they are generally required, "because of their occupation, their place in society, or simply for the sake of decency and convenience in living," to maintain a household of their own; and the expenses thus imposed upon them by society should be acknowledged in our tax laws.

To help garner support for Congressman Kupferman's bill, an organization has been formed that should at least win the hearts of those who admire imaginative or farfetched acronyms. It is called SIT-UP—which stands for Single Individuals' Tax Unification Program.

In bold-face capital letters, its literature implores unmarried taxpayers: "JUST DON'T SIT THERE—SIT-UP RIGHT NOW!" Sitting up consists of signing and circulating petitions to the House Ways and Means Committee (where all tax measures must originate) requesting that group to give Kupferman's bill "immediate consideration and approval and submission to the House of Representatives for approval." Thus far, SIT-UP's co-founder, Roy Morser, says, 20,000 persons have "sat up" and signed petitions to the House Ways and Means Committee. To date, the Committee has yet to respond.

In the shadow of an impending Presidential election, the U. S. Treasury Department has also been thunderingly silent about this bill. The chances are slim, however, that the Treasury will agree with Congressman Kupferman's characterization of the measure as a "tax-reform bill," since it would further weaken a tax system that is already so riddled with special exemptions, exclusions and deductions that over half of all personal income escapes taxation entirely—and much of the remaining half is taxed at preferential rates.

To a tax expert such as Joseph A. Pechman of the prestigious Brookings Institution in Washington, the discrimination against single taxpayers is a seri-

ous matter; but so is the progressive "erosion" of the tax system. Pechman's solution to the single-versus-married-taxpayer problem is just the opposite to that of Congress: He proposes that instead of extending the unwarranted benefits of income splitting to more people, the discrimination should be ended by eliminating the principal tax favor—income splitting—now enjoyed by married people. (Pechman qualifies as an objective commentator, being a married man himself; in fact, he once told a Congressional committee that his views on marital income splitting not only did not represent the views of his employer but did not necessarily reflect those of his wife.)

Pechman's proposal would, if enacted, add a whopping ten billion dollars to Federal revenues—more than President Johnson was seeking with his 1967 ten-percent-surtax proposal. (Incidentally, if the tax surcharge eventually goes through, it will simply increase the discrimination against single taxpayers.)

The Pechman suggestion often provokes the outcry that it would merely revive the pre-1948 interstate discrimination and set off another epidemic of state community-property laws. But Pechman, an ingenious fellow, has devised a formula that circumvents this problem and equalizes taxation not only of the single and the married but also of the married in the two different groups of states. Under Pechman's plan, couples filing joint returns would pay the same rates as single persons; and those filing separate returns (as the community-property residents did prior to 1948, in order to get the benefits of income splitting) would be subject to a separate rate schedule whose net effect would be to permit the income splitting required of married couples in community-property states—but then to turn around and take away the tax advantages.

Such a move would eliminate the principal discrimination against single taxpayers, but would retain the lesser inequity of doubling the personal exemption at marriage. Pechman and others believe that the \$600 personal exemption for the single person is outrageously and anachronistically low. It has remained unchanged for 20 years, during which the cost of living has increased 35 percent. Thus, in terms of what it will buy, the \$600 exemption, enacted in 1948, has shrunk to only \$444. But increasing the personal exemption across the board makes heavy inroads into Federal revenues (an \$800 exemption would cost 5.5 billion dollars), a step unfavorably regarded at a time of heavy war and defense spending. Its chances of enactment are slim.

This account of the several tax discriminations against the unmarried may prompt those who prefer bachelorhood to conclude that there is no way for them to beat the tax game other than to

sacrifice their most deeply held principles and plunge into matrimony.

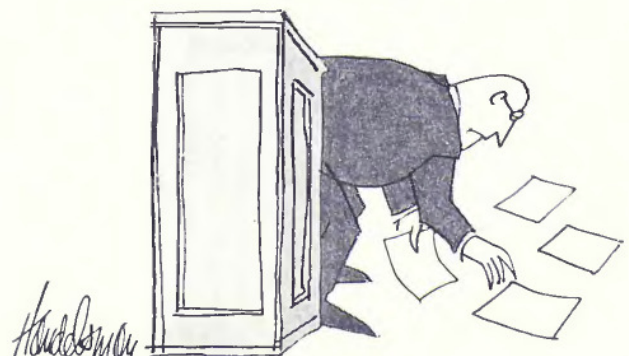
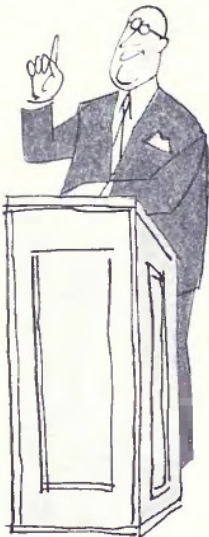
It is true that to enjoy the tax comforts of income splitting, one must resort to the rash extreme of marriage. Taking a mistress will not do the trick; in fact, in almost all jurisdictions in which extramarital cohabitation is illegal, it will not even qualify the generous male for an extra \$600 exemption. Still, even the most dedicated bachelor can take comfort in the knowledge that the ways of perfectly legal tax avoidance are not only devious, they are, thanks to Congress' generosity, many. If there exists a bachelor with enough means to be suffering from high taxes who has not already availed himself of the services of a tax attorney or a tax accountant, let him run, not walk, to the nearest expert. Let him be guided through the tax joys of oil investments (which permitted one oil tycoon to enjoy over \$2,000,000 of income each year for 14 years and *never pay a penny in taxes*), or of putting his money into tax-free state and local bonds (which put auto heiress Mrs. Horace Dodge in a position to enjoy over \$1,500,000 of income annually, without even having to file a tax return), or of having part of his salary paid in stock options (which put IBM's Thomas Watson in a position to realize a \$1,882,000 profit, taxable at no more than 25 percent, for a tax saving of close to \$1,000,000). Or, perhaps, if this bachelor is wealthy enough and influential enough and knows the right tax lawyer-lobbyist, he might even have a special provision of the tax law written for him (as movie magnate Louis B. Mayer did, for a tax saving of roughly \$2,000,000).

While from time to time a few of the joyous paths of tax avoidance have been closed off or narrowed, over the years Congress has shown a far greater preference for broadening the avenues of escape or for opening up new ones.

In the case of income splitting, the chances are that when Congress does get around to dealing with this gross discrimination against single taxpayers, it will not be Pechman's preference-removing stratagem that will get the nod but something along the lines of the benefit-spreading tack taken by Senator McCarthy and Congressman Kupferman, though, ideally, spreading the benefits to *all* single people, not just to those over 35. It really comes down to a matter of simple political arithmetic: The voters among the married couples, basking in the warmth of income splitting, outnumber by four to one the single folks who stand naked and shivering under the icy blasts of the normal tax rates. In terms of practical politics, there is only one way the unmarried can be relieved of the discriminations they endure: Bring them in out of the cold.



*"I am going to throw away
my prepared speech."*



papa's planet (continued from page 131)

gray ball of matter floating below us.

"What the devil's *down* there?" I asked.

"You'll find out. Strap in. Here we go."

We made a fine soft-point landing (Cecile could handle a Spacer like a pro) and, when the rocket smoke cleared, I saw a big, wide-chested fellow in khaki hunting clothes approaching us. He was bearded, grizzled, with suspicious eyes. And he carried an elephant gun.

"You critics?" he demanded.

"Nope," said Cecile. "I'm the daughter of Harrington Hollister and this is my new husband, Philip."

"OK, then," said the bearded man, pivoting. "I'm hunting critics. See any, give me a yell."

"Will do," said Cecile. And to me: "C'mon. Pamplona should be right on the other side of the mountain. We can catch the running of the bulls."

"Who was the aggressive, bearded guy?"

"Papa, of course. It's his planet."

• • •

Running along next to me, just in front of the bulls, a strong-looking guy thumped my shoulder and yelled, "This is swell, isn't it!"

"Yeah, swell!" I yelled back, sprinting to catch Cecile. "Who's the guy back there, yelling?"

"Papa," she told me. "Only he's a lot younger, naturally. This is 1923. Hey, let's cut through this side street. I want to see Paris."

Paris was right next to Pamplona, and Cecile looked radiant walking down the Rue de la Paix. "I'd like to meet Gertrude Stein," she said. "Maybe we can have lunch with her."

A big guy with a mustache pounded past us in a half crouch, feinting at the air with left and right jabs. He was

dark-haired, tough-looking. "Hi, Daughter," he said to Cecile.

"Hi, Ernie," she called back.

He padded away.

"Wait a damn minute," I said. "Who was *that*?"

She sighed. "Papa, naturally. Only nobody calls him Papa in Paris. Too early. Wrong period."

"Just how many Papas *are* there?"

Cecile stopped and wrinkled her nose. "Well, let's see . . . at least twenty that I know of, and I'm no expert. That was Daddy's department."

"And they're *all* here?"

"Sure." She pointed. "Just beyond Paris, across the Seine, is Oak Park, Illinois—which is next to Walloon Lake, Michigan. That's two Papas right there, one for each place. Both are *boy* Papas, of course. One goes to Oak Park High and the other goes trout fishing on the lake."

I nodded. "We've got one here—and another in Pamplona. And there's the one we met near the rocket."

"That was the African one," she said. "Then there's the one in New York with the hairy chest who keeps standing Max Eastman on his head in the corner at Scribner's. And the Papa in the hills of Spain covering the Civil War and the one skiing in Switzerland with Hadley and the one on the Gulf Stream in the Pilar—Daddy dug out a lovely Gulf Stream and I can't wait to see it—and there's the one getting shot in the kneecap somewhere in Italy."

"Fossalta di Piave," I supplied.

"That's the place," she said, pushing back a strand of delicious red hair. "And there's the Papa in Key West and the one in Venice and the one boxing in the gym in Kansas City. How many is that?"

"I've lost count," I said.

"Anyway, there are *lots* more," said Cecile. "Daddy had his whole factory in Des Moines working overtime for six months, including weekends, just to supply all the Papas."

"Probably one camped out by the big Two-Hearted River."

"Sure. And another in Toronto, working for the *Star*."

I raised an eyebrow. "Must have cost your dad plenty."

"It was a tax write-off," she said. "Nonprofit. Besides, he had this big empty planet just going to *waste* up here."

"But—building Paris in the Twenties and the streets of Pamplona and the bull rings of Spain—and all of Africa—"

"He didn't build *all* of Africa," Cecile corrected me. "Just the important part around Kilimanjaro, where we landed."

"Don't the Papas get mixed up, bump into each other?"

"Never. Each Papa has his assigned place and that's where he stays, doing what he was built for. The Pamplona Papa just keeps running with the bulls



"You were on Madison Avenue once. How would you convince them we're winning?"

and the African Papa keeps hunting critics."

"Your father sure didn't stint."

"When Daddy did a thing, he did it right," she agreed. "Now let's go have lunch with Miss Stein and then visit Venice. Daddy said they did a marvelous job with St. Mark's Square."

• • •

Papa was drinking alone at a table near the Grand Canal when our gondola passed by, and he waved us over.

"You smell good, Daughter," Papa told Cecile. "You smell the way good leather you find in the little no-nonsense shops in Madrid when you know enough not to get suckered into the big shops that charge too much smells."

"Thanks, Papa," said Cecile, giving him a bright smile.

"I always enjoy the Gritti here in Venice," said Papa, "and ordering a strong lobster who had much heart and who died properly and having him served to you by a waiter you can trust with the fine good bottle of Capri near you so you can see the little green ice bubbles form on the cold glass."

He poured us wine. We all saluted one another and drank. The sun went down and the wine made me sleepy.

When I awoke, Cecile was gone.

I said goodbye to Papa and went out to look for her.

• • •

She wasn't at Key West, or on the Gulf, or anywhere in Spain, or in Billings, Montana (where Papa was recovering from his auto accident). I finally found her in Paris. On the Left Bank.

"I've fallen in love," she declared. "You can go on back to Earth and forget me."

I shrugged. Cecile was hardly steadfast; as her fourth husband, I realized that. "Who is he?"

"I call him Ougly-poo. That's my special love name for him. He just adores it."

"He isn't human, is he?"

"Of course not!" She looked annoyed. "We're the only *people* on Papa's Planet. But what difference does that make?"

"No difference, I guess."

"He's divine," She smiled dreamily, wrinkling her freckles. "Kind of a classic profile, soft, sensitive lips, exciting eyes. . . . He gave me this autographed picture. See?"

I looked at it. "You're sure?"

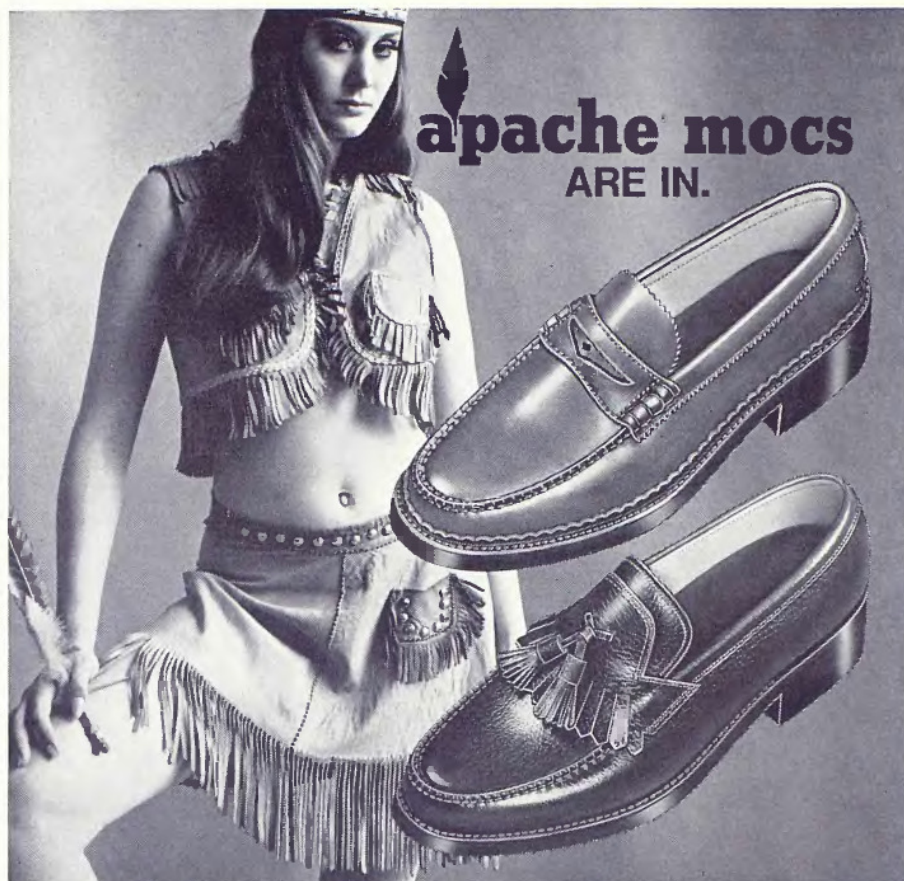
"I'm sure," she said.

"OK, then," I said. "Bye, Cecile."

"Bye, Philip." She threw me a kiss.

I walked back to the rocket through a sad, softly falling Hemingway rain. I didn't blame Cecile. The fellow was handsome, witty, brilliant, famous. All the things I wasn't. Girls weren't inspired to call me Ougly-poo.

But then, I wasn't F. Scott Fitzgerald.



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Liqueur Legerdemain

(continued from page 120)

GOLD CADILLAC

- ¾ oz. white or brown crème de cacao
- ¾ oz. Galliano
- ¾ oz. cream
- ⅓ cup crushed ice

Put all ingredients into blender. Blend at low speed 10–15 seconds. Pour into prechilled deep saucer champagne glass. Another version omits crushed ice. Shake well with regular ice and strain into prechilled large cocktail glass.

MANGO MINT

- 1½ ozs. mango nectar
- 1 oz. light rum
- ½ oz. cream
- ½ oz. white crème de menthe
- ½ cup crushed ice

Put all ingredients into blender. Blend at low speed 10–15 seconds. Pour into prechilled old fashioned glass. Add a rock or two to fill glass to rim.

PINK SQUIRREL

- 1 oz. crème de noyaux
- 1 oz. white crème de cacao
- ¾ oz. cream

Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled sugar-frosted large cocktail glass.

YELLOW FINGERS

- 1 oz. gin
- 1 oz. blackberry-flavored brandy
- ½ oz. banana liqueur
- ½ oz. heavy cream

Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled oversize cocktail glass. Winner of the 1967 Bombay Safari contest.

BRANDY ALEXANDER

- ¾ oz. brandy
- ¾ oz. white or brown crème de cacao
- ¾ oz. cream

Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled large cocktail glass.

GIN ALEXANDER

- ¾ oz. gin
- ¾ oz. white or brown crème de cacao
- ¾ oz. cream

Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled large cocktail glass.

SIDE CAR

- ¾ oz. brandy
- ¾ oz. curaçao
- ¾ oz. lemon juice

Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled large cocktail glass. All three ingredients may be varied to suit one's taste. For a strong brandy accent, use 1½ ozs. brandy, ½ oz. curaçao and ½ oz. lemon juice.

STINGER

- 1¼ ozs. brandy
- 1¼ ozs. white crème de menthe

Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled large cocktail glass. For a dry

stinger, increase brandy to 2 ozs. and reduce crème de menthe to 1/2 oz. May be served before or after dinner. It's frequently served with a glass of ice water on the side.

VIA VENETO

1 3/4 ozs. brandy
1/2 oz. sambuca
1 tablespoon slightly beaten egg white
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Shake well with ice. Strain over rocks into prechilled old fashioned glass.

MARGARITA

1 1/2 ozs. tequila
1/2 oz. triple sec or curaçao
1/2 oz. lime or lemon juice
Shake well with ice. Strain into prechilled salt-rimmed large cocktail glass. To prepare glass, rub rim with outside of lime or lemon peel. Dip into salt for a heavy salt border. For a lighter salt treatment, rub rim with outside of peel and sprinkle rim with salt shaker. Although traditionally the glass for a margarita is salt-rimmed, it may be sugar-rimmed if desired. A margarita may also be served with a twist of lime or lemon peel.

TEQUILA FRESA

1 1/2 ozs. tequila
3/4 oz. strawberry liqueur
1/2 oz. lime juice
1/4 teaspoon orange bitters
1 slice of lime
1 fresh strawberry
Shake tequila, strawberry liqueur, lime juice and orange bitters well with ice. Strain over rocks into old fashioned glass. Add slice of lime and fresh strawberry.

SAZERAC

2 ozs. bourbon or blended whiskey
1/4 teaspoon Pernod, absinthe, anesone or any other absinthe substitute
1/4 teaspoon bitters (Peychaud's, if possible)
1/2 teaspoon sugar
Lemon peel
Pour Pernod around prechilled old fashioned glass until inside of glass is completely coated. Add bitters, sugar and 1 tablespoon water. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add 1 large ice cube and bourbon. Stir well. Twist lemon peel above drink and drop into glass.

CHERRY COBBLER

1 1/2 ozs. gin
1/2 oz. cherry heering or Cherry Karise
1/2 oz. crème de cassis
1 teaspoon sugar
1/2 oz. lemon juice
1 slice of lemon
1 maraschino cherry
Fill a 12-oz. glass with finely cracked ice. Add gin, cherry heering, crème de cassis, sugar and lemon juice. Stir well

until sugar is dissolved. Add cracked ice to fill glass to rim. Stir. Add lemon slice and cherry.

APPLE GINGER FIX

1 oz. applejack
1 oz. ginger-flavored brandy
1/2 teaspoon sugar
1/2 oz. lemon juice
1 slice of lemon
Dissolve sugar in a teaspoon of water in an 8-oz. glass. Add applejack, ginger-flavored brandy and lemon juice. Fill glass with crushed ice; stir well. Add more ice to fill glass to rim; stir. Garnish with lemon slice.

BRIGHTON PUNCH

1 oz. bourbon
1 oz. cognac
3/4 oz. benedictine
1 oz. orange juice
1/2 oz. lemon juice
1 oz. iced club soda
1/2 slice of orange
Slice of lemon
Shake bourbon, cognac, benedictine, orange juice and lemon juice well with ice. Strain into 14-oz. tall glass. Add soda and enough ice to fill glass. Stir. Garnish with orange slice and lemon slice. An individual punch brewed outside a punch bowl.

SANGAREE COMFORT

1 oz. bourbon
1 oz. Southern Comfort
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon peach-flavored brandy
1/2 teaspoon sugar
Iced club soda
Freshly grated nutmeg
Stir bourbon, Southern Comfort, lemon juice, peach-flavored brandy and sugar in prechilled old fashioned glass. Add ice to fill glass to rim. Add splash of soda. Stir. Sprinkle lightly with nutmeg.

SLOE GIN FIZZ

1 oz. sloe gin (creamy cap)
1 oz. gin
3/4 oz. lemon juice
Iced club soda
Slice of lemon
Shake sloe gin, gin and lemon juice well with ice. Strain into 14-oz. tall glass half filled with ice. Fill glass with soda. Stir. Add lemon slice. It should be pointed out to the uninitiated that sloe gin isn't conventional gin at all but a classical liqueur made from the sloe berry.

The permutations of cordially constructed drinks have barely been tapped; skilled application of your own liqueur legerdemain will earn you a reputation as a host who's a good mixer.



*"For the perennial 'girl next door'
you ain't bad, kid. . . ."*

RUTH, THE SUN IS SHINING

cloud wrapped around it and the sun passed quickly into obscurity. In the sudden absence of glare, Bobby felt no rush of coolness and Ruth seemed to notice nothing at all. The boat continued toward the center of the lake. The engine noise was insistent and steady. The thunder was really ponderous now. "On August 14, 1872," he said almost reflectively, "a storm passed over Arlington, Massachusetts, and for thirteen minutes, the thunder was so concentrated that it was never punctuated with silence. A man in Arlington counted three hundred and thirty-one discharges in one span of seven minutes. But not a single lightning stroke hit Arlington. Lightning takes what it wants and leaves what it doesn't want. When lightning does kill people, they die at once. Their faces are placid. It is apparently a painless and perfect death. Sometimes there are marks on the victims' bodies. A sailor was once killed by lightning in his cot between the decks of a man-of-war. On his chest appeared the number forty-four, burned into his skin by the lightning. The ship's number was forty-four. The metal numerals forty-four were nailed to the mainmast, down which the lightning had traveled on its way to kill this one particular man."

At this moment, without hitting so much as a floating branch, the temporary shear pin in the motor gave way.

(continued from page 126)

The pitch of sound changed slightly, but Bobby did not realize at once what had happened. The dinghy's momentum subsided. With its engine whirring, it soon was at a standstill on the water. Bobby was annoyed, looking back at the storm that was now upon them and might have been outrun. Ruth did not notice the change. She had withdrawn completely and her head was no longer inclined toward the sky. Her gaze, which had for some minutes trailed along in the water beside the boat, seemed uninterrupted by the sudden stillness beneath it. The thunder stopped rolling and began to crash. Rain fell and obscured the shore in all directions. Uselessly, Bobby let the engine run, hoping that it would somehow solve its own difficulty and move them forward again. "Don't worry," he called out. "It takes a tall ship to be wrecked by lightning. June 17, 1793—H. M. S. Duke, ninety guns, attacked French positions on Martinique. The Duke fired on the battery at Point-à-la-Mer. The battery bombarded the Duke and cut a mizzen shroud. Forty-five guns pounded back. The battery was wrecked. The Duke sailed on. At La Prêchœur, she took several balls in the mizzenmast, then splattered the batteries of La Prêchœur. The Duke might have conquered all of Martinique; but just then, a stroke of lightning hit her main-topgallant masthead, blew the topgallant

mast and topmast to pieces, split the mainmast almost to the deck and shattered all her hoops in rings of fire. Lightning favors the French. June 24, 1811—two French frigates ran the British blockade of Toulon. Three British warships—H. M. S. Ajax, H. M. S. Unité and H. M. S. Resistance—were sent to make the kill. At dawn, they closed in on the French ship and prepared to sink her, but—crack, crack, crack—three successive bolts of lightning wrecked all three British ships, and the French one got away."

With a shivering crash over Lake Howard, lightning struck the water within 100 yards of the boat and Bobby's ears were left ringing. He could scarcely hear himself. He stood up in the boat. "July 3, 1816," he shouted. "The brig Columbia, off the Belize, was hit and destroyed by lightning, and all hands were lost except the captain. *Except the captain.* H. M. S. Lowestoft: March 8, 1796—three bolts hit within twenty minutes. Men were blinded at the halyards. Fell like flies from the tops. Mainmast split to the keelson. Lightning shattered the main-topmast, broke the hoops of the mainmast, split the fore-topmast and blew off the fore-topmast yard. Everyone between decks was left motionless and dumb. Everything smelled of sulphur. Bodies were burned and blackened but *almost everyone survived.* H. M. S. Dictator: October 8, 1794—struck without apparent damage. *Without apparent damage.* Two days later, smoke and flame burst from the figurehead. The figurehead had been burning within itself for forty-eight hours. That figurehead had been struck in the heart. September 26, 1844—"

In the sudden absence of Bobby's voice, Ruth slowly looked up. Bobby was not there. The rain seemed to smell of sulphur. A thunder crash that had come a few seconds before had been so loud that she had not actually heard it. She had only felt a rush of air. Her bonnet had blown off. The crash had, for a time, deafened her. She was reaching for the bonnet when she noticed one of Bobby's shoes on the floor boards of the boat, in just the position it had been in when it contained his foot. Three times, lightning struck around her but did not hit the dinghy. Eventually, after the storm passed, another boat took her in tow. When Bobby was found, his features were so placid that Ruth hesitated before identifying him. When his shirt was opened, it was discovered that his chest was burned in a pattern of light and dark checks, in the shape and manner of her new checkered sunbonnet that was filigreed with strands of metallic thread.



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READING OF THE WILL

(continued from page 102)

retaliated yet. Then the driver pulled over to the side of the road, said something unintelligible, got out, disappeared, returned, got back in and drove on. A number of possibilities as to what he had done, all unpleasant, occurred to Christopher.

"You have American money?" he asked suddenly. "Traveler's checks?"

"Yes."

"I change. Much better than at bank. How much you have?"

"Uh—no. No. Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

They drove on.

"What are you looking for?" said the driver.

"I'm looking for the hotel overlooking the Great Pyramid. Is it near here?"

"Near. Near."

And, in fact, it was. A dimly lighted driveway materialized on the right and they drove into it and stopped on the gravel before a flight of steps.

A man opened the door of the taxi. There was no one else visible and very few lights. The taxi driver asked for double what the meter showed. Christopher, feeling in a somewhat stronger position now, declined. He did give him a large tip. The hawk watched it all. So did the man who had opened the door. He went into an enormously high and silent lobby, dimly lighted. There was one man in a dark suit there asleep in an armchair. The doorman woke him up and this man registered Christopher. The silence of the building sounded unbreakable. An old man in a long white robe and a fez took him and his bags into a small elevator; it slowly rose three floors, where they got off and proceeded along a lengthy and enormous hallway, scarcely illuminated at all, arriving at last before a large door; they went into a very large pale-yellow room, with one large window at the far end, shuttered, two beds, a huge wardrobe and very chilly air. The light was one naked bulb hanging from the ceiling.

Christopher gave the man something and then he was alone. He had a very strong feeling that he was the only guest in this huge hotel and he recalled that he was in the Sahara desert, or the Libyan Desert, or the Western Desert; in any case, he was alone in the desert. He began to unpack and had nearly finished before the lights all went out.

Instinct in this situation was very definite as to what to do. He felt his way to the bed, took off his pants and shoes, pulled back the covers, got into bed and pulled the covers over himself. Then he didn't move.

Some kind of yelling and general commotion came into the room and

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Christopher opened his eyes—he had, after all, been asleep—and saw that daylight had also come into the room through the shutters and banished the specters of the night before. He got out of bed, threw back the huge shutters and there, without any doubt at all, was the Great Pyramid of Giza; the hotel did not, of course, overlook it; it overlooked the hotel, on a rise a few hundred yards away, gray, the essence of massiveness and of triangularity. All sorts of camels and horses and carriages and hundreds of people surged between the hotel and the Pyramid.

Everything was as animated this morning as it had been sepulchral the night before. It was possible that the telephone in the room, which he had not even bothered to pick up, so dead had it looked, worked. He picked it up, a human voice responded and he gave the number of his brother's house in Maadi, a suburb of Cairo. Barbara answered.

"You're here at last," she said. "We were so surprised when Mother Curtin wrote that you were coming by boat. How funny, we thought."

Christopher, instantly put off, said, "I'll tell you all about it. How's Ernie?"

"Still very weak. It's an absolutely filthy disease. I had no idea. Of course, it's from plain malnutrition. We just can't get the right food in this country. Do you like Mena House?"

After a pause, he answered, "More and more."

"I wish we could have had you here, but with the baby—"

"I'm fine here. When shall I see you and Ernie?"

"He wants us to come at six o'clock. Shall I pick you up there at five-thirty? What will you do all day? If it wasn't for the baby and my committee meeting. I could take you around. I hope you've got something to do today."

"Of course I do. First I'm going to go over to that big stone thing that comes to a point across the road and do whatever you do to it. Do you climb it or do you go into it?"

"I don't think they climb it anymore," she said.

It was true that people were no longer allowed to climb it. "Too many slip," the ancient robed guide explained, "and when they start to fall on the Great Pyramid, they never stop—bang, bang,

bang, bang, like down a staircase, all the way to the bottom."

But a visitor could go into it, up the outer face on steps cut into one of the immense gray-stone blocks, then into a tunnel winding toward the depths, arriving finally at the strangest chamber on earth, called the Grand Gallery, rather narrow, extremely high, the haunting gray walls sloping toward each other as they rose, lighted by electricity, the floor rising very steeply upward and farther upward, the bottom end of the gallery blocked by a stone too immense to be thought about and its upper end giving onto a large empty chamber with purple-granite walls.

It was only on arriving at last in this core of the unbelievable mass, having only half listened to the guide, that Christopher realized, or recollected, that the Great Pyramid was a tomb, was in fact the very apex of death, that he was standing in the Pharaoh's burial chamber and that the unthinkable human effort that went into erecting this had been that man's effort to defeat death, to carry himself beyond it.

But the chamber was completely empty; it had been robbed of everything thousands of years before.

...

Barbara was her usual extremely prompt self. How she managed to be that in Egypt was a riddle that Christopher, after he came to know the habits of the country better, never solved.

At 5:30, her black Ford, with a chauffeur at the wheel, drew up at the steps of Mena House. The robed servants, the big comfortable veranda, the Europeans having tea, Barbara with her Egyptian chauffeur, all created a small, illusory tableau of the old British Colonial days, and Barbara sustained it with her white gloves, white-linen suit, dark glasses and large hat.

They made a pass at kissing each other, then got into the back seat of the immaculately kept Ford. Barbara said, "We've got miles and miles and miles to go. The hospital's on the other side of town entirely."

They drove back along the road he had traveled the night before, and all the night before's sinister atmosphere had evaporated in the happy sunshine of what would be in Connecticut an especially fine day in late September. Apartment houses, trees, a big park, fountains all swept by; they crossed the Nile, as mighty as it should be, on through the center of Cairo and arrived at last at a pleasant-looking U-shaped building of tan concrete with balconies looking out over an agreeable square: Dar al Chifa Hospital.

Inside, it was very tidy and it was also very cheerful, almost festive. Nuns and imams scurried about, Bedouins and Europeans crisscrossed the lobby. "Well,



"You're just perfect for this commercial, Miss Cousins. Now, let's hear you say 'I use Groovy Floor Wax on all my floors.' . . ."

this isn't so bad," he remarked.

They went up to the third floor, through a tiny vestibule banked with flowers and into a pleasant hospital room, with French doors opening onto a balcony and the square below. Ernie was in the bed, looking very ill.

He shook hands weakly, blinked up from his pillow, his redhead's light complexion paler than ever, hazel eyes a little groggy. Christopher was shocked and tried to hide it. But, of course, Ernie had to be seriously, even desperately ill not to have come back for the funeral.

Ernie had always been generally regarded as "crazy"; that is, overactive, unpredictable, hypercritical, uncontrollably impulsive, dangerous when drunk, extremely willful and very intelligent. He had had many vicissitudes in his stormy life and the fact that he had at last seemed to settle down, even if in Cairo, had been a great relief to everybody. The slightly askew look he had about the eyes warned some people about his nature on sight. But the basis of all the quirks of his character was his formidable, ceaseless energy. And now he didn't have any. Christopher was shocked to see this pale rag and appalled to see it after the last sight he had had of his father, lying in the way that he had been lying. And now here was Ernie, flat on his back, drained. "My family," Christopher thought, "how frail we are."

Ernie seemed to want to talk and to have enough energy for that. After describing at length the grimly depressing effects of hepatitis, he finished by murmuring, "It just makes you hope you do die."

Christopher sprang forward in his chair. "Don't say that!"

Ernie's cloudy eyes roamed over him. "Anyway, it is the dreariest disease in the annals of medicine. I have to say I never felt worse in my life—"

"Ernie," put in Barbara irritably, "just keeping on saying that makes it even truer."

He pulled the sides of his mouth down as he looked over at her and then went on, "And it had to happen to me at the biggest crisis we have had in the family and I had to be in Cairo, United Arab Republic. And Father, whom I loved and will always deeply miss, had to leave every red cent to Mother, every last single share of every last blue-chip stock. I'm sorry to say that. If I didn't feel so awful, I probably wouldn't say it, probably wouldn't even think it particularly, if I didn't feel so awful." He raised his head slightly. "Oh. Where's the envelope?"

Christopher started, stared at him and finally compelled himself to mumble, "I forgot it." He had never felt like such a complete fool.

Ernie forced his head a little higher.



"Sorry—this isn't my diocese."

"You forgot it!" he said in an invalid's roar. "How could you forget it! That's what you came five thousand miles to give me!"

"I didn't forget it in America," Christopher rasped. "I forgot it at the hotel. Take it easy. I'll bring it tomorrow." Ernie was sinking very slowly back toward the pillow. "What's the big fuss about? After all, there's nothing so important in there." He glanced over Ernie's head. "Is there?" he murmured.

Ernie contemplated him. Finally, his right hand slid out from under the sheet and he pointed at Christopher. "I can't see visitors until six o'clock. I want it here at six o'clock tomorrow night."

Christopher leaned back in his chair and threw up his hands.

"All right."

. . .

That night in his huge old room in the hotel, he took out the envelope for the last time. It had never looked so potent with information or insight or instructions or wisdom, so potentially enriching, so helpful, revealing, absorbing—well, so alive.

He was certain he knew how to open it and seal it again so that Ernie wouldn't notice. What's more, if he did notice, Christopher could just say that that was how the envelope had been when he found it in the safe-deposit box, and no one could refute him. Neither Uncle George nor Mr. Williams had

examined it minutely. No one in the world would ever know.

But Ernie would probably let him see its contents anyway.

And, worst of all, there were the words in his father's handwriting, as explicit and forbidding as they could be. There were those words, in his handwriting.

But *why* had he left this message only to Ernie and not to him? Even if Ernie were dead, it was not to pass on to Christopher but had to be burned. Why? What did he lack, why couldn't he be trusted, what was the *matter* with him?

His hand trembling a little, feeling cold, very cold in this unheated night room on the edge of the great desert, Christopher held the envelope for a long time. Finally, he put it on the table beside his bed and began to undress.

The next day, he did the second thing after the Great Pyramid that he had been told was a necessity for a visitor, and went through Cairo Museum. Overwhelming statues of the Pharaohs and the gods, immense sarcophagi, the great funeral furniture of King Tutankhamen, the touching grace of the solar boat that was to carry a dead Pharaoh to his new life as a god of the sun; the mummies, swathed in brown linen, which had been peeled away on certain corpses to reveal hands or feet or a face, while others had been left completely wrapped, their little royal bodies clearly palpable beneath, recognizable still. The glory of ancient Egypt lay everywhere, their colossal attempt to sail past death itself, the huge

effort they made to reach immortality, to reach the sun.

Instead, what they reached was the Cairo Museum.

Christopher left toward dusk and hailed a taxi in the great square in front of the museum to take him to the hospital. He had the manila envelope in his hand, had carried it around with him all day, his heart beating when he looked at it.

The taxi stopped for a traffic light, and across the intersection there was a group of men standing in the street, conferring. A light-brown mound was near the curb about five yards from them and it was somehow clear that the conference was related to it; it was somehow equally clear that they did not want to be too near it. The light changed; and as the taxi passed close to the mound, Christopher saw that the cloth was very similar to that which bound the mummies in the museum. There was a breeze blowing and stones had been put at the corners

of the cloth to hold it down. Then he realized that there was a body under it.

"My God," he murmured.

"Traffic accident," said the driver, very calmly. His attitude seemed callous to Christopher then, but later on in Egypt, he found that traffic fatalities were so everyday, the Egyptian masses having never succeeded in adapting themselves to the automobile, that he understood it better.

"Lovemaking and death," his brother would tell him a few weeks later. (The animosity between them had ended by the time Ernie said this and he was beginning to try to be helpful to Christopher, to be an advisor, a guide, for the first time. "That's all Egypt is, lovemaking and death.")

At Dar al Chifa Hospital, Christopher paid the driver and went in through the lobby, which seemed gayer than ever, people laughing and gossiping everywhere.

He reached his brother's room. Ernie

looked much better today, sitting up in bed reading a newspaper. Barbara hadn't arrived yet.

"Hi," said Ernie easily, holding out his hand for the manila envelope.

With some deliberation in his manner, Christopher handed it to him. Ernie read through carefully what their father had written on the front and then turned the envelope over and proceeded to examine the flap even more carefully.

Christopher was thrown into a paroxysm of rage, thinking, "That bastard, suspecting me of disobeying Father's last wish!" and then controlling himself outwardly because his one hope was that Ernie, voluntarily, would let him read the contents.

"I think I'll look at this now. Might be, just might be something pressing in there. And, uh," he went on in a sincere tone, "you did take your time delivering it."

Christopher managed to control himself again.

"Why not sit out on the balcony," Ernie said, "and watch the sunset? It's one of the great sights of Egypt."

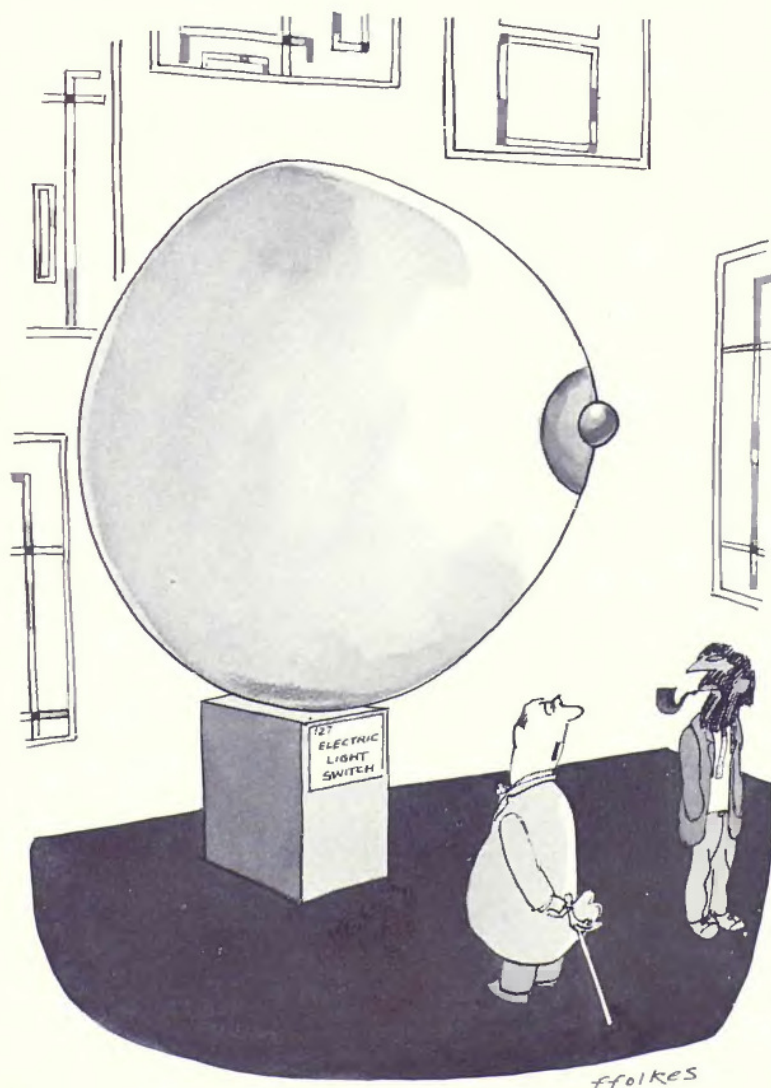
Christopher smiled agreeably, he hoped, and went out and sat on the balcony, facing a tremendous Nile sunset, depths of color and desert clarity and southern glow. Now and then, he heard the hiss and crackle of sheets of paper being unfolded, shifted, arranged. He sat immobile, staring at the great sunset; he was, of course, much farther from home than he had ever been, much more of an alien than he had ever been, and now perhaps he was learning that he was an alien in his own family.

"Come on back in," Ernie called cheerfully at last, and Christopher reentered the room to find the envelope on the night table beside the bed, face down, its flap open: its contents back inside it. Barbara had quietly arrived and was sitting in the corner. "There's a bottle of Scotch in the cupboard," Ernie went on, "if you want a drink. Not that I can have any. I'm a teetotaler—*me!*—for the next ten years or something, after hepatitis," and he sighed deeply. Ernie had, it was true, had a lot of bad breaks in his life. "Barbara, you know where the ice is down the hall. Of course, I could ring for service," he said ironically, his eyes widening into their famous incredulity glare. No more needed to be said about the service in Dar al Chifa Hospital. Barbara went out to get the ice.

Ernie began to recount his theories as to why he felt so much better today, then went on to a general account of their life in Egypt and then asked Christopher in detail what he had seen in the museum, and never once made any reference to the envelope.

Finally and quietly and fatalistically, Christopher asked, "What was in the envelope, Ernie?"

Ernie's slightly askew eyes looked at



FOLKES

"Who the hell do you think you're kidding, Grobwitz?"

him, the corners of his mouth went down and then he said gravely, "I just can't tell you." He drew a serious breath. "It's just something Dad had to say. It's not something you need to know. Forget about it. I'll handle it."

At those last words, Christopher cursed himself for having ever imagined the mere possibility that Ernie would let him know their father's message. Ernie had always been extremely jealous of his position as older brother. "I'm four years, seven months and two days older than he is" had practically been a litany of Ernie's always. "I'll drive" had been his automatic reaction to their both getting into the same car. "When you've had more experience . . ." had been his introduction to thousands of remarks, and his invariable response to any mutual matter had always been what it was now: "I'll handle it."

What a fool I am, Christopher exploded inwardly. No wonder Dad left no message, no instructions, no advice, no duty, no money, even, to me. He knew what a fool I am.

And from under his eyebrows, he looked at Ernie. "You want me to forget about it," he said.

Ernie looked a little surprised, but did not reply.

"Do you want me to forget Dad, too?"

Ernie contemplated him.

"Of course, you're a little jealous of

me." Christopher went on. "You always have been. You always were a lousy older brother. I just thought I'd tell you that."

Ernie looked a little sadly at him. "All older brothers are lousy older brothers," he said.

"Why were you always so jealous of me? I'm not so great. Why did you always have to have everything. Why—"

"Shut up," cried Barbara, coming in from the vestibule, where she had been hesitating. "You can't say those things, Christopher. Ernie's sick. Do you have to say the worst things you can think of, now?"

Christopher didn't speak. But out of the side of his eye, he saw and interpreted a little bit of mime: Barbara gesturing faintly toward the envelope and glancing toward Christopher ("Can't he be allowed to read it?") and Ernie faintly but firmly shaking his head ("Never").

"I'm going now," said Christopher in a flat tone. "I hope you get better." And, although Barbara moved to stop him, he left the room.

Out in front of the hospital was a square and he walked up and down for a while, up and down, and then finally took a taxi back to the center of Cairo. On the way, it crossed the intersection where he had seen the body under the brown-linen cloth. It had been removed and the group of conferring men was

gone. No one had ever been interrupted more abruptly than that Egyptian, that man or woman, who had been hit by a car, cut off mid-breath, mid-thought.

The dead: Through the pyramids and the solar boats and the very walls of the temples, they tried to speak. But, of course, they never succeeded in transmitting anything, here in Egypt or anywhere else.

Nothing ever came across. Christopher meditated, no communication was ever possible. To the survivor, no will was ever left, except his own.

He then felt very hungry. They were passing Shepherd's Hotel now and he asked the driver to let him off there. He went into the restaurant and ordered a steak. "Malnutrition for an American with money in Egypt!" he exclaimed to himself. "Ernie. He really does need all the help he can get." And then he suddenly thought: "Unlike me, I'll bet my father realized that. I'll bet he did. He realized I didn't need any posthumous letter of instructions or even any money; he had already given me and done for me and said to me what I needed; there's no other message coming. As a matter of fact, I don't need any message. It's too late for more instructions. There's just me, and that's enough. It has to be enough."



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MATA HARI (continued from page 130)

"Chet, honey," she said, "did they ever send that shaving cream?"

"By special courier. Here it is."

"Groovy. Well, I'll see you boys later. I'm going to improve my tan."

"I may be wrong," said Horne, slowly circling her and examining her from every angle, from uncombed hair to sun-toasted toes, "but I honestly can't find a single inch, anywhere, that needs improvement."

"You're sweet," she said, then turned her back on him, removed her brassiere with an air of what seemed (incredibly) to be maidenly modesty, and Clay heard precisely three short hissing spurts from the aerosol can. When she turned around, her three most censorable items were covered by a triad of puffy white clouds. She explained, with a shrug: "I didn't bring along a bikini, and they won't let you sun-bathe in the buff here." Then she walked out onto the patio and stretched out in the baking bright rays of the sun.

"Odd about suntan," Horne said reflectively. "Years ago, it was a status symbol—it told the world you were a lady or gentleman of leisure, with plenty of time to loll on balmy beaches. Now, and especially in this town, it means your agent can't give you away—it's become the badge of the unemployed. But," he concluded as he studied Prudy through the glass of the sliding patio doors, "this place does have advantages over working at the studio. Like you just said, you can get a little piece, undisturbed."

Chet stretched and yawned, scooping the postage slips into a drawer. "I believe in glamor," he said. "There's precious little left in this town. We were born too late. Thirty years too late. We should have been around in the days when there was a real film colony, when Bob Benchley fell into the pool at the Garden of Allah, and all that jazz. But the Garden of Allah is a savings and loan now. . . ."

"I noticed."

"And armored tanks—not bulldozers, armored tanks!—plowed Hal Roach Studios into the ground to make way for a shopping center. It's a dead town, a running-scared town . . . the big studios parceling themselves out in bits and pieces to the independents and selling themselves to oil companies and fighting these internecine wars called proxy battles . . . television . . . runaway production . . . the take-over of the foreign film . . . the old-line barracuda producers dying off, one by one . . . hell, Sid Freemond is about the only real grade-A monster left in town . . . it's sad, sad . . . it's enough to drive a man to lick the whipped cream off Prudy. . . ."

"Shaving cream," Horne corrected.

Chet frowned. He picked up the

phone. "Dear? This is Mr. Slobb in Agrippina. Would you please send up a can of Reddi-Wip? Thanks, doll."

Horne said, "I grant you, a lot of bloom may have gone from the rose, but you can't say there's no film colony anymore. There is—and we're it. We're the new film colony, the jet-age film colony. We're spread all over Rome and Spain and Yugoslavia and England, as well as California, but we're it, every bit as much as Benchley and Company were it in their day. I'll bet you a gold cigar band that they occasionally bemoaned the fact that they were born too late for the great era of the silent screen. And thirty years from now, other melancholy film colonists will be getting nostalgic about us."

There was a knock at the door and Horne opened it. A bellhop wheeled in two electric typewriters and began to set them up. His eyes caught and held Prudy for a good eight or ten seconds, and he growled in deep appreciation. "Mamma mia, she's foaming!" he said, in such rapid devotion that he forgot to count the tip.

"Shall we get to work?" said Chet, when he had left.

"Do you have a copy of the Marlowe?"

"Yes, but you won't need that. While I'm working on the opening sequences, I want you to do the siege of Persepolis. Cut back and forth from Tamburlaine's Scythian forces outside the city wall to the palace of the Persian king, in the beleaguered city. How long has it been since you read the play?"

"Twelve, fifteen years. . . ."

"Good enough. The Persian king's name is Mycetes. Tamburlaine's right-hand men are Techelles and Usumcasane. The king's own brother, Cosroe, is in league with the Scythians. Pick it up right after Cosroe says to Tamburlaine: 'Your Majesty shall shortly have your wish, and ride in triumph through Persepolis.' Tamburlaine turns to his buddy and says, 'Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles? Is it not passing brave to be a king, and ride in triumph through Persepolis?' Then we throw out all the jawboning that follows and cut directly to the big battle. Got it? Go, man."

Horne rolled a sheet of paper into the typewriter and began spilling words onto it. . . .

EXTREME CLOSE-UP—TAMBURLAINE'S HORSE. *It is neighing—eyes wild, nostrils flared. PULL BACK TO:*

EXT.—A PERSIAN PLAIN—DAY. *The horse is spiritedly rearing. Behind the mounted TAMBURLAINE, the Scythian hordes stretch back to the horizon.*

AERIAL SHOT—ENTIRE ARMY. *We see the center and both flanks—a combined strength of 200,000 mounted warriors—plus catapults,*

crossbows and all the other engines of war.

ANGLE ON TAMBURLAINE. *He draws his scimitar and raises it high.*

TAMBURLAINE (a battle cry): *Scythians!!!*

AERIAL SHOT—ENTIRE ARMY. *A deafening response of "Ay!" from 200,000 throats.*

ANGLE ON TAMBURLAINE.

TAMBURLAINE: *On! To the wall!!!*

AERIAL SHOT—ENTIRE ARMY. *The mass of men, horses and machines lunges forward—moving across the landscape like the crashing tide of a colossal human sea.*

TRAVELING SHOT—TAMBURLAINE. *As his horse gallops ahead, he continues to hold the scimitar aloft.*

"There's nothing more exciting than a good battle on the screen," said Horne, somewhat later, "and nothing duller on paper." He rose from the typewriter, stretched and walked over to Chet's machine. "How I envy you," he said. "All that dialog. I don't think I've written more than a half dozen words of dialog all afternoon."

Chet yawned cavernously. "They'll make me cut most of it. Not just because there's so much of it. Mainly because it's too rich, too big, too flamboyant. Not 'understated' enough. Never mind the frills, get on with the story. Never mind how, or why, tell us what. Any adjectives found on the street after seven o'clock will be shot to death. And that is ungood, I say, ungood! Every damn novel that comes out nowadays is praised if it understates. Have you ever heard a novel praised because it overstates? And yet, what the hell is *Moby Dick* but one vast overstatement? Or *Tamburlaine*? We're afraid of our hearts these days, damn it, afraid of crying, afraid of laughing, afraid of losing our cool. The tight smile? Very good. The belly laugh? Vulgar. Nuts to it all. Nuts to *The New Yorker*, nuts to all sons of bitches who want to amplify the squeaks and stifle the cries. When I want understatement, I'll go to the May Company catalog."

He looked down at his typewriter. "I'm sure tired of writing DISSOLVE to. Maybe I'll switch to MELT to. Let's see how that looks." His fingers touched the keys. Nothing happened. "Hey, what gives? Check the plug, will you—did it get kicked out of the wall?"

Horne checked. "Nope. Still copulating with the socket."

Chet clicked the desk lamp a few times. "Deader nor a mackerel." He picked up the phone. "Dear, this is Mr. Slobb in Agrippina. What's the scam on the electricity? . . . Well, hell, don't you have any idea when it will be fixed? . . . All right, listen: Send up a couple of manual typewriters instant. Thanks, doll." He hung up. "Big power failure. Half of Laguna is without electricity." He shook his fist in the general direction



*"Would you care to step out of the shop and see how
it looks in the fog, Mr. Holmes?"*

of heaven, snarling, "How like you, God!"

"God is dead," said Horne.

"Yes, and you know why? Because He signed with my agency."

Prudy came in from the patio, her three clouds drastically diminished by the sun, and, after retrieving her bra, headed straight for the bathroom, saying, "Must be a hundred and one out there." Soon, they heard the cool music of the shower.

Horne jerked a thumb toward the sound, saying, "Tell me about her."

"What's to tell? I bumped into her up at the agency. She's shopping around for new representation. Small-town girl from Oregon. Got here on the strength of a beauty contest. Good kid, but a little inhibited."

"Inhibited!!!"

"Got only one note on her sexual piano. Never heard of even the most common variations. Strict Bible-type upbringing, very sheltered. But that's OK. She'll learn."

"I'm afraid she will. Fast. There are plenty to teach her."

"Anything wrong with that?"

Horne shook his head, but vaguely. "Not really. Depends on the girl. Take Lovey Benedict—she's like Prudy in many ways: young, beautiful, ambitious, amoral, promiscuous. But Lovey is tough, very tough, she always lands on her feet. She may sleep around, and sometimes she may do it in a coldly calculated way, strictly for business—but she doesn't let anyone use her. If anything, she uses *them*. She keeps a precious part of herself to herself—call it her soul, if you like."

"And Prudy?"

"I don't know," said Horne. "She may be the same—but somehow I get a marshmallow feeling from her, like maybe she doesn't have the fiber, the grit to stand the gaff. Lovey will never be destroyed by this town. But this kid might."

Chet laughed. "Whatever happened to the lighthearted Horne of yore? Suddenly you've become The Old Foolosopher. You're actually breaking out in a sweat!" Chet paused, puzzled, and mopped his own brow. "Come to think of it, so am I. What's going on?"

Horne wet a forefinger and held it aloft. "Not on," he said, "off. The air conditioning."

"Oh, God, of course," Chet groaned. "The power failure. We'll roast in here like three suckling pigs."

"Two suckling pigs. You forget, Prudy is limited."

That young lady appeared from the bathroom at precisely the same moment the bellhop arrived with the manual typewriters. She was wearing her bra, as before, and nothing else, as before. "Jesus Christ on a bicycle," said the bellhop, completely forgetting the tip this time.

"Back to work," said Chet, and attacked the typewriter.

"Prudy," said Horne, "can I ask you something?"

"Sure, Clay," she said, now flat on her back on the couch, reading *TV Guide*.

"How come you always keep your brassiere on?"

"Because I'm ashamed."

"Ashamed? You walk around here totally bare of ass, no pants on, nothing, and you wear the bra because you're ashamed? Ashamed of what?"

"Of *them*. They're too small."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true."

"Let me be the judge."

"No."

"Come on, take it off."

"No, Clay, please."

"Chet? Make her take it off."

"Take it off, honey."

"Oh, all right. But only for a second. There."

Horne said, "But, my darling young lady, you have nothing to be ashamed of. They're charming. Delightful. Heart-rendingly sweet and precious."

"You're just saying that," she said, replacing the bra.

"Promise me one thing," said Horne, touching her nose with the tip of his finger.

"What's that?"

Taking a deep breath, he went into his Nose Aria. "That you will never have that beautiful nose removed. It's perfect. Don't let them touch it. A lot of beautiful girls have caught the nose fever and had themselves remodeled into assembly-line cuties, indistinguishable from a million others. A nose is a nose is a nose, and a nose job is a crime when the nose is a great one like yours. Don't allow any smooth-talking Beverly Hills sawbones to obtund it."

"You mean bob it? It's already bobbed."

"Oh."

Chet chuckled through the chatter of his typewriter keys. "Fell right on your ass that time, buddy," he said.

"In fact," said Prudy, "I may even get it rebobbed. But I'm waiting for some studio to pay for it. Also bustplasty."

"I give up," said Horne, and turned to his typewriter. "Anyone mind if I take off my shirt? It's like an oven in here."

"Good idea," said Chet, rising and removing his shirt and then, as an afterthought, his pants. "But not my bra," he said. "My bra stays on."

. . .

By the time the temperature reached 104, both men were sitting buck naked at their typewriters, their loins somewhat sketchily wrapped in towels. Prudy, asleep on the couch, had even removed her bra. She, Chet and Horne were shiny as seals.

"Got a problem," said Chet.

"Me, too," said Horne. "Writer's

cramp, a stiff back, sore eyes and my ass is asleep."

"The problem is this. They don't want the tragic ending the play has. Tamburlaine can't be captured and die. On the other hand, they don't want a completely all-out happy ending. It has to be something in the middle. Got any ideas?"

"Who, me? I thought I was hired to write the battle scenes."

"For fifty grand, you can't throw in a fade-out?"

"I'm not anywhere near the end. I don't even know what's happening in this crazy script."

"All I'm saying is this. If you happen to get a bright idea for a happy but not *too* happy ending, just jump ahead to the end and sketch it in. We can put the jigsaw together later."

"OK. Might be a nice change from all this battle stuff, at that." Horne pulled a half-completed sheet from his machine and inserted another. "Didn't you say something about Tamburlaine wearing some kind of lucky charm his father gave him?"

"A ruby pendant. It's not in the play, I just stuck it in so we'd have something to play under the credits, as a sort of prolog."

"I'll diddle with that for a while. . . ."

"Oh," said Chet, "one more thing. We need a song."

"A what???? We're not songwriters!"

"No, but the thing is this. They might want to get Robert Goulet for the part."

"For *what* part?"

"Tamburlaine."

"That's the worst miscasting since John Wayne played Genghis Khan!"

"You're making that up."

"The hell I am. *The Conqueror*, 1956, RKO. Directed by Dick Powell. Also starred Susan Hayward and—"

"All right, all right. But since when are you a casting director? Naturally, before the cameras roll, they'll get Mercer and Mancini or somebody to do the actual song, but for the script they need *some* kind of song so they can show it to Goulet. Just the lyrics, of course."

"Oh, boy," said Horne, and began typing. . . .

EXT. SLOPES OF A VOLCANO—LONG SHOT—DAY. TAMBURLAINE addresses the throng. The faithful TECHELLES and USUMCASANE stand nearby.

CLOSE SHOT—TAMBURLAINE.

TAMBURLAINE: Asians! Why do you crouch here in the shadow of Europe? Join me . . . and we will cross those mountains! We will weld Europe and Asia into the greatest empire the world will ever know . . . !

ANGLE ON THRONG. Their faces are illuminated by interest; they are stirred by his words.

CLOSE SHOT—TAMBURLAINE.

TAMBURLAINE: . . . Will you follow

Grab your pants and go.



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me? Let me hear you!

LONG SHOT. *A great cry goes up:*

VOICES: Yes!!!

TAMBURLAINE: Then mount your stallions and follow my sword!

The members of the throng rush off to their horses.

GROUP SHOT—TAMBURLAINE, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE.

TAMBURLAINE: Come: We, too, must mount.

TECHELLES (suddenly): Master—look. . . .

TECHELLES points to TAMBURLAINE's ruby pendant. TAMBURLAINE, looking down, takes it in his hand.

INSERT: THE RUBY IN HIS HAND. *It is curiously dull, no longer glittering, its color darkened and drab. It seems a blob of clouded glass rather than a precious stone. Over this, we hear TECHELLES:*

TECHELLES (off screen): It is as if the spark within it has died. . . .

CLOSE-UP—TAMBURLAINE. *For a fleeting moment, he seems troubled. But then he smiles.*

TAMBURLAINE: Clouded by the lava fumes, nothing more.

BACK TO SCENE. USUMCASANE steps forward.

USUMCASANE: Might it be an evil omen?

TAMBURLAINE (defiantly): I do not live by omens! (Yanks off ruby and dashes it to the ground). I carve my own destiny!

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he strides to his horse and mounts. His two companions do the same. Already, in the b.g., the multitudes have begun to hum their marching song.

ANGLE ON TAMBURLAINE, MOUNTED. He begins to take up the melody of the "Song of Tamburlaine."

TAMBURLAINE (singing):

Look out, you sands and desert bands,

You hills and mountains yon.

Look out, you men of distant lands,

For Tamburlaine is moving on.

On, on,

On, on,

Yes, Tamburlaine is moving on.

If friend you be, come ride with me,

On you I will not frown.

But if you be my enemy,

Then Tamburlaine will ride you down!

Down, down,

Down, down,

Then Tamburlaine will ride you down!

Clear the way!

I am coming, I am near,

Night or day,

Swooping down on wings of fear!

And so beware, take heed, prepare

To rally or to run.

Come out and fight me if you dare,

For Tamburlaine's afraid of none.

None, none,

None, none,

No, Tamburlaine's afraid of none!

EXT. SLOPES OF THE VOLCANO—LONG SHOT. *The combined hordes, with TAMBURLAINE at their head, cover the landscape as they ride toward the mountains in the near distance. The song has been taken up by this vast legion and the air is thunderous with it. The song swells, a portent of woe to Europe, a hymn of might and conquest.*

TRAVELING CLOSE SHOT—TAMBURLAINE, MOUNTED. *His face glows with a smile of tremendous expectation; the glorious sound of the song fills and nourishes him; he drinks it in. Suddenly . . . WHIP PAN and ZOOM IN to an EXTREME CLOSE-UP of the ruby on the ground. As we see it again, the triumphal song's climax is marred by a searing dissonance. Like an accusing dead eye, the darkened ruby seems to prophesy disaster for its former wearer.*

SLOW FADE-OUT.

"It's beautiful," said Chet, reading the pages over the last bites of a room-service dinner. "You solved all the problems."

"But I'll hate myself in the morning."

"Prudy, don't you want some dinner?" asked Chet of the supine girl on the couch. The only answer was an incomprehensible mumble. "Poor kid. Worn out. All that sun-bathing." Suddenly he looked up alertly, put a finger to his lips and said, "Shhh. Listen. What's that sound?"

"Marlowe spinning in his grave?"

"The air conditioning's on again. Good scene."

The bellhop entered, after a perfunctory knock. "Mr. Slobb?" he said. "Sorry we didn't bring this sooner, but with the refrigerator conked out, we thought maybe it would spoil. But the power's back on now, so here it is." He handed Chet a can of Reddi-Wip.

Chet took it, casting a lingering glance at the slumbering Prudy. "Just in time for dessert," he said.



"Right now, I'm up to here in souls—what say we bargain for something else??"

FROZEN STIFFS *(continued from page 135)*

responsible for the remainder of the payments. However, there are court cases still unresolved in which the heirs were unable to meet the deadly carrying charges and G.M.C.A. is attempting to repossess and dispossess. A consumer research project has been undertaken to measure the strength of the used-coffin market.

Deepfreeze kits have been cited by both sides in the dispute over public ownership of the nation's electric power resources. Proponents of public ownership were encouraged by the infamous case of Gundar Priblege, who was defrosted when Eclectic Electric shut off his family's electricity for failure to pay their bill. The heat generated by the incident resulted in a New York law requiring utility companies to obtain court orders before shutting off power. One of the tests of eligibility is the presence of a cryobody in the building.

Opponents of public ownership maintain that the assurance of free juice will deter people from setting aside trust funds to provide for their own suspended animation, that they will approach death without sufficient preparation for their future.

An Eclectic Electric spokesman asserted that the future life of our dear departed is too important to be entrusted

to political hacks who would operate utilities under public ownership. He cited the possibility of massive power failures and individual power cutoffs due to errors that could occur if electricity were taken from the hands of private ownership.

Theologians are studying some of the problems resulting from cryogenic interment. Many clergymen, reluctant to oppose the wishes of their parishioners, have ceased calling for the deliverance of souls, at least for the time being. The dear departing prefer a spiritual hands-off policy, so that their souls remain with their remains.

Although clergymen generally have balked, civil marriage contracts are being changed from "until death do us part" to "until death and/or deepfreeze do us part." A committee of the National Bar Association is expected to come up with a recommendation on whether a surviving spouse is legally a widow or widower. Several prominent lawyers insist that divorce proceedings be required before the survivor can be free to remarry.

Export of the do-it-yourself deepfreeze kits has been banned upon the advice of the National Security Council, pending a more accurate determination by the State Department and Central Intelligence Agency as to who, if any, are America's friends abroad. However, General de

Gaulle hinted at a recent news conference that France will soon announce that she has discovered the technique through her own efforts. France's version will be of a more expensive nature, but it will allow wealthy Frenchmen to take their wives or other companions along on a voluntary basis.

Overpopulated China and India have prohibited the reporting of the process to their public. Mao cogently pointed out that the coming nuclear war will make the entire argument academic, since even the deepfreeze will not be able to cool off atomized bodies.

While the cost of cryogenic interment has been brought within the reach of the average American family, the substandard family is still left to die in the archaic, dusty but permanent manner. Welfare, civil rights and other socially conscious groups are beginning to militate for Government-subsidized deepfreeze kits. Newly elected President Hubert Humphrey has ordered his top legislative lieutenant, Senator Everett Dirksen, to introduce legislation calling for the financing of relative immortality through the Social Security System. The Deadicare Bill will be brought up in committee within a few weeks. The American Morticians Association opposes the proposal as cradle-to-grave socialism, and a life-or-death struggle is expected in the chamber.



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SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 148)

locus for adolescent humor, has never been depicted on the screen solely for the purpose of promoting sanitation.

Nor, for that matter, are bedrooms solely for sleeping. Since 1960, the bedroom comedy has flourished as never before, fostered by the farces of writer-producer Stanley Shapiro, whose Doris Day-Rock Hudson romances established an arch pattern that still persists. Shapiro habitually set up situations in which the worst always seemed about to happen, then coyly resolved them so that virtue, generally in the person of Miss Day, emerged triumphant. In one such Shapiro comedy, *That Touch of Mink*, Doris stands on the very brink of her first seduction—somewhat belatedly, in view of her rather advanced age—by Cary Grant; but she is made so nervous by the imminence of the encounter that she develops an immobilizing skin rash. Later, learning that Doris apparently (it's always apparently in movies of this ilk) is about to try again with someone else in a motel room, Cary Grant rushes to save her for himself—in marriage, of course. The bad joke is further compounded

when Grant himself develops a rash on the bridal night. Thus, the two lovers—even with the marriage certificate in hand—are left in a state of unconsummated desire for each other. Such were the comedic movie commentaries on the sexual morals of middle-class Americans. Other Shapiro comedies—*Come September* and *Lover Come Back* among them— invariably promised more titillation than they delivered. Adding to the irritating nature of these films for sophisticated audiences was the fact that such hypocrisy was no longer even necessary.

That the slick commercial comedy could be brightened with flashes of satire and cynicism, however, was notably demonstrated in the mordant films of the witty Billy Wilder, who earlier established his eminence in this field with *The Seven Year Itch* and *Some Like It Hot*. In *The Apartment* (1960), he appeared headed toward a coruscating commentary on the sexual habits of the American businessman. The bigger they get, according to Wilder's movie, the more they require a hideaway for sneaking in some

extramarital sex on the sly. To aid and abet them, Jack Lemmon, a bumbling opportunist hoping to make his way up the ladder of success in a huge insurance firm, lends his apartment for the romantic dalliances of his superiors; meanwhile, he casts shy glances at a comely elevator operator (Shirley MacLaine), who, unbeknownst to him, is no stranger to his pad. As long as Wilder remained cynical and kept his characters bad, his film was good; but toward the end, he became as nervous as Shapiro. Instead of permitting Lemmon's lack of virtue to be unjustly rewarded, Wilder has him rescue Miss MacLaine, who had been seduced and abandoned by Fred MacMurray, from a remorseful suicide. Lemmon righteously resigns from the firm (surrendering the symbol of his success, the key to the executive men's room), and he and Shirley prepare to make an honest life together, without much chance for promotion for either of them. Wilder's own chance for a truly trenchant film disappeared as he turned his satire into saccharine. Nevertheless, *The Apartment* won him several awards.

Wilder was less lucky with *Kiss Me, Stupid*, which played heavily—far too heavily—on the themes of cupidity and concupiscence. Disaster first struck when Peter Sellers, who was to portray another bumbling hero in a town unsuitably cleft Climax, Nevada, was stricken by a massive heart attack. His replacement, Ray Walston, made for a dull substitute; and Kim Novak, bursting from her blouse with everything but talent, gave an equally lackluster performance as a prostitute known as Polly the Pistol. Dean Martin, driving through Climax, tarries in the hope of passing time with Walston's pretty wife, Felicia Farr. His hopes are fulfilled: Walston unwittingly counters by making out with Polly the Pistol; and all ends happily. But not for Wilder. Critic Judith Crist, her hackles bristling, awarded *Kiss Me, Stupid* "the distinction of being not only the slickest movie of the year but also the dullest." The film, admittedly badly cast, was not all that bad; and if it was lascivious, it was at least honestly so, in contradistinction to several films praised by the same Miss Crist. Though it was finally granted a Code Seal, the Legion of Decency further jumped on it with a Condemned rating. Wilder learned to his sorrow—for the film failed at the box office, too—that there were limits to what he could get away with.

These limits were tested in several more serious pictures of the early Sixties as well. A bellwether film in this regard was Joseph L. Mankiewicz' skilled—and resoundingly successful—adaptation of Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly, Last Summer*, made at the very end of the Fifties (and discussed in our installment covering that decade). This grim,



"I only drink to be sociable."

ground-breaking drama—which incorporated homosexuality, cannibalism and generous peeks at Elizabeth Taylor in a skimpy, almost transparent bathing suit—went into general release in the first weeks of January 1960, and its box-office reception undoubtedly did much to embolden other producers into working a similar vein. In *Sweet Bird of Youth*, also taken from a Williams play, Paul Newman appeared as the kept companion to an aging actress who lives on liquor, narcotics and bottled oxygen; at the film's finale, he is beaten within an inch of his life for having given a dose of V.D. to the virginal daughter of a Southern politico. In the original play, Williams had him emasculated on stage; but apparently there were still some subjects that the studios continued to regard as not in "good taste." Indeed, the producers seemed to go out of their way to avoid "approving" of this new injection of sex into their pictures. Not infrequently, the price of dalliance ranged all the way from madness to suicide or death. In yet another mining of Tennessee Williams' antimother lode, *The Fugitive Kind*, Marlon Brando brings his guitar to a small Mississippi town and is promptly seduced by the matronly proprietress (Anna Magnani) of the general store in which he finds employment, and pursued by the local nymphomaniac (Joanne Woodward). When Magnani's husband learns that she is being generous with her favors, he shoots her dead, then traps Brando in the store and burns it—and him—to the ground. Brando fared little better in his next film, *One-Eyed Jacks*, which he both produced and directed. For sheer spite, he seduces and impregnates the stepdaughter of a man who once betrayed him (Karl Malden). In retaliation, Malden horsewhips him, pistol-whips him and smashes his gun hand with a rifle butt. In the end, after the inevitable shoot-out, Brando brings down his enemy; but Malden, his eyesight failing, snaps off one final shot—and hits the errant stepdaughter. Such were the wages of sin as recently as 1961.

To be sure, not all American movies of the early Sixties were quite so relentlessly Victorian in their approach. In *The Misfits* (1961), which Arthur Miller wrote specifically for his then-wife Marilyn Monroe, she is cast as a divorced stripper with, as one character puts it, "a gift for life." This gift prompts her to a prolonged, idyllic shack-up with an aging, womanizing cowboy (Clark Gable), an affair that ends abruptly when she discovers that he makes his living by rounding up wild horses for the dog-food factories. But when he promises to find another, more humane form of employment, she climbs back into his truck with him and together they "head for the big star"—a prospect of happiness rarely proffered the promiscuous. Similarly,



"Beverly, can't you ever do anything right?
He's supposed to hide in the closet."

playwright William Inge and producer-director Elia Kazan conceived their *Splendor in the Grass* (also 1961) as a forthright attack on conventional morality. It was the corn-belt hypocrisy of Natalie Wood's parents, their film insisted, that kept her from satisfying her youthful, imperative physical needs with boyfriend Warren Beatty. Exacerbated emotionally by seminude cleavings and partings beneath a waterfall, Warren comes down with psychosomatic pneumonia, and the girl goes off her rocker. In spite of the film's commendable effort to give sex a nice instead of a dirty name, it was all a bit too overwrought to be completely convincing. Unfortunately, for the next few years, these films were the exception, not the rule. More often, sex was examined with a certain amount of candor, then rejected.

Natalie Wood, for example, ran into more sexual difficulties in *Love with the Proper Stranger*, this time through over-indulgence. Meeting Steve McQueen, and finding herself pregnant shortly thereafter, she seeks out an abortionist, but is thoroughly revolted by the seedy circumstances surrounding the operation. Eventually, McQueen solves her problem with a marriage proposal; and the film, which seemed on the verge of reflecting reality, wound up with a romantic cop-out. Sex remained a somewhat gloomy business for the married as well as the unmarried. In *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, the wife, Dorothy McGuire, was frigid; in *By Love Possessed*, the husband (Jason Robards, Jr.) was impotent and his wife, Lana Turner, soon found herself having an unsatisfactory affair with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., also

married; unmarried Susan Kohner, meanwhile, spurned by George Hamilton, committed suicide. The plusher the surroundings, the harder it became for married couples to find sexual satisfaction, or so *The Chapman Report* reported. When a team of Kinseylike sex surveyors looks behind the scenes in fashionable Beverly Hills suburbia, it uncovers some highly disconcerting mating patterns. Housewife Shelley Winters has a silly affair with a pretentious theater director; love-famished Glynis Johns, whose studious husband is too preoccupied to notice, let alone satisfy, her needs, picks up a muscular beach athlete who proves woefully unathletic in the clinches; and Claire Bloom, an alcoholic nymphomaniac, is collectively raped by a gang of overheated jazz musicians. (The Legion of Decency thought this last episode too strong and threatened condemnation until Warner Bros. dutifully recalled all prints and did some cutting. A similar gang rape was excised from *Splendor in the Grass*, also at the Legion's behest.)

Ever searching for salable sexual content for its films, Hollywood found prostitution even more intriguing than rape in the early Sixties. *Butterfield 8*, a long-neglected John O'Hara novel, was filmed in 1960 by MGM, with Elizabeth Taylor playing an ill-fated callgirl; the role won her an Academy Award. Shirley Jones was similarly rewarded when she changed her ingénue image and portrayed a prostitute in Richard Brooks' bold adaptation of *Elmer Gantry*. A deacon's daughter, she took up the profession after having been seduced by the unworthy divine, played by Burt Lancaster. This movie, though lurid, was saved by 196

fine acting and direction and, except for a compromised final scene, was relatively free of moral cant. More popular, although less distinguished, was *The World of Suzie Wong*, which featured curvaceous Nancy Kwan as an Oriental hustler working the bars of Hong Kong—that is, until she meets and falls in love with William Holden, who takes Suzie off the market by marrying her. Marriage, too, provided the happy ending for Audrey Hepburn as Holly Golightly in a relatively antiseptic version of Truman Capote's *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. The film was somewhat chary about calling a callgirl a callgirl; the producers wanted us to believe that Holly was just a gay madcap in the habit of accepting \$50 from gentleman escorts in order to visit the ladies' room in style. The gimlet-eyed reviewer for *Time* was not hoodwinked, however, for he reported that the director, Blake Edwards, "induces poor Holly to give up mattress money for matrimony." Just as likable but far more earthy was Melina Mercouri in *Never on Sunday*, written and directed by America's Jules Dassin. A hard-working Greek streetwalker, Melina gives her all for six days of the week and not even a simple-minded American tourist, attempting to regenerate her, is able to turn her from her regular work habits. Made in Greece, the film was a stunning commercial success, and a condemnation by the Legion had no effect whatever upon its drawing power. Members of the Legion, forced to view all the above films and others in a matter of weeks, privately took to calling their ordeal "the month of the prostitute."

With such sterling precedents, American producers became notably more open in their treatment of this previously taboo subject matter. Whereas, in such films of the Fifties as *From Here to Eternity* and *Some Came Running*, a bordello was generally depicted as an innocent night club, in Columbia's 1962 adaptation of Nelson Algren's sordid *Walk on the Wild Side*, his New Orleans whorehouse remained unmistakably just that. Into it wanders Laurence Harvey, a Texas boy searching for his lost ladylove, Capucine. To his dismay, he discovers that she is available only to the best customers of the establishment—and to the house's hard-bitten, mannish madam, Barbara Stanwyck. Even when Harvey proposes marriage, Miss Stanwyck jealously intervenes. In the ensuing tussle, Capucine is shot to death—thus leaving Harvey free to marry Anne Baxter, the café proprietress who really loves him, although for reasons not altogether clear. (Almost simultaneously, William Wyler's remake of Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* went into release. When first filmed in 1936 as *These Three*, the Lesbian motivations of the play were elided

completely; in the 1962 version, although no overtly Lesbian activities were presented, the script has Shirley MacLaine admitting that she loves Audrey Hepburn "in the way they said" and adding, "That's what's the matter with me.") By 1964, when the film version of Polly Adler's *A House Is Not a Home* put in its appearance, not only was there no effort to disguise the nature of Polly's home life but the picture ended without the slightest show of repentance or regeneration on her part. Nor was she shown ending her life as a sodden wreck or beneath the wheels of a convenient train. What gives this otherwise shoddy picture its significance, however, is not that it lacked an unhappy ending to satisfy the censors, but that a major studio decided to portray the life of a successful madam in the first place.

Were American film makers merely attempting to redress the wrongs done to the oldest profession through past movie moralizing? Hardly—although sexual soiling for commercial reasons was no longer viewed as quite the horrendous sin of yesteryear. Prostitutes and prostitution, now freely portrayable, simply afforded Hollywood the opportunity to resuscitate one of its favorite film types, the good-bad girl. There was a difference, though. In earlier decades, she was more often than not the victim of a cruel misunderstanding; she only *seemed* bad and turned out to be good at the end. Most of the time, of course, she really *was* bad, in terms of the remunerative employment of her body, but she was still eminently salvageable. It was again Billy Wilder who carried this pattern to its illogical extreme, in *Ima la Douce*. Originally a French musical of considerable charm, it was taken to London and then to the New York stage. Wilder, in turning it into a commercial Hollywood success, relegated the lilting score to the background sound track and diluted the dialog from its former frankness to a series of *double-entendre* wisecracks. As the Parisian *poule*, he cast Shirley MacLaine and, as the policeman turned pimp for the love of Irma, he again chose Jack Lemmon. Monogamy, of course, eventually triumphed, as it did in the play; but somehow the bite and buoyancy of the original story was lost in translation to the screen, and Jack Lemmon was unthinkable as a jealous procurer. As one critic remarked, Billy Wilder had gotten into the habit of telling "dirty fairy tales," while what audiences were asking for was a greater degree of honesty.

Wilder, for all his seeming boldness, fell into the rear guard of American directors, as a younger generation began to come of age. Perhaps the best of the new breed was Stanley Kubrick, originally of the Bronx, who took a contemptuous

view of Hollywood's pussyfooting and much preferred to work abroad. When he and his partner, James B. Harris, obtained the film rights to Vladimir Nabokov's controversial *Lolita*, they arranged their financing independently and went to England to make the picture. That they were able to obtain the rights to this famous novel at all revealed how uneasy the major studios still were (in 1962) with erotic material of undeniable distinction. Hollywood could be forgiven, however, for looking somewhat askance at *Lolita*. The book had first been published in France by the pornographically inclined Olympia Press (although *Lolita* could by no contemporary legal definition be regarded as pornographic); after being warily imported into this country by travelers, it became famous; its brilliance was recognized and it was finally published here to great acclaim.

Kubrick, backed to the tune of \$2,000,000 for the film version, was forced into a certain amount of compromise, particularly on the touchy matter of the age of the nymphetic Lolita, who, in the novel, was assumed to be no more than 12 or 13. For this pivotal role, Kubrick chose then-14-year-old Sue Lyon and left it to the audience's imagination to decide what her age in the film might be. Most critics, as it turned out, thought she looked at the very least a voluptuous 16. The question of age aside, however, Kubrick did manage to treat with frankness, honesty and sardonic humor the story of Humbert Humbert, a middle-aged man (James Mason) fixated on preadolescent girls. So compulsive were his somewhat esoteric sexual needs that he resorted to the extraordinary stratagem of marrying Shelley Winters just to be near her nubile, provocative daughter. After the mother's demise, the stepfather-daughter relationship is turned into a carnal one; but following a cross-country chase from one motel to the next, Peter Sellers, a nymphetophile in his own right, manages to steal the fun-loving Lolita away from the moody Mason. The ending, which shows Mason in prison, is double-edged in its morality, for Mason is there not for his seduction of a minor but because he has shot to death that other child molester, Peter Sellers. MGM, once ruled by the moralistic Louis B. Mayer, showed not the slightest hesitation in releasing the film; since presumably everyone paid in the end one way or another, even the Legion of Decency did not condemn the picture.

For all its excellence and daring, *Lolita* was not the trail-blazing film that many of its eloquent laudators would like to think. Sexual deviation of one sort or another had already begun to enter the mainstream of American picture-making, significantly in such readily assimilable popularizations as Alfred Hitchcock's



SOKOL

"You're not fooling anyone, Rafferty. Put Miss Hoskins down and get back to work!"

Psycho, a surprise hit of 1960. Its hero (Anthony Perkins) is a transvestite who assumes his dead mother's dress and voice while stabbing to death, in a sexual frenzy, a comely miss (Janet Leigh) who is unfortunate enough to be taking a shower in his motel. When Perkins is ultimately trapped by the dead girl's sister, the nature of his ailment—a murderous schizophrenia—is revealed by a police psychiatrist. Indeed, a goodly number of the films of the early Sixties could readily be taken for case histories of sexual aberration. *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, based on a Tennessee Williams novella, cast the brilliant Vivien Leigh as an aging society woman, a former actress who finds herself reduced to purchasing the affections of young Warren Beatty—and, when he jilts her, those of a non-descript Italian who, as she cheerfully admits, will probably end up by strangling her. In *All Fall Down*, Beatty turns up again, as an amoral youth with a pathological penchant for slugging his numerous female benefactors because, we gather, he had a weak father and a foolish, overprotective mother. In *Summer and Smoke*, yet another of Tennessee Williams' prejudicial dissertations on the frailties of woman, Geraldine Page plays a lonely, spinsterish Southern belle

whose dormant desires are so roused by Laurence Harvey that she turns into a pushover for a passing salesman after he abandons her. With such Freudian characters—and caricatures—crowding the screen, it was only fitting that, in 1963, a major motion picture be devoted to the master himself. John Huston's *Freud*, in fact, turned out to be not one but two case histories—one of Freud (stonily played by Montgomery Clift in a beard) and one devoted to Freud's fictitious first patient, Cecily Koertner, who gradually reveals, in a series of dream sequences, that the reason she can't walk is because she wants to kill her mother, sleep with her dead father—and become a prostitute in the bargain.

It was by now abundantly apparent to the film industry that the larger the sexual quotient of a film, the more it was likely to please the public—and that under such circumstances, a cast of stellar names was not always needed for bait. New people lacking the credits and the capital to attract big stars could sometimes get independent financial backing by simply offering a provocative script. In France, a new cinematic movement—the New Wave—had developed in the late Fifties on just such a basis, and some of the younger West Coast film makers

felt understandably challenged. French directors on the order of Jean-Luc Godard, Louis Malle and François Truffaut had achieved two main objectives: (1) They had found methods of cutting production costs to the bone and (2) they had substituted their personal moralities—or amoralties—for the traditional ones of cinema. One of the first Americans to emulate this approach was Leslie Stevens, already well established as both a screenwriter and a playwright. Finding his capital from outside the establishment sources, he directed his own story, *Private Property*, and proved, for the time being, that a commercially viable film could be made at low cost (a little over \$50,000) and without expensive star names. In the starring role of a luscious housewife whose husband is often away on business, he cast his own wife, Kate Manx. Lolling by her pool, lounging about her house, she is not aware at first that she is being spied upon by a pair of creepy young men who have invaded the house next door. Aroused by the all-too-fetching view, one of them embarks on a forthright seduction campaign and, after succeeding, drives the woman at knife point to the neighboring house to oblige his pal, a sexual innocent and, presumably, a latent homosexual. An improbable and violent ending marred the film, but it did manage to break new ground with, as film critic Paul V. Beckley wrote, "its precise and psychologically persuasive details."

Produced at the same time, although almost two years went by before it found a release, was Alexander Singer's *A Cold Wind in August*; for the next several years, it enjoyed the distinction of being the most honest erotic film made in the United States and is still considered a classic of the genre by French cinemaphiles. Singer, whose background strikingly parallels that of his friend and onetime associate, Stanley Kubrick, described with a minimum of sensationalism but a wealth of steamy detail the burgeoning love affair between an aging stripper and a 17-year-old boy. They are drawn together in mutual hunger, but sexual satisfaction soon leads to a deeper relationship—until the young man learns the truth about her profession. Disillusioned and disgusted, he breaks with the woman; but through their affair, he has discovered his own manhood and begins to search for a mate of more suitable age. With love scenes and language that were remarkably frank and a striptease sequence that for sheer tawdry sexiness remains unsurpassed in American films, *Cold Wind* had the misfortune to come to the screen several years ahead of its time. It was too American for the art-house trade, too open in its eroticism for the neighborhoods.

Also destined for limited distribution was Joseph Strick's modestly budgeted



"But gee, Howard, there must be more to sexual freedom than this!"

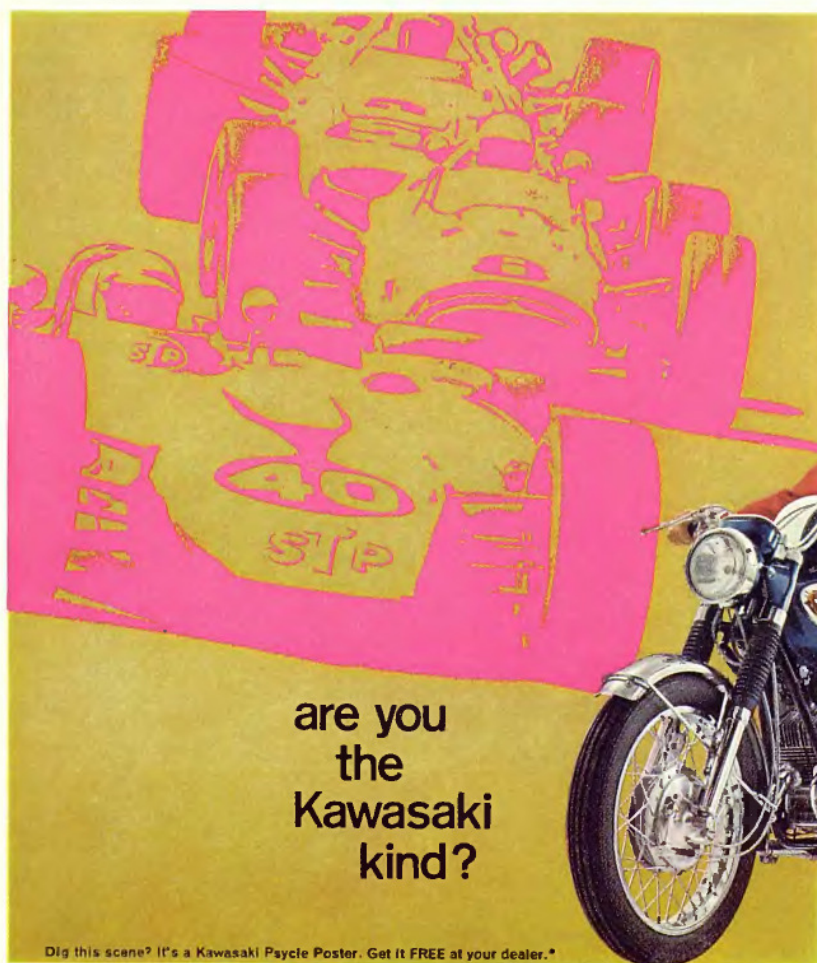
The Savage Eye, which took a relentlessly bleak view of life in Los Angeles for the lonely. Barbara Baxley, as a young divorcée, has little choice but to pick up a married man and, besides having to endure his passionless lovenaking, must accompany him—if she is to have the companionship she needs—on an endless round of wrestling matches, cheap night clubs and strip joints. The world she encounters is hardly the world as reflected by Hollywood; and the film often seemed more anxious to make this point than to touch the emotions. But, again, the playability of such films in the growing number of offbeat art houses was recognized. Strick continued his off-Hollywood career by making *The Balcony*, based on Jean Genet's scandal-rousing play about a surrealistic brothel catering to every conceivable pleasure of the flesh, and then moved on to his important adaptation of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, about which more will be said later.

All this creative ferment, bubbling toward the evolution of a new American cinema that would not be tied to Hollywood and its familiar precepts, quickly spread to the East Coast, where Shirley Clarke, attached by inclination to the new school of "underground cinema," revealed obviously professional skills when she made a film version of Jack Gelber's long-running off-Broadway play about drug addicts, *The Connection*.

She promptly ran into difficulties, however, because of her insistent use of the word "shit" in the film's dialog as a euphemism for heroin. The New York State Board of Regents, the film-censoring authority, cracked down by denying *The Connection* a license; and it took two years of appeals and counterappeals before the movie obtained its clearance. By that time, however, the whole matter had become academic; the New York censors had gone out of business. Undaunted, Miss Clarke employed the same inflammatory word in her next film, *The Cool World*. With a powerful use of the camera, she showed what life was like for the *lunpen* teenagers of Harlem, long before race riots made her point even clearer. One sequence in her remorseless study showed a whole teenage gang taking turns with an underage prostitute. Sincere as the film was, it failed to attract large audiences, perhaps because Miss Clarke was obviously not capitalizing on sex and degradation but using these to make a trenchant comment upon contemporary society and its failure to provide any ray of hope for the youthful denizens of its ghettos. In her most recent film, *Portrait of Jason*, Miss Clarke devotes the better part of two hours to a direct, on-camera interview with a 30ish, bespectacled Negro male prostitute who, high on whiskey and

marijuana, reveals the sordid details of his way of life with truly shattering candor. Although it is strong stuff for any audience, the picture won considerable critical acclaim in its debut at the New York Film Festival last September.

An independent theatrical cinema (we do not speak here of the rebellious underground experimental movement led by Jonas Mekas) failed to develop to any important degree in this country, however, primarily because the exhibition outlets were not actually as available as they had seemed to be at first. The major distributors began tossing their more mature efforts—both domestic and foreign-made—into the art houses for long runs, thus creating a safety valve for themselves against the fulminations of the Legion of Decency, should such develop. But what was good for the major studios as they edged into the field of art-film production proved a near disaster for independent film makers; show-cases for their bold but starless and unglamorized pictures became harder to come by. This had the unfortunate effect of putting a damper on any film production outside the usual channels. Thus, when a film such as *Goldstein*, a zany, impudent allegory, was made in Chicago by a group of young cinema enthusiasts, it received few play dates, although it featured, among its several flippancies,



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an abortion scene in an apartment house in which the pregnant girl is administered to by two ghoulish practitioners who make quips as they wield their instruments. Similarly, Tom Laughlin's youthfully earnest *We Are All Christ*, despite such graphically described samples of teenage degeneracy as the prolonged seduction of a moronic girl in a church choir loft, was shown in only a handful of theaters; and Laughlin's backers, a group of Midwestern financiers, were unwilling to put up the money required to complete his trilogy on the wild, wild ways of today's adolescents, despite the evident talent and sincerity of this young writer-actor-director.

Thus, as the theatrical outlets for such ambitious efforts dried up, so did their sources of financing; and the independent film makers turned increasingly to the far-out—but far less costly—field of underground cinema. A few, such as Jonas Mekas' *Guns of the Trees* and brother Adolphas Mekas' *Hallelujah the Hills!*, were made with at least one eye on theatrical release; but for the most part, the underground was content to remain just that, its primary sources of income being campus screenings by the numerous film societies in the United States and late-night showings in those art theaters willing to test the limits of police tolerance in their communities. Of all the underground esoterics, the protean Andy Warhol has come closest to moving into the big money with *The Chelsea Girls* (1966), a three-and-a-half-hour experiment in exotic and erotic monotony. His solution to the theater shortage was to rent one; and word of mouth about the Lesbians and similar fringe types in the film attracted a fairly wide audience, as did two other of his amateurish efforts, *My Hustler* and *I, a Man*, both of which consisted largely of homosexual chatter.

In the past few years, only an occasional example of genuine achievement has come from the independent field and made its way into commercial distribution. In San Francisco, the youthful John Korty has produced, on budgets of about \$200,000, two delightfully fresh and off-beat features, *The Crazy Quilt* and *Funnyman*, both of which display a healthy irreverence for conventional themes and techniques. In the former film, a termite exterminator marries a girl who, because he won't say that he loves her, goes off and has affairs with several other men. The wife returns; the husband admits that he loves her; and they have a child—who grows up and runs away with a motorcycle bum. In *Funnyman*—a far more accomplished film—Korty follows the adventures of a mixed-up comic who is even less willing to commit himself, although any number of attractive girls are delighted to share their bread and bed with him. Studded with sophisticated

gags and with a rare appreciation of the importance of sex in any social adjustment, *Funnyman* scored an outstanding success in its debut at last year's New York Film Festival. In England, an American independent, Gene Persson, recently produced an electrifying adaptation of LeRoi Jones' sensational *Dutchman*, starring his wife, Shirley Knight. In an otherwise deserted subway car hurtling through the night, a sexy, miniskirted blonde begins to tantalize an exceedingly proper young Negro. At first, unsure of himself, the young man rejects her; but as she becomes more brazen, placing his hand on her thigh, thrusting her breast into his face, he becomes passionately aroused. Jones probably meant the lure of her sexuality to symbolize for Negroes in general the dangers of succumbing to white blandishments, for the subway Romeo is finally stabbed to death by the provocative girl. Here was a case of sex being used by a film maker not for titillation, as is the normal practice in Hollywood, but to illuminate—whether one accepts the picture's implied conclusions or not—a contemporary situation. And here was also a case of virtual censorship in advance, for the producer had to do his filming in England and construct his own subway car there. The New York authorities refused him permission to use their own depressing facilities.

The independent film movement has, within the past few years, received occasional aid and assistance from an East Coast theater owner and distributor, Walter Reade, Jr., who, when a project appeals to him, will provide as much as 50 percent of the necessary capital; those producers he backs can also count on exposure of their finished films either in his theaters or through his releasing organization. Reade's sympathy for films that challenge the *status quo* in acceptable subject matter has had much to do with widening the range of material that is permitted to play in American cinemas. Keenly aware of the extent of the so-called "mature" audience, he knew that it included many young people of college age whose views of what constituted a real movie were far removed from those of the hard-shelled Hollywoodites who assumed they had all the answers to American audience mentalities. Nor was Reade in the least afraid of controversial sexual content in films. His most ambitious backing venture to date has been on behalf of *Ulysses*, a long-dreamed-of project by the aforementioned Joseph Strick. Strengthened by Reade's financing and a guaranteed release for the film, Strick shot *Ulysses* against authentic Dublin backgrounds and unhesitatingly used Joyce's own gamy dialog. Thus, for the first time in American theaters, the word "fuck" clearly rang out, mellifluously enunciated by Barbara Jefford

in the pivotal role of Molly Bloom. Strick's adaptation, while hardly up to the brilliance of the novel, was as faithful to its erotic origins as could be expected, even though a good deal of Joyce's mythic nuance was missing. Once it was finished, Reade lined up 60 theaters in the United States to show the film for three days at an unusually high admission price and "for mature audiences only." Catholic objections were thus mollified to a degree and, after the three-day trial run, several theaters continued to show the film on a reserved-seat basis. Although it encountered little difficulty here, mainly because of its supposedly "limited-run" exhibition policy, *Ulysses*—ironically—ran into trouble abroad. Ireland banned it completely and, at the 1967 Cannes Film Festival, where it was an invited entry, the festival director blacked out about 20 of its French subtitles, deeming the language in translation far too shocking. The United States became, in effect, the vanguard of those nations willing to allow movies a wider gamut of expression.

Meanwhile, back in Hollywood, the old order was rapidly changing and the successes of such unmistakably adult fare as *Hud* and *Dr. Strangelove* served notice that vast segments of the American public had passed well beyond the sanitized sex of the standard Code-endorsed movie. *Hud* was identified as an unmitigated rakehell who slept with any available female and was not above an attempted rape if the female proved less than cooperative; but audiences responded to him because, if not precisely lovable, at least Hud was recognizably human. Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* presented a paranoid general (Sterling Hayden) whose psychosis was clearly based on impotence after sexual contact with a diseased whore, and another (George C. Scott) who is even more specifically depicted as a bull in a bedroom. Strong stuff, perhaps, but audiences loved it. In 1964, a major MGM movie, *The Outrage*, an American translation of Kurosawa's memorable *Rashomon*, presented four different versions of the same rape scene as recalled by the rapist, the ravished woman, her husband and a passer-by. That same year, MGM also offered the sensation-packed *The Night of the Iguana* (again, from the prolific pen of Tennessee Williams); in it, Richard Burton played a defrocked minister guiding busloads of tourists through Mexico and shacking up with Ava Gardner between engagements. Miss Gardner, the film makes clear, keeps two beach boys on tap for lonely evenings—which begin to come when Sue Lyon, fresh from *Lolita*, makes a play for Burton while her tour group is marooned at Ava's hotel. Burton is denounced by

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Miss Lyon's female chaperone for conduct unbecoming a minister and a gentleman—but mainly, it seems, because the woman herself has a Lesbian yen for the girl.

Even nudity, that bugaboo of both the Code and the Legion, was attempted in 1964 in such films as *The Americanization of Emily* and *Becket*; but the Code Administration prevailed upon the producers of the former to darken down and/or eliminate the revealing frames of James Coburn's numerous girlfriends; and the latter had its bawdy bedroom sequence (previewed in PLAYBOY) completely reshot, so that shapely Veronique Vendell might remain discreetly draped while sharing a bed with Peter O'Toole and Richard Burton. Similarly, the following year, PLAYBOY's readers saw the bouncious Barbara Bouchet *au naturel* as she breasted the waves in Otto Preminger's *In Harm's Way*, but somewhat more decorously garbed in the movie itself. And the nudist camp, which had until this time remained pretty much the private property of the nudie-film producers, moved into a more public domain with such films as *The Prize* and *A*

Shot in the Dark—although, in both instances, the directors saw to it that towels, shrubbery or Peter Sellers' outsized guitar were always strategically arranged between the star and the camera, while the nude young ladies who seemed to make up the bulk of the population of these establishments were always glimpsed discreetly and from afar.

By this time, however, most industry observers were well aware that such restrictions would soon be a thing of the past and that the Production Code would have to be liberalized to conform to the realities of the contemporary scene. Even that old ogre, the Catholic Legion of Decency, was putting on a new face. In a surprise move, late in 1965, the Legion became the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures; and while it retained the annual pledge to the Legion made each December in Catholic churches, its initial statements indicated an intention to support worthy films and a widespread educational campaign to develop a new appreciation of the medium among Catholic laymen. The first clear-cut indication of this change in attitude came when, in June

1963, the Legion expanded its A, or acceptable, category to encompass four distinct ratings. A new A-IV rating was invented specifically to indicate approval for mature adults of those films that, despite their inclusion of sexual episodes, could be regarded as basically moral in intent.

In explanation of its still-restrictive policy toward nudity in films, the Legion issued a statement in 1965 that read in part, "In itself, nudity is not immoral and has long been recognized as a legitimate subject in painting and sculpture. However, in the very different medium of the motion picture, it is never an artistic necessity. The long history of film production proves that dramatic and artistic effect has been achieved without recourse to nudity in motion-picture treatment. The temptation for film makers to exploit the prurient appeal to nudity in this mass medium is so great that any concession to its use, even for otherwise valid reasons of art, would lead to wide abuse. For this reason, the National Legion of Decency will continue to apply the policy of resisting every effort to employ nudity in film production. Though some may regard this policy as rigid and perhaps arbitrary, it is a policy which is in the best interests of the national community and of the motion-picture industry itself."

This prudish policy, however, was not always rigorously applied; one notable exception was in the case of *Cleopatra*, the most expensive extravaganza ever made and one that seriously endangered the financial position of the 20th Century-Fox studios. The sequence that caused so much agitation in the Legion over whether or not to condemn the film was one featuring the nude Elizabeth Taylor sprawled face down on a massage table, her dimpled buttocks revealed to the world at large. The Legion spanked the picture for "its continual emphasis upon immodest costuming throughout," but pointedly refrained from mentioning the bare bottom of its star. It was hinted to Fox that only the company's financial crisis kept the picture from being condemned outright. A few years later, another Fox film, *The Bible*, was also spared Catholic censure, even though Adam and Eve strolled bare-bottomed through their hazy Eden. Here, the Legion bowed to higher authority for the nude scene—the Bible itself.

The greatest furor over Catholic censorship came in 1965, when the Legion condemned a serious American film, *The Pawnbroker*. At issue were two brief scenes containing nudity, one showing a Jewish woman being humiliated sexually by German officers in a concentration camp; the other, a view of a young Negro prostitute's breasts as she offered herself to the dead woman's husband, now a pawnbroker in New York's Spanish Harlem. As Judy Stone, a writer for



"We can't hear you counting, Miss Phelps."

Ramparts, described the latter scene: "The homely young Negro prostitute stood there, in the sad, shabby Harlem pawnshop where people deposited old dreams in order to survive one more day of reality. She looked pleadingly at the pawnbroker, a man numbed by concentration camps beyond all seduction or appeal, and swiftly bared her breasts. She did it with almost innocent pride in the only beauty she possessed and with an untouchable dignity." The scene was crucial to the meaning of the film, for the shock of the exposure forced the pawnbroker to recall the image he had tried to forget—his glimpse of his wife being shamed by a Nazi officer—and it began the restoration of his long-repressed human emotions. The Legion's view was that giving approval to *The Pawnbroker* would be tantamount to opening the floodgates to a wave of nudity in American films. "Nudity would become just as common as blowing your nose," was the way Monsignor Little, then the Legion's executive secretary, expressed it.

The Legion did not retreat from its position, in spite of widespread dissension among Catholics over the Condemned rating—which, in effect, was a directive to the nation's more than 45,000,000 Catholics to avoid the film as an occasion for sin. The film's producers, Ely Landau and Roger Lewis, forsook the usual course of compromise with the Legion, a traditional form of bargaining during which the Legion, upon consultation with producers, would sometimes agree to a less severe rating in return for cuts of the offending portions. Instead, Landau chose to battle not only the Legion but the Motion Picture Association, which had denied his film a Code Seal. His recourse here was to demand a hearing by the Association's Board of Appeals, a group of industry leaders who alone had the power to rescind a ruling by the Code Administration. Actually, Geoffrey Shurlock, the Code Administrator, had quite deliberately left the matter up to the Appeals Board to decide; for in his own view, *The Pawnbroker* was neither a vulgar nor an indecent picture. But he had indicated to Landau that any change of policy with regard to the Code injunctions against nudity would have to be authorized not by him but by the Board. Landau marshaled his arguments, pointed out that New York State had licensed the film intact and that its chief censor (this was shortly before state censorship was declared unconstitutional) had commented, "The nudity evokes reactions of bitterness and pathos, not eroticism." The Board met, viewed the film and, after an eloquent defense of it by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, granted its Seal of Approval. As Mankiewicz told a writer afterward, the film at issue "was not any one of the blockbuster dirty pictures made by a major company for tremendous profits. It was



"Well, who are we robbing of their initiative today?"

made by a small independent with no public stockholders. Thus, there was at hand a golden opportunity to demonstrate that the morality of the motion-picture 'industry' was a shining and untarnished force for the public good. By beating the brains out of one independent producer who couldn't matter less, they would stand shoulder to shoulder with the Church and parent groups as they stamped out sin. And then continue with the five or six or ten versions of *Harlow* or similar spiritually uplifting projects they were contemplating."

The breach that resulted between the Motion Picture Association and the Legion was soon lessened as bargaining sessions on behalf of other films got under way. *The Carpetbaggers*, for one, was saved from Legion condemnation when Carroll Baker, at first shot in the nude, was clothed in a nearly transparent black negligee for the scene in which she seduced her rugged stepson (George Peppard) immediately after the death of her husband. The Legion won again when a scream was eliminated from the sound track of *Sylvia* as Carroll Baker is being raped by her stepfather, Aldo Ray. And, irony of ironies, within two years after *The Pawnbroker* had played the art houses and recouped its investment, a new distributor, planning to put the film into general release, either cut or re-framed the nude scenes, resubmitted the

film to the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures and came away with an A-III rating. Thus, what had started as a firm stand against both the Legion and the Code ended up as another version of the same old compromise.

Whatever its motives for making an issue of *The Pawnbroker*, however, the Code Administration had come under relentless attack from all quarters of the industry because of it. Ensuing discussions between industry leaders and the Code Administration now aimed at a complete revision of that pious document. The new president of the Motion Picture Association, Jack J. Valenti, formerly an assistant to the President of the United States, took the bull by the horns and called for the outright dumping of all the old injunctions. On September 20, 1966, the Motion Picture Association announced with considerable fanfare "A Great Historic Landmark." The old Code was dead and a new Code was born. The Code Seal was maintained, but it would now be granted according to a brief "Declaration of Principles" and a brief set of "Standards for Production." These standards, to be sure, were not much different from the old, but they were not spelled out in any great detail and they mainly counseled good taste and restraint. Geoffrey Shurlock retained his office as Code Adminis-

trator—an unenviable position, since the “good taste” that henceforth would guide the industry would be primarily his own.

Just before the new Code went into effect, another hassle occurred within the Association over granting its Seal to the Warner Bros. adaptation of Edward Albee’s *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, the salty dialog of which had been retained almost intact by its producer and screenwriter, Ernest Lehman. Here, it was not nudity that raised doubts in the minds of Shurlock and Valenti but language that, although well spoken by a cast that included Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, was undeniably rough. Valenti, in effect, became the final arbiter, in his first major task as president of the Association. Of the picture itself, he asked little—merely the changing of a few lines of dialog. But he also asked Warner Bros. to release the film with a “For Mature Audiences” tag in its advertising and a similar warning to be applied by exhibitors. The N. C. O. M. P. gave Valenti its tacit approval by awarding the film an A-IV rating. After a good deal of haggling, some minor changes were made, the tenor of which can be judged by the substitution of the phrase (spoken by Burton) “Goddamn you!” for “Screw you!” Oddly enough, the word “screw” was allowed to remain when used later in its more physical sense. Stanley Kauffmann, reviewing the film for *The New York Times*, called it “one of the most scathingly honest American films ever made”; but Judith Crist, in the rival *New York World Journal Tribune*, suddenly turned moralistic and told her readers that “we are reduced to the nasty voyeurism that seems well on its way to dominating moviegoing. . . .” A good many of her readers, however—and millions of others who had never heard of Miss Crist—seemed to enjoy being reduced to nasty voyeurs; for *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* became one of the major smashes of 1966.

It was apparent that the only effective form of censorship surviving was self-censorship. Film companies and the film makers with whom they contracted sometimes preferred to play it safe, as when Columbia and Carl Foreman thought it best to excise some eye-opening nude views of Elke Sommer from *The Victors* or, more recently, when MGM decided to cut down on some of the bed shots of Angie Dickinson in *Point Blank*. The wacky, irreverent *What’s New, Pussycat?*, which featured a good many lecherous high jinks, toned down its intimations of copulation in time for its release, presumably out of deference to the N. C. O. M. P.; and Warners reduced to a minimum the generous display of Faye Dunaway’s epidermis that originally opened *Bonnie and Clyde*. But there was now no clear-cut pattern for compliance with Catholic objections, as

it became more and more apparent that the boycott power of the N. C. O. M. P. was relatively ineffectual, particularly after its C ratings on both *Hurry Sundown* and *Blow-Up* failed notably to keep either the films or the customers out of the theaters. *Kiss Me, Stupid* has often been cited as a demonstration of this power, but it was actually the American public that had turned thumbs down on the picture. Tony Richardson’s *The Loved One*, a heavily satiric view of mortuary customs in California, fared little better; but this may well have been because mass audiences failed to dig such arcane, necrophilic jokes as the one in which high-ranking Army officers are given the opportunity to cohabit with some scantily clad showgirls in a funeral parlor—using the satin-pillowed coffins, of course. A more subtle moment of erotica occurred in that film when Bobby Morse surreptitiously kissed the nipple of a nude statue. Richardson’s implied point being that had it been a real girl and a fleshly nipple, the same act would not have been permitted on the screen. What he was really kidding was what writer-producer Norman Lear once termed “the American film makers’ unrealistic and kittenish attitudes toward sex.”

Yet there is no doubt that the range of the permissible has vastly widened on the American screen. If the presentation of nudity still causes qualms—for some industry leaders, vigilance committees and parent-teacher groups have joined the N. C. O. M. P. in its fight against undue exposure—what was once known as illicit sex has become commonplace in films today. So clean-imaged a star as Julie Andrews made flagrant unmarried love in *The Americanization of Emily*, her gift to the boys on their way to the battle fronts. Both Tuesday Weld and Ann-Margret bedded down (separately) with Steve McQueen in *The Cincinnati Kid*, and Elizabeth Taylor had a shameless affair with the married clerical headmaster of a school (Richard Burton) in *The Sandpiper*. She also posed nude for a beatnik artist and just managed to cover herself, inadequately, when Richard Burton walked in. The situation was reversed recently in *The Comedians*: In that adaptation of Graham Green’s novel, Miss Taylor is married to Peter Ustinov but has a prolonged, passionate extramarital fling with a hotelkeeper played by—you guessed it—Richard Burton.

Perversion is also becoming an increasingly popular plot element in American films. *The Group*, an adaptation of Mary McCarthy’s best-selling novel, introduced Candy Bergen quite openly as the group’s resident Lesbian—right down to her wearing a derby. (There was also a rather surprising shot of one of the girls breast-feeding her baby.) Otto Preminger’s *Hurry Sundown* not

too delicately implied a more esoteric bit of erotica as Jane Fonda suggestively mouths Michael Caine’s saxophone reed. Marlon Brando is depicted as, at the very least, a latent homosexual in *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, which goes on to include nymphomania, fetishism, voyeurism and a woman who has snipped off her nipples with garden shears in its catalog of aberrations. And in *The Fox*, viewers actually saw on the screen, uncut, what PLAYBOY readers previewed on these pages, including a long Lesbian kiss between Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood and an equally protracted sequence in which a totally nude Miss Heywood masturbates before a bathroom mirror. Miscegenation, once shunned by the film makers, has also been featured in several recent independent films—among them, *Sweet Love, Bitter*, which includes a long sequence showing a white girl and a Negro man attempting to work out their sexual hang-ups in bed. The biggest breakthrough in this area, however, has been in Stanley Kramer’s *Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner*, co-starring Katharine Hepburn, Sidney Poitier and the late Spencer Tracy. Mr. Poitier is the surprise guest, and the end of the film has him not only marrying white Katharine Houghton (in real life, the niece of Miss Hepburn) but actually sharing with her a genuine kiss of passion.

Presumably, hardly a barrier remains for the American screen, including the frank showing of copulation. After all, ordinary lovemaking can have little shock value left when, as a plot twist in the frenetic *Point Blank*, Lee Marvin persuades svelte Angie Dickinson to distract a closely guarded enemy by going to bed with the fellow. At the precise moment of orgasm, Marvin enters the room and taps him on the shoulder. On Miss Dickinson’s perspiring face is an indication that she has not been totally unresponsive. In the scene that follows, as Marvin slugs it out with the gangster, Angie is clearly seen in the background coolly climbing into her clothes.

Today, even the strictures against on-screen nudity are being constantly tested. Back in 1962, when MGM was filming *Mutiny on the Bounty* in Tahiti, the native girls were carefully fitted with what the crew referred to, with simple descriptiveness, as “titty cups”—small flaps of flesh-colored material that were glued to the breasts. Not only did they appear to be the real thing on camera but they set a whole new fashion for the island. No such fripperies three years later, however, when *Hawaii* was on location. Perhaps because they were already aware of the pending changes in the Code, the producers included scenes showing a bevy of youthful Hawaiian girls, their breasts flopping prettily and



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bravely, racing toward a shipload of sex-starved sailors. Neither the Code officials nor the N. C. O. M. P. voiced the slightest objection. In *The Professionals*, Richard Brooks included several long shots of a big-bosomed Mexican girl, already branded as the camp's official whore, brazenly displaying her wares to her roistering companions. Both Harriet Andersson as the nymphomaniacal wife in *The Deadly Affair* and ladylike Eleanor Parker as an emasculating, alcoholic wife in *An American Dream* proffered tantalizing side views of their naked selves without raising objections. On the other hand, to confuse the issue, the N. C. O. M. P. has recently condemned such releases as *Reflections in a Golden Eye*, *Beach Red* and *The Trip* because each contained what it felt was an excess of nudity. Jack Valenti agreed with a reporter shortly after the new Code went into effect that bare breasts could be deemed decent in one film and indecent in another.

In 1967, an equally serious crisis presented itself over the question of whether the male and the female posterior

had equal privileges in movies. For a long time, Hollywood had been in the habit of exhibiting female derrières in the export versions of its movies and eliminating them from domestic prints, in line with both Code and Legion wishes in this matter. As recently as 1965, after a midnight swim in a state fish hatchery with two blonde strippers from Las Vegas, Sue Ann Langdon and Hope Holiday, Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford gallantly shield the girls' shapely derrières from the camera's searching eye with their cowboy hats. When the revised Code came along, however, it contained no clear-cut definition of undue exposure. Twentieth Century-Fox, therefore, in a Doris Day comedy-melodrama titled *Caprice*, decided to breach the bottom barrier—not with Miss Day's sacrosanct rear, it should quickly be emphasized, but with that belonging to Irene Tsu, a Shanghai-born beauty. Miss Tsu had dived into a swimming pool, where the pelvic portion of her bikini became dislodged. The camera recorded the result, much to the N. C. O. M. P.'s displeasure. Fox, perhaps

remembering the Legion's earlier kindness in the case of *Cleopatra*, agreed to snip the offending footage, although it ungraciously pointed out that the N. C. O. M. P. had recently approved *Ulysses*, which displayed the bare bottoms of two of its male characters; and that *Georgy Girl* had gotten by, even though Alan Bates had clearly shown his. In actual fact, in *Zorba the Greek* (1964), Anthony Quinn had already revealed his posterior to the camera, and was probably the first major star to do so on the domestic screen. By 1967, however, with Kirk Douglas' dimpled rear briefly visible in *The War Wagon*, Paul Newman's in *Cool Hand Luke* and Peter Fonda's far more so in *The Trip*, the sight had become such a commonplace that the Reverend Patrick J. Sullivan, the new executive secretary of the N. C. O. M. P., found it necessary to explain the Church's view: "A brief shot of a male derrière is not going to present a problem to a normal individual," he said. Exposure of the female rear, on the other hand, was "pruriently" stimulating. *Reflections in a Golden Eye* solved the problem for everyone by impartially offering generous displays of both. Since that time, the problem—if ever it actually was one—has ceased to exist. In *The President's Analyst*, lovely Jill Banner, naked as a jay bird, takes an idyllic stroll with James Coburn, the camera to the—and on her—rear. And if the long-awaited film version of John Cheever's *The Swimmer* is ever released, the manly buttocks of Burt Lancaster will also be on display.

It is no coincidence that all three pictures, *Ulysses*, *Georgy Girl* and *Reflections*, were produced abroad, although financed with American money. Since the early Sixties, "runaway productions" had begun to plague the Hollywood union. Some producers made their films abroad because labor was cheaper, and others because they could get partial financing for the pictures through government subsidies, such as Britain's generous Eady Plan. But the inevitable result was that American film makers, in closer contact with their European counterparts—and far removed from daily home-office supervision—began to turn out pictures that were often thematically more mature and pictorially far more stimulating than those being ground out in the Hollywood studios. Concomitantly, American films became increasingly international in outlook and in fact. Roger Vadim's stylish, erotic *The Game Is Over*, for example, featuring Jane Fonda in almost total dishabille through most of the footage, was produced in Paris for Columbia. Does this make it a French film, or American? Even more international was MGM's *Blow-Up*, filmed in London with an English cast and an Italian director,



"Mabel? You'll never guess what just flew through my window. . . ."



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Michelangelo Antonioni. Purely as a matter of convenience, we propose to discuss these pictures in our next installment, on the foreign films of the Sixties; creative control, not financing, we feel should be the deciding criterion in determining a film's nationality.

A striking indication of the pervasively international nature of film making in the Sixties is to be found in the stunning commercial success of the James Bond films—made in England by English directors but backed by the American cash of United Artists and, for *Casino Royale*, of Columbia. By the end of 1967, the five Bond films—plus *Casino Royale*, which featured no fewer than six James Bonds (not including Sean Connery)—had grossed close to \$90,000,000 in the American market alone. Home-grown Bond imitators quickly appeared, all of them equally adroit at seducing heroines and villainesses alike. Among those sentenced to this agreeable Bondage were Dean Martin as the liquored, lecherous Matt Helm of *The Silencers*; James Coburn as the all-knowing Flim of *Our Man Flint*, who keeps his luxuriously gadgeted penthouse well stocked with rare whiskies and four well-stacked ladyfriends; James Garner in *A Man Could Get Killed*; Michael Caine as the detached, somewhat seedy Harry Palmer of *The Ipcress File* and *Funeral in Berlin*; Robert Vaughn as a CIA type in *The Venetian Affair*; Michael Connors spoofing the spoof in *Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die*; and even, for a further switch, Monica Vitti as an op-art adventuress turned supersleuth in *Modesty Blaise*, filmed in England by 20th Century-Fox. The rampant amorality in this cinematic genre presents a curious fantasy reversal of prevailing sexual mores. Heroes are not only permitted but expected to take their sex where they find it; and the only mating habit denied them is marriage. The imperturbable self-sufficiency of the male invariably brings out the rutting instinct in the female, these films assure us, and the girls frequently offer themselves without so much as a formal introduction. The huge audiences for such pictures are thus able to participate vicariously in adventures quite contrary to their real-life conventional patterns and achieve thereby the wish fulfillment of their most erotic dreams.

Curiously, it is possible to see in the sexuality of these films the projection, on a far more grandiose and sophisticated level, of the themes and approaches noted earlier in this series in the nudie films. James Bond, after all, is, in a way, nothing more than a logical extension of *Bachelor Tom Peeping*; and such films as *A Guide for the Married Man* incorporate most of the bad jokes about the instant availability of females that have been part of the nudie trend ever since

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"Say, Marge—here's a nice young couple who saw our ad for the wife-swapping club."

The Immoral Mr. Teas. The difference is that today's heroes both look and touch. Similarly, the sadomasochistic delights that stud the Bond films seem merely an elevation of the cruder terrors spelled out in the cycle of sexploitation pictures. Some confirmation of this fusion may be found in the films of a small independent firm, American International, that has in recent years seriously challenged the sway of the majors in the exhibition field. Sticking carefully to the lowest of budgets, the firm's heads, James Nicholson, Samuel Arkoff and the late Lou Russoff, early in the Sixties invented the beach-party pictures to capitalize on such fads as surfing, scuba diving and the numerous dances engendered by the twist. Built up as stars for these films, but nowhere else, were the bosomy Annette Funicello and shock-headed Frankie Avalon. So successful were these quickies that even the major companies cranked out several bigger-budgeted imitations—such as Elvis Presley's *Girl Happy* for MGM. A variant of the beach-party films were the twist movies that, with titles such as *Twist All Night* and *Twist Around the Clock*, also had a brief vogue. If the new dancing was the lure of these films, their choreographic action was mainly relegated by the camera to regions below the belt, thus raising the buttocks to the rank of a primary erogenous zone.

By the middle of the decade, even when heralded as a "Bare As You Dare Exposé About What Happens When 10,000 Kids Meet on 5000 Beach Blankets"—almost nothing, as it turned out—the beach-party pictures were regarded by the kids as too tame. But now Nicholson and Arkoff had something else to offer. American International was concerned, they said, with "reflecting the exciting social changes, crises, rationalizations and adjustments of society in our time." This reflection was to occur, principally, in the nation's 3600 drive-in theaters, where kids, avid to know what was going on in the way of changes and adjustments in society, were wont to throng of an evening—although there were those suspicious souls who wondered if the occupants of the cars always kept their eyes religiously on the screen. The first of AI's "social" films was *The Wild Angels* (1966), made by a low-budget specialist in movie shock treatment, Roger Corman. Led by begoggled Peter Fonda, a gang of motorcycle cultists wearing leather jackets emblazoned with swastikas goes in for such pastimes as raping a Negro nurse in a hospital and desanctifying a church for a funeral service for one of its number. The pastor, bound and gagged, has to look on at the ensuing orgy, one of the highlights of which is the gang-banging of the

dead cyclist's girlfriend; amid the melee, the corpse is stowed against the wall, a cigarette dangling from its blue lips. The teenage market had been gauged correctly: \$6,000,000 came in at the box office. The film also had the honor of opening the arty Venice Film Festival that year, presumably for its forthright reflection of American behavioral patterns.

AI continued to follow the headlines with films called *Riot on Sunset Strip*, *Thunder Alley* and *Devil's Angels*, a sequel to their wildly successful *The Wild Angels*. With a third film about California cyclists, *Born Losers*, it began to look as though that state was about to be taken over by rampaging motorcyclists. Luckily, however, in this last film, a good-guy loner manages to cramp their style, although not before they have raped several pretty young things. In fact, so filled with rapine was the movie that even the real Hell's Angels complained that they were being given a bad name. Corman, ever a serious student of the contemporary scene, next turned his attention to the psychedelic world with *The Trip*, in which Peter Fonda again was starred. (The previous year, Paramount had made a tentative move in this direction with *The Swinger*, in which Ann-Margret was implausibly cast as an innocent young writer who finds it necessary to stage an all-out orgy—including a flash of nude body painting—in order to convince a skeptical editor that a fictitious short story of hers is really autobiographical.) Corman's movie included not only orgies but a protracted LSD-induced hallucination that just happened to include scenes from old Roger Corman horror movies. Although outright nudity had been eschewed in the past by Corman and AI, it was deemed necessary in *The Trip*, because of the sexual nature of several of the hallucinations, to include it for reasons of "integrity." Accordingly, as mentioned earlier, Fonda's fans were treated to a glimpse of his backside and also to extensive views of him coupling with his wife (Susan Strasberg) and a strange girl he met at a party. The latter encounter, unlike the others, was not a dream sequence. The girl admitted to having "a sexual thing going with people on acid"—something new in erotic kicks in the cinema. A Catholic condemnation of the film, it should be noted, had no effect on its theater bookings. By 1967, the once-dreaded C rating had lost its power to scare.

N. C. O. M. P.'s Father Sullivan told a *Variety* reporter, "If there was a classification system that worked, we would reconsider our position on nudity." But classification measures introduced in the legislatures of 25 states during the Sixties had all failed to pass, partially because the Motion Picture Association itself fought

fiercely against them. By 1967, legal classification, although it still has many proponents, seemed all but a dead issue. The kind of classification that appears to be closest to general adoption is little more than a labeling system. "Suggested for Mature Audiences" is the phrase now used by many exhibitors to warn that the fare on their screens is not meant for childish mentalities, and parents fearful of the corruptive influences of movies may take heed if they wish. Should the film industry prove willing to go further and label its films according to their suitability for varying age groups, the time may not be far off when the N. C. O. M. P. will drop its *Condemned* classification altogether. But at the end of 1967, it looked as though the issue was not going to be that easily resolved, and for basic economic reasons. The more film companies define the audience for a particular film, the narrower that audience becomes—with a corresponding reduction in receipts. At a time when production costs continue to spiral, such a voluntary abnegation of income seems less than likely. Indeed, the Motion Picture Association has sturdily refused to term its SMA (Suggested for Mature Audiences) appellation a form of classification at all; it is meant, so the Association maintains, purely for information and, in that sense, as a guide for parents. One large newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*, noticing the impasse and favoring a degree of classification, has taken to publishing its own ratings of current movies.

It has now become apparent that control over the intent and content of motion pictures is all but futile.

American film makers have now only themselves to blame for any moral cant or hypocrisy in their films. Code Administrator Shurlock has himself declared that no subject matter is out of bounds, the only strictures being "in the areas of integrity, good taste and a decent consideration for the sensibilities of the audience to which the film was addressed." Even the American movie comedy, one of the principal repositories of outmoded morality, has begun to respond to this new freedom, a notable case being Stanley Donen's recent *Two for the Road*. In it, Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney are seen having a premarital affair and, after they are married, both engage in adulterous relationships; nevertheless, despite the stresses and strains that these impose on their marriage, it survives. No complaints were heard from any quarter. In *Barefoot in the Park*, Jane Fonda portrays a forthright girl who demonstrates to her stuffy husband that a happy marriage must include an active sex life; and in *Any Wednesday*, Miss Fonda (again) plays a kept woman who, for common-

sensical reasons, displays no false modesty over her equivocal position. No one in the film—or in the movie houses—seemed unduly shocked in either instance. More recently, a brace of successful comedies have been built around the loss of innocence for a young male. Dustin Hoffman, the half-pint hero of Mike Nichols' *The Graduate*, finds himself being seduced—reluctantly at first—by the voracious wife of his father's business partner. What makes the situation less than satisfactory is that he then falls in love with the woman's nubile daughter, Katharine Ross. Similarly, despite the vigilance of his domineering parents, Peter Kastner manages to lose his virginity to a Greenwich Village lass in *You're a Big Boy Now*—and the picture makes it an occasion for rejoicing, not moralizing. The fact that this film was shot completely on location in New York by a young director, Francis Ford Coppola—whose previous directorial experience had been confined largely to nudies and university-based student films—is

indicative of the new freedom the studios are now affording fresh talent.

One large question remaining is whether the American film will be able to match in maturity and sophistication the new freedom it has won. With controls removed, with the Code not much more than a public-relations gesture, American film makers can now, if they honestly so desire, treat their subjects with candor and integrity. If they fail to respond to this opportunity, it may be out of a cynical, greedy commercialism—or because of a puritanical strain still residing in a good many areas of the national consciousness and which they, too, possess. But the prospects seem good that they will not fail to meet the challenge. Only time will tell.

In the next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert examine the unprecedented eroticism—and unexpurgated exposure—of foreign films in the permissive Sixties.



"Oh, miss. . ."

SNOB'S GUIDE

(continued from page 103)

quite go together. Have cuffs on your trousers. Have *The Floating Opera* and *The Sot-Weed Factor* in a prominent spot on your bookshelf, but say you hated *Giles Goat-Boy*. Drive a Morgan Plus-4 with international plates and a loud muffler. Smoke Bulgarian cigarettes with gold tips. Support listener-sponsored FM radio, but never find the time to listen to it. Eat in tiny, scruffy ethnic restaurants where you heard the food was really superb but which you've found to be pretty average all 12 times you've eaten there. Know the full names of at least two cameramen from the following countries: Poland, India, Brazil and Nationalist China. Always talk about the director of the film rather than the star, unless the star is over 40 and unknown. Keep mumbling things like "Jump cut," "It's out of synch" and "Herman Weinberg." OK comments on (1) Fellini: "I love him best when he loves himself least"; (2) Antonioni: "I am becoming bored with his boredom"; (3) Resnais: "A commendable flair for the obvious."

HOW TO GO TO A CLASSIC FILM THAT IS AT LEAST 20 YEARS OLD

Have long hair and a nicely combed mustache. Wear four-and-a-half-inch ties

with bright daffodil designs. Wear a vest and an antique pocket watch on a chain. Work at design or free-lance writing. Live in an old brownstone with bare wood floors, white walls and antique furniture that you picked up in the country or from the Salvation Army for a song and refinished yourself. Have a big antique clock on the wall with a noisy pendulum and a Roman-numeraled face that somebody once loused up with steel wool. Order bourbon neat and yell at the waiter for putting ice in it. Be able to give a detailed description—using words such as "priceless," "quintessential" and "visibility"—of at least 12 slapstick-comedy routines from obscure Ben Turpin and early Laurel and Hardy two-reelers. Never talk about Von Stroheim as anything but a director. When you sit with someone at a classic film, keep saying, "Now watch what he does with *this*," every five or six minutes. OK comments on (1) Garbo: "I saw her trying to cash a check last week in the A & P"; (2) Chaplin: "Great comedy transcends mere ideology"; (3) Valentino: "Scratch a Don Juan and find a latent homosexual"; (4) Bogart: "Without Bacall as a foil, he never could have attained full expression of his talents."

HOW TO GO TO AN OPERA

Be a lady in a long dress and a summer fur and lots of diamonds, or her stuffy husband who is not in trade, or two elegant young men with perfect diction and secret smiles. Or be a genteel psychiatrist or an Italian barbershop owner. Refuse to sit anywhere but the upper balcony, on the premise that any diva worth her salt should be able to project that far. Despise Rudolph Bing and Lincoln Center. Be scornful of Italian grand opera, but admit that Verdi's music almost makes up for his contempt for the human voice. Carry a battered edition of *The Victor Book of Operas* and pretend to look something up—with a small pocket pen light—during the first baritone's solo. Own a collection of one-sided gramophone discs with solos by Caruso, Chaliapin, Galli-Curci, Farrar and McCormack, which you never play because they're irreplaceable. Glare at anyone who applauds an individual performer before the end of an act. Shout "Bravo!" only once—for a basso in a secondary role. OK comments: (1) "With all that power and all that presence, the question of Callas' singing ability is completely irrelevant"; (2) "The great body of Puccini's work is merely a lackluster rewrite of *La Bohème*"; (3) "Of course Sutherland has moments of incandescent brilliance, but nobody has come along with a better mad scene than Pons"; (4) "If they do *Tosca* or *Bohème* one more season, I'm canceling my subscription."

HOW TO GO TO A CONCERT OF CLASSICAL MUSIC

Come an hour late. Sit with one hand supporting your head and covering your eyes and appear to be in meditation or in great pain. At piano recitals, sit on the right side, so the artist's hands won't distract you. Hunch forward thoughtfully in your chair at erratic intervals to show your familiarity with the score. Take along old sheet music with red notations in the margins. Leave early, explaining in a loud whisper to nobody in particular: "I only come for the Berlioz." Never miss a chance to explain to someone who misuses the term that "classical" properly refers only to sonata allegro music of the 18th Century. OK comments: (1) "I thought their Prokofiev lacked the proper irony"; (2) "If it hadn't been for Rimsky-Korsakov, the Russians still wouldn't know how to orchestrate"; (3) "Chopin is unquestionably a woman's composer"; (4) "Nothing valid has been added to the world's musical literature since Monteverdi"; (5) "The French will never learn to write for brass"; (6) "His Stravinsky has finally jelled, but his Shostakovich is



"With me you always act like sex is dirty!"

still a little soupy": (7) "I've stopped going to concerts—the audiences are too distracting."

HOW TO GO TO A FOLK-MUSIC CONCERT

Be an aging teeny-bopper going to seed, or a middle-aged ex-Socialist who wears Mexican clothes. Drop names such as Blind Lemon, Bessie and Lomax. Refer to Leadbelly as "Huddie" and talk about him as though he were still alive. Speak of Joan Baez as "one of the pure ones" and reminisce about the days "at the 47 Club in Cambridge, when Joanie would sing all night for coffee money." If you're a girl, have Tom Paxton's likeness tattooed on the inside of your left thigh. In restaurants, clean your nails with a banjo pick. Have a button fly that is half open and don't give a damn. Spill paint on your best shoes and let it dry. Wear glasses with thin steel frames held together with Scotch tape or wear frames without lenses and occasionally scratch your eyelids through the holes. Know where to get great buys on at least three of the following: balalaika, koto, ukulele, dulcimer, dobro, tambourine, Norman Thomas campaign buttons and original editions of the *La Guardia Report*. OK comment: "When you consider that he's neither blind nor black and that he's never spent any time in jail, you have to admit he plays pretty good banjo."

HOW TO GO TO A SOUL-MUSIC CONCERT

Be white, live in a segregated neighborhood and protest loudly about it. Or be Negro, live in a segregated neighborhood and revel in it. Be on a first-name basis with Berry Gordy and on a last-name basis with Chuck Berry. Walk like Plastic Man, wear brown-and-white wing-tipped shoes, carry a pencil-thin umbrella, snap your fingers a lot, use phrases such as "Sock it to me, baby" and call everyone "Brother" or "Sister." OK comment: "The Beatles? *Sheee-it*."

HOW TO GO TO A CONCERT OF INDIAN MUSIC

Be three Pakistani exchange students who are never seen without a prayer mat, a compass and a teakettle. Or be a freaked-out ex-acidhead with a bad dose of the clap that you're convinced you can cure with a properly balanced macrobiotic intake of raw brown rice. Or be a latent sex criminal who is a music instructor at a small girls' school in central Connecticut. Wear an India Congress cap that you swiped when you were a soda jerk. OK comment: "Wail, baby!" Wrong comment: "Goa, man, Goa!"

HOW TO GO TO A ROLLING STONES CONCERT

Be the father of four teenagers who listen only to Garnet Mimms and The

Enchanters, or be a middle-aged dowager wearing Pucci culottes and a determined look, or a squealing 14-year-old girl with eczema and a glandular disorder, or a pretty young man with an autographed photo of Brian Jones in your wallet. Snigger loudly and knowingly whenever you hear words such as "fly," "high," "make" or "taste."

HOW TO GO TO AN OFF-BROADWAY PLAY

Be short and look pudgy, even if you're skinny. Have glasses and long, wavy hair and don't shave the nape of your neck. Own two fairly nice natural-shoulder suits, but wear them poorly. Have baggy pants and a tie that's wrinkled and dirty just below the knot and hangs off center. Look as if you haven't decided whether it's masculine to cross your legs at the knees. Date secretaries who own Keane paintings of starving children with large liquid eyes. Keep taking them to plays to make them think that their bodies aren't the only thing you're interested in; but don't feel you've convinced them enough to make a pass at them, even after the 27th play. OK comments: (1) "I've already read the script—I just came to see how the third act plays"; (2) "It has often seemed to me that LeRoi Jones is a figment of Genet's imagination."

HOW TO GO TO A SERIOUS BROADWAY PLAY

Live in the suburbs, have a large garden, a sturdy male mastiff or Labrador retriever, an expensive grand piano and three kids who play guitar, flute and drums—whom you escort around the neighborhood every Halloween on Trick-or-Treat-for-UNICEF. Raise tropical fish and dwarf cactus. If you're female, take a course in Japanese flower arrangement. Be on the mailing lists of the Museum of Modern Art, CORE, Americans for Liberal Legislation, Hull House and Friends of the Living Theater, and throw away all their literature without reading it. OK comment: "It may not be great theater, but it ought to be seen, if only for the message."

HOW TO GO TO A WEDNESDAY MATINEE

Be two middle-aged ladies with hats and veils and theater-club tickets. When anyone asks you what you saw, reply: "I don't know exactly, but it was real cute."

HOW TO GO TO A SUCCESSFUL BROADWAY MUSICAL

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person with an extensive collection of Bartók records and say you were given the tickets by someone who got mononucleosis at the last moment. OK comments if someone you know catches you having a good time: (1) "I know it's just a lot of whipped cream, but it happened to fit my mood"; (2) "It may not have any message, but it's great theater, don't you think?"

HOW TO GO TO AN UNSUCCESSFUL BROADWAY MUSICAL

Be a tourist or an unemployed actor with comp tickets or have money in the show. OK comment: "You think it's bad now, you should have seen it in Philly."

HOW TO GO TO A SATIRIC MUSICAL REVUE IN A CLUB WITH TINY TABLES AND A COVER CHARGE

Be a guy of John Wayne proportions who played right guard at a small New England college, have a crewcut and a rumpled seersucker suit and keep saying in a big booming bass voice: "Oh, *God*, that's funny!" Wrong comment: "Christ, Marge, if I laugh any harder, I'm going to pee right in my pants."

HOW TO GO TO A PSYCHODRAMA DEMONSTRATION

Be a slightly deaf member of a suburban adventure club or somebody who thinks he needs psychoanalysis but is chicken. Be curious about how you'd react to LSD. When asked what you think of Happenings, say: "Most interesting. Really *most* interesting." OK comments: (1) "I wonder whether, with the best intentions, these people don't actually cast more heat than light on one's fundamental psychic conflicts"; (2) "Anyone who's too stubborn to admit his Oedipal problems will always be at the mercy of his superego."

HOW TO GO TO A LOVE-IN

Wear one gold earring and leather Tyrolean shorts, and carry a very dirty blonde baby in a sling on your back. Or be an absolutely stacked 18-year-old blonde in tight, wide-wale corduroys from a Diggers shop who wears MAKE LOVE, NOT WAR buttons but will demonstrate a knowledge of karate if a guy makes a pass. Or be two willowy 14-year-old girls who are a little awkward now but who will grow up to be real heartbreakers, or be a 16-year-old who doesn't wear a brassiere and nobody cares, or be a fairly hip marketing trainee in gym shoes and an Army blanket whose only interest is in picking up a

willowy 14-year-old girl or a 16-year-old who doesn't wear a brassiere. Carry a half-eaten loaf of French bread wrapped in a torn-out page from *The Oracle*. Give things to strangers. Burn your draft card with a pack of matches from the City Lights bookstore. Say that Emmett Grogan doesn't exist, and compare everything with "the old days, back in Haight."

HOW TO GO TO A MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Go to the members' cafeteria, order a tuna-salad plate, complain about how awful both it and the collection have become and drop the following names of fashionable contemporary artists: Larry, Frank, Red, Roy, Jasper, Claes. OK comments: (1) "I can't afford to become involved with *Guernica*—I just don't have the time"; (2) "The greatest piece of pop art in America is undoubtedly Los Angeles."

HOW TO GO TO A MODERN-DANCE RECITAL

Wear a Mao jacket and go with a girl who has straight, stringy, hip-length hair and wears green-striped stockings through which you can tell she doesn't shave her legs. Or be darkly handsome and beautifully tailored and, halfway through the first number, stand up and, in a heavy Hungarian accent, say: "Thees entire dence ees, from the initial conception, crap!" OK comment on Merce Cunningham: "A simply and eloquently consummated marriage of movement and sound, but he persists in bombarding us with tendentious social commentary."

HOW TO GO TO A POETRY READING

Be very old and poor and nod and smile at everything, or be very preppy and wealthy but tolerant and talk through your teeth as if you had tetanus, or be very grubby and wear sandals and talk dirty, or be big-boned and tanned and Jewish and wear tailored olive-green T-shirts and look like you spend every waking minute dribbling a basketball. OK comment: "Much as I admire her pretensions, Gertrude Stein simply doesn't scan." Wrong comment: "Boy, that Emily Dickinson sure writes up a storm."

HOW TO GO TO AN EROTIC-ART EXHIBIT

Be a middle-aged bachelor shop teacher from the Bronx, or a topless cocktail waitress on her day off, or an IBM sales engineer who recently subscribed to *Evergreen Review*. Wear a cloth cap, a suede zip-front jacket and salt-and-pepper Harris-tweed slacks with

leather piping around the pockets. Cultivate an enigmatic smile, to be used only when looking at the most scrofulously erotic works, which you admire in terms of "use of space," "strong color" and "visual impact." When confronted with a 20-foot, walk-in, polyester vagina, frown slightly and observe that the work seems "derivative." Discuss graffiti as found poetry and vaguely hint that you once researched a master's thesis in the closed pornography section of the Indiana University library. OK comment: "The *Yellow Book* was Beardsley's *raison d'être*, but I loathe the crass commercialization of his illustrations for Wilde's *Salomé*."

HOW TO GO TO A POT PARTY IF YOU'RE UNDER 25

Wear Edwardian sideburns, a pre-War American Legion commander's uniform and knee-length lace-up aviator boots with heel taps. Speak of everything in terms of "my head" and "my mind." Arrive with an incredibly beautiful ash-blonde 15-year-old dropout from Grosse Pointe and don't introduce her to anybody. Occasionally refer to her as "my thing here." Look everyone straight in the eye, nodding your head in agreement and saying, "I'm hip, I'm hip"—even if no one is speaking. Play a record of the Baja Marimba Band "to see the light refractions in the air." Talk about things really not being right "until Dylan's back on his bike." When everyone is stoned, play a Dale Evans spiritual record and start talking about yourself in the third person.

HOW TO GO TO A POT PARTY IF YOU'RE OVER 25

Be excessively hairy and barrel-chested and wear a scarred leather blacksmith's apron with no shirt underneath. Roll your joints one-handed from a Bull Durham sack and smoke them in a silver-filigree roach holder whose amber mouthpiece has a fly embedded in it. Develop a *Welt-schmerz* I-was-doing-this-gig-20-years-ago look. Know by heart at least six authentic marching songs of the Lincoln Brigade. Reminisce about "the good old days in Taos, when nobody knew about peyote and everybody had his own little Victory garden." Tell a long story about The Bear restaurant in Chicago, "when Dylan first got turned on." Or, if you're a girl, be an attractive, 30ish Montessori teacher, dress like an Ayn Rand heroine and sit down with a group of total strangers to talk very intensely about oral-genital sex.

HOW TO GO TO A JAZZ CONCERT

Nobody goes to a jazz concert.





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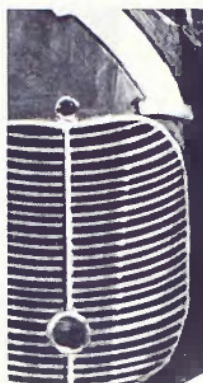
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